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KING OF THE GAMBLERS

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RUSSIA UNCENSORED

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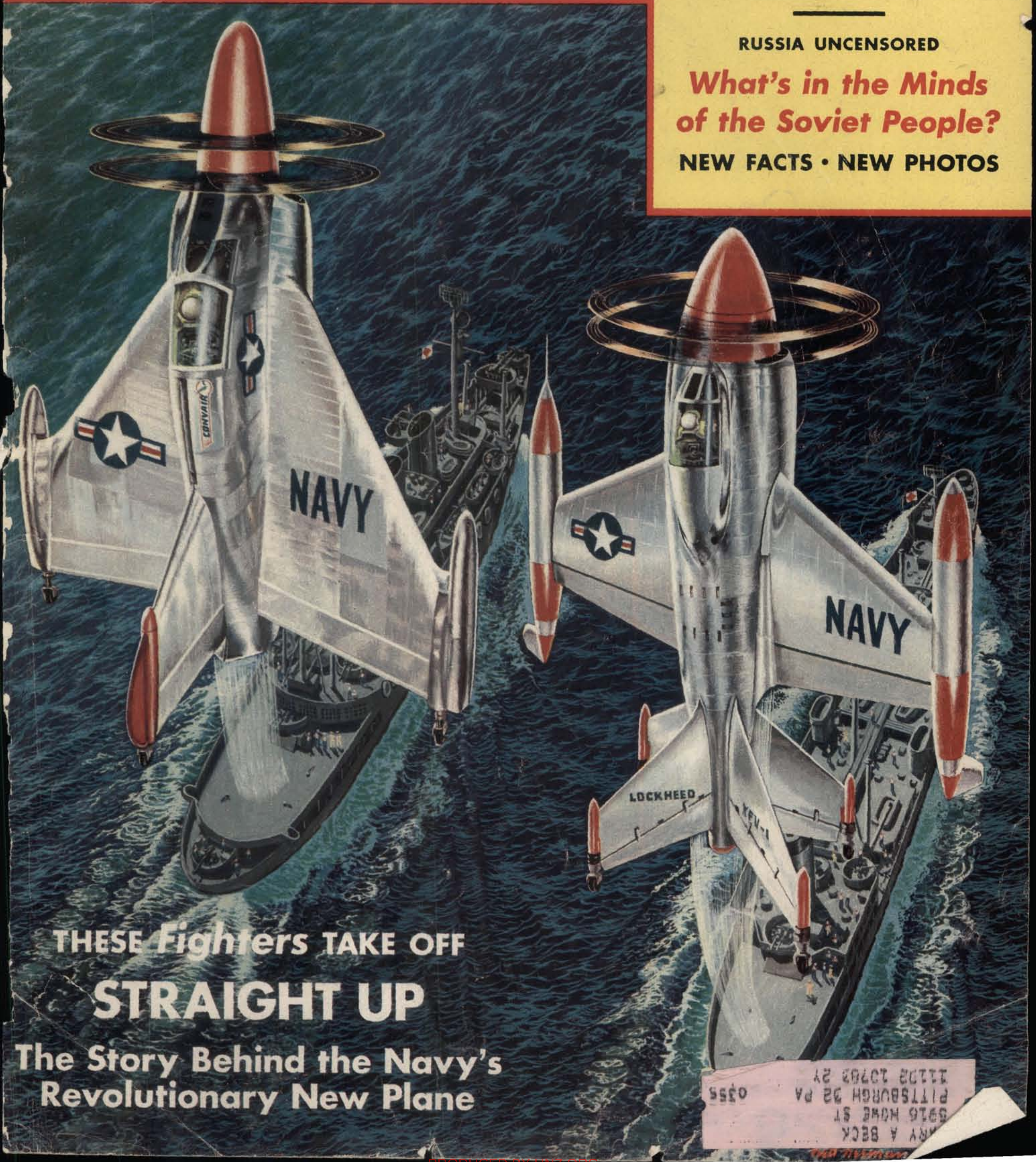

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STRAIGHT UP

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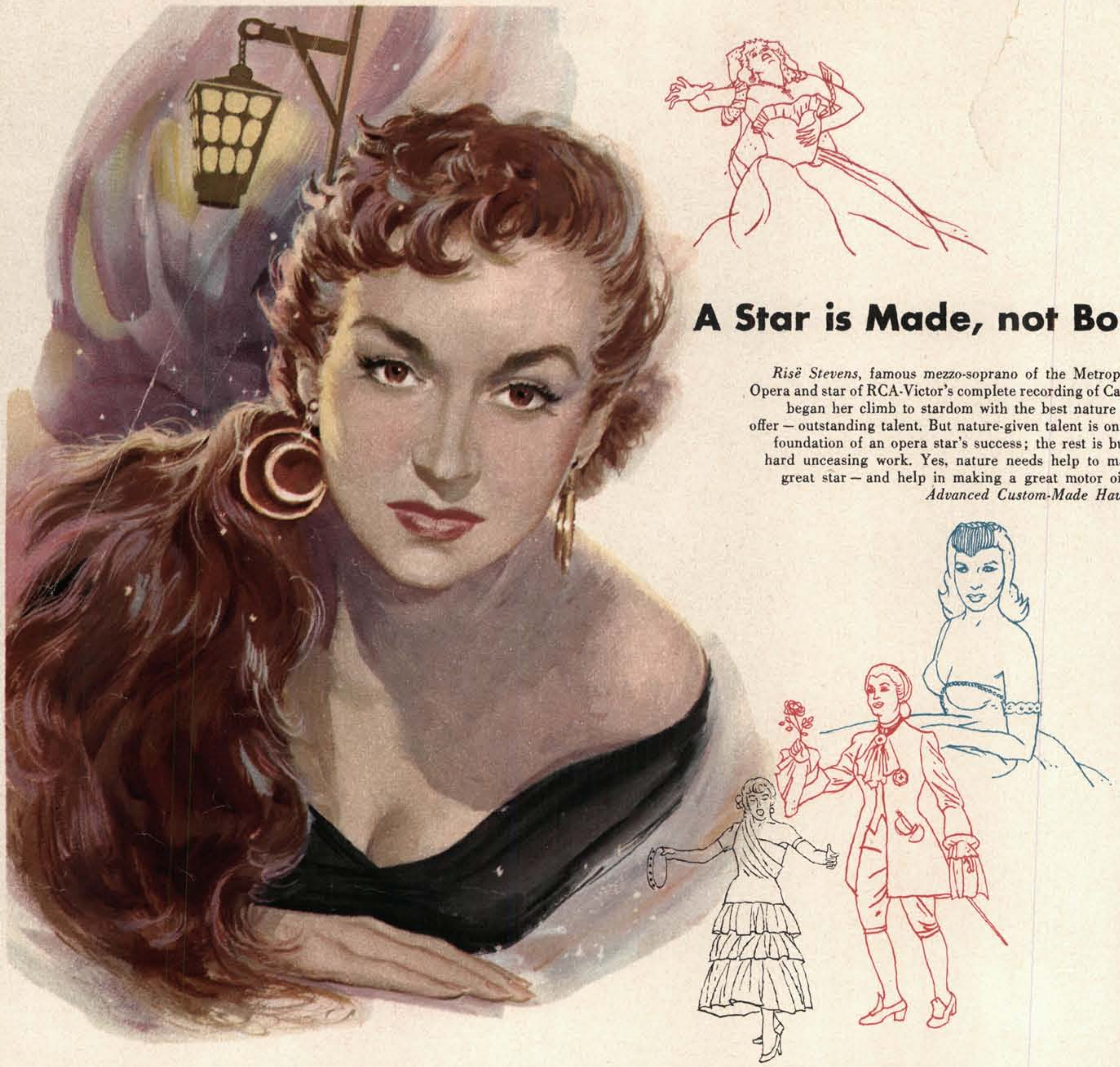

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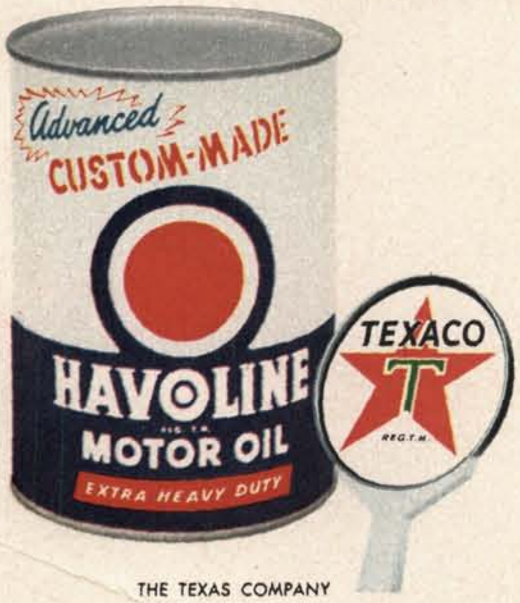

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Picture
OF THE MONTH
IN
CINEMASCOPE

Join the fun. A lion we know, name of Leo, is celebrating his 30th Anniversary and it's very festive indeed. First giant slice off the birthday cake is M-G-M's production in CinemaScope, "Knights of the Round Table". And while the movie-lovers are still smacking their lips, up comes another heaping helping in the shape of M-G-M's and the screen's first CinemaScope musical, "Rose Marie". (Both in color, of course!)

"ROSE MARIE, I LOVE YOU!"

"Rose Marie" is a veritable feast of music, color magnificence and the eye-marvelling grandeur of the Canadian Rockies — all in the great sweep of the new miracle medium.

Starring are Ann Blyth, hauntingly lovely, singing "Indian Love Call"; Howard Keel, rugged and handsome as the Mountie, giving glorious voice to the beautiful love ballads, and Fernando Lamas, dashing and devilish as the renegade hunter who thunderously wakes the valley with his own wild song of love.

"Rose Marie" has wild, passionate love; rollicking, red-blooded adventure and unforgettable glory of spectacle. It has dazzling scenes of blue mountain lakes and woodlands ablaze with gay beauty. And from all sides, the magic of stereophonic sound encompasses you with the wonderful romantic music that has thrilled millions!

It's a tender and beautiful story of a half-wild girl adopted by the Royal Mounted Police, who comes to civilization and practically explodes it when she steps into woman's clothes — and emotions.

The action is equally gripping. Wait until you see, in all its pagan power, the Totem Pole dance of fire...the shock of an Indian maid who kills her own chief out of passion for a white man...the band of Indian braves on the warpath...the thundering hoofs of the red-coated Mountie battalions.

There's broad and lovable laughter also, in the romantic misadventures of Marjorie Main, as Lady Jane Dunstock, and Bert Lahr as Constable Barney McCorkle, "The Mountie Who Never Got His Man".

M-G-M's new "Rose Marie", based on the original Friml-Stothart-Harbach-Hammerstein operetta, brings a host of gay and stirring new melodies. Our favorites were the "Song of the Mounties", Free to be Free", "Love and Kisses Ain't For Me", and the touching "I Have The Love". Our highest kudos to director Mervyn LeRoy and producer Arthur Hornblow, Jr.

See the picture and join the chorus—"Rose Marie, I Love You".

* * *

M-G-M presents in CinemaScope, Photographed in Eastman Color "ROSE MARIE" starring ANN BLYTH, HOWARD KEEL, FERNANDO LAMAS, BERT LAHR, MARJORIE MAIN with Joan Taylor, Ray Collins. A Mervyn LeRoy Production. Screen Play by Ronald Millar and George Froeschel. Based on the Operetta "Rose Marie". Book and Lyrics by Otto A. Harbach and Oscar Hammerstein II. Music by Rudolf Friml and Herbert Stothart. Directed by Mervyn LeRoy.

Collier's

APRIL 2, 1954

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Two fighter planes that will take off straight up and land tail first have just been completed for the U.S. Navy. The painting shows just one use to which they could be put: convoy duty in event of war. Each freighter or transport could carry its own interceptor. For photographs of the new aircraft and the full story of their development, turn to the six-page report beginning on page 42

The characters in all stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

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*TRADEMARK

Appointment with O'HARA

By JOHN O'HARA

ON A RADIO program called People, I heard a lady announcer describe Mary Garden, the retired opera singer, to younger listeners as "Your Marilyn Monroe and Rosemary Clooney rolled into one petite package." I could almost let that go with a restrained and eloquent "H'mm." But "H'mm" in print does not convey enough in the way of comment. Over the television or, for that matter, over the telephone, I could *h'mm* for you with just the right mixture of amusement, indignation, cynicism and pity, but it's too much to ask of *h'mm* in print. I do not wish to be ungallant toward Miss Garden, who was quite a package in her own right in her own day, but the competition is tougher in 1954. More people see and hear La Monroe and La Clooney on a single television show than would see La Garden in five opera and concert seasons. And when the attributes of La Monroe and La Clooney are rolled into a single package (which could not possibly be petite), La Garden is simply overmatched. La Garden may be comforted by the knowledge that neither half of the modern package could do a satisfactory Mélisande. Of course I may be a little prejudiced against Mary Garden because when composer Claude Debussy told her that he loved her, she went to Mme. Debussy and told her all about it. That's a fine way for a glamor girl to act!

* * *

ON THE People program, by the way, I heard one of the more remarkable examples of In Other Words. It's mildly entertaining to listen to what a radio announcer can do with In Other Words. He can make you say, or appear to have said, just about anything. In this instance a San Francisco restaurateur spoke intelligently and interestingly about the architecture of Chinatown. He predicted that in a few years there would be more buildings of Chinese design and influence than there are now. To this the announcer said: "In other words, people of all races and nationalities work and play together in harmony in Chinatown." The restaurant man had said nothing of the kind; he hadn't even been talking about nationalities and races. He'd been talking about sticks and stones.

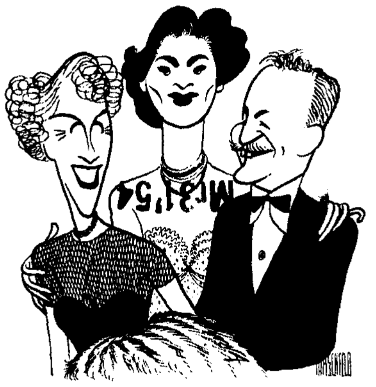
When one of these babies starts a question with "In other words—" you can be sure he *means* other words. Next time you are listening to a radio or TV interview, be on the alert if the interviewer says "In other words—" or "You mean—" or "In other words you mean—". If you have been paying attention to what the victim has been saying, you're in for a surprise.

* * *

AS A MEMBER of the great American movie public (and I usually pay, too), I have taken a stand which may interest the film producers, and the information costs them no more than the price of this magazine. My stand is simply this: I will not go to a movie that I know beforehand requires me to wear a pair of glasses. I happen to be farsighted, I wear reading glasses, and that's enough. My opinion is that an extra-dimensional process that makes you need extra spectacles is a process still in process of development. When the thing is ready, let me know, and I'll have a look.

* * *

WHENEVER a gracious gesture comes to my attention (and it has to do with the entertainment field), I must applaud it. One such gesture is that of an actress who calls herself Bella Darvi, and she calls herself Darvi to publicize her friendship for *Dar*ryl and *Vir*ginia Zanuck. (Applause.)



AL HIRSCHFELD

Actress Bella *Darvi* and friends, *Dar*ryl and *V*irginia Zanuck (l.)

But Miss Darvi's gesture had better remain uniquely her own, not to be copied by other appreciative artistes. Let no little friend of the Goldwyns' (Samuel and Frances) repay them by calling herself Samfr ("Shoot me the camphor, Samfr"). Spyros Skouras is married to the former Miss Seroula Briuglia, which might give us a grateful starlet named Spyse.

Already, there is some confusion in my mind, because there is, or used to be, an actress named Colette d'*Arv*ille. (Was *she* named after the Zanucks?)

I would also remind Miss Darvi that friendships in show business have been known not to last forever. Zanuck, for instance, is fighting video, so she better not do any work on television or she'll have to change her name to Davli (David and Lizette Sarnoff).

* * *

A SMALL CULT is forming about the satiric artistry, if those are the words, of Tom Lehrer, a young mathematician who got his M.A. at Harvard, and "his lyrics, his music, his so-called voice, and his piano." Mr. Lehrer did a recent stint at the Blue Angel, a Manhattan night club, *intime* type, and he has made at least one LP record. His songs include Fight Fiercely, Harvard; The Old Dope Peddler; Be Prepared; The Wild West Is Where I Want to Be; I Wanna Go Back to Dixie; Lobachevsky; The Irish Ballad; The Hunting Song; My Home Town; When You Are Old and Gray; I Hold Your Hand in Mine, and The Wiener Schnitzel Waltz.

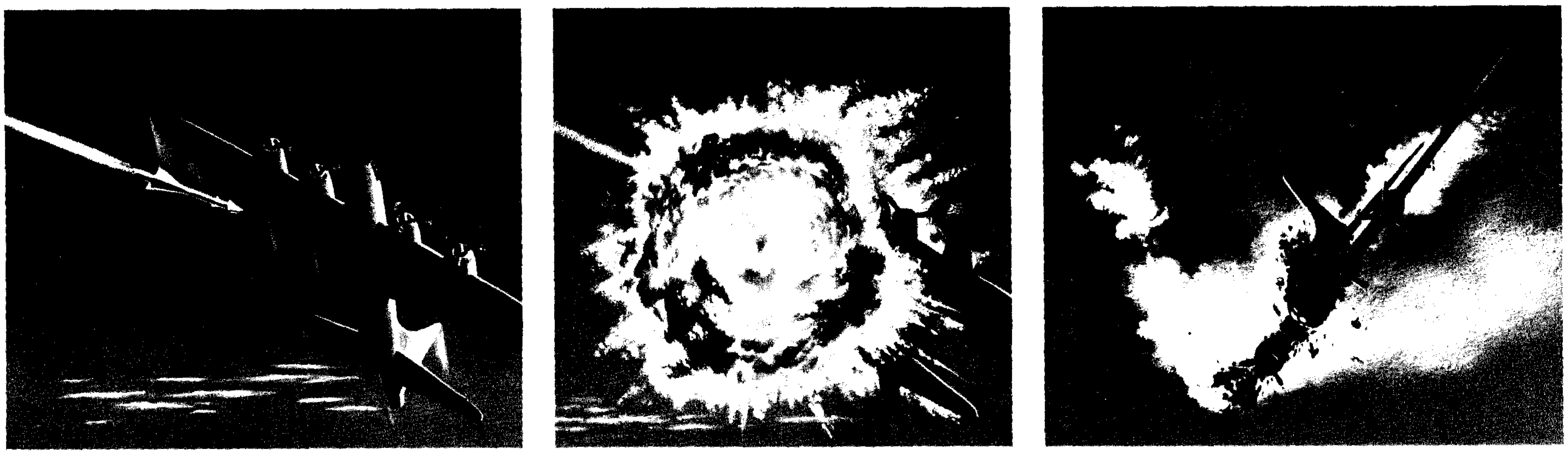
There is a gruesomeness about the lyrics that might cause a slight shudder in the stalwart frame of my friend Chas. Addams, whose cartoons have not yet begun to adorn the packaging of children's breakfast foods. I violate no professional secret, for instance, in disclosing that Mr. Lehrer's song, I Hold Your Hand in Mine, means just what it says: the singer holds the hand, and nothing else. And there is small chance that Be Prepared will ever be adopted as the official anthem of the Boy Scouts of America, or that I Wanna Go Back to Dixie will be played at conventions of the Confederate Daughters.

What has surprised me is that the Lehrer cultists are surprised that their idol, who had something to do with making A-bombs, finds relaxation in writing the kind of song he writes and sings. I don't see what else he could do. A man who knows better than most of us which way we seem to be headed is surely likely to be shockproof. As Jolson used to say, "You ain't heard nothin' yet."

The songs reminded me, by the way, of a few I used to sing while in my teens. One I recall may have come from a Princeton Triangle Club show. "The babies in their baskets, will soon repose in caskets, you can't escape the finger of Fate."

Mr. Lehrer accompanies himself on the piano, and let us all accompany him to the bomb shelter.

▲▲▲



Drawings based on high speed motion pictures show Nike's missile destroying a pilotless bomber in test at the Army's White Sands Proving Ground, N. M.

Winged Victory...product of telephone wizardry

This is the story of NIKE (ny'key) — named after the Winged Goddess of Victory of ancient Greek mythology.

But today's Nike is no myth! It's one of Uncle Sam's most fantastic new defense weapons — proved in tests and now being delivered to the Army by Western Electric, maker of your Bell telephone.

Nike is the first system in production for keeping anti-aircraft guided missiles under constant automatic control from the ground, enabling them to track down and destroy any existing type of plane, regardless of its speed, no matter how high it flies or what evasive action it takes.

Inside central control van, these soldiers watch radarscopes as Nike automatically guides a missile to its target.

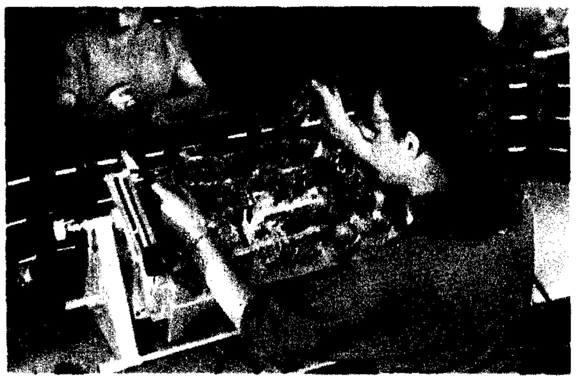
You'd find Nike's brain filling several large vans with complex electronic equipment. Signaled by an air warning net that hostile planes are approaching, Nike picks up the target and tracks it electronically. With incredible speed and accuracy, Nike pinpoints a plane's position — tracks it relentlessly — tells when to launch the missile — follows the missile's flight — and guides it to the target at supersonic speed. Then . . . *the kill!*

Such a weapon may seem wholly unrelated to your familiar friend the telephone — which doesn't look complex. But the telephone you hold in your hand is connected with a maze of intricate mechanisms in which electronics plays a mighty part.

Special skills and techniques developed jointly by Western Electric, manufacturing unit of the Bell System, and Bell Telephone Laboratories, our teammate in creating the nation-wide telephone network, were just what were needed to transform Nike from an idea to a combat-ready reality.

Working closely with Bell Laboratories, the Army, Douglas Aircraft (which is responsible for the missile itself), and with hundreds of sub-contractors, Western Electric has applied its unique ability in electronic technology to producing a mighty weapon of defense. In this achievement, Western Electric — like all the Bell telephone companies — is continuing to carry out the Bell System's guiding principle:

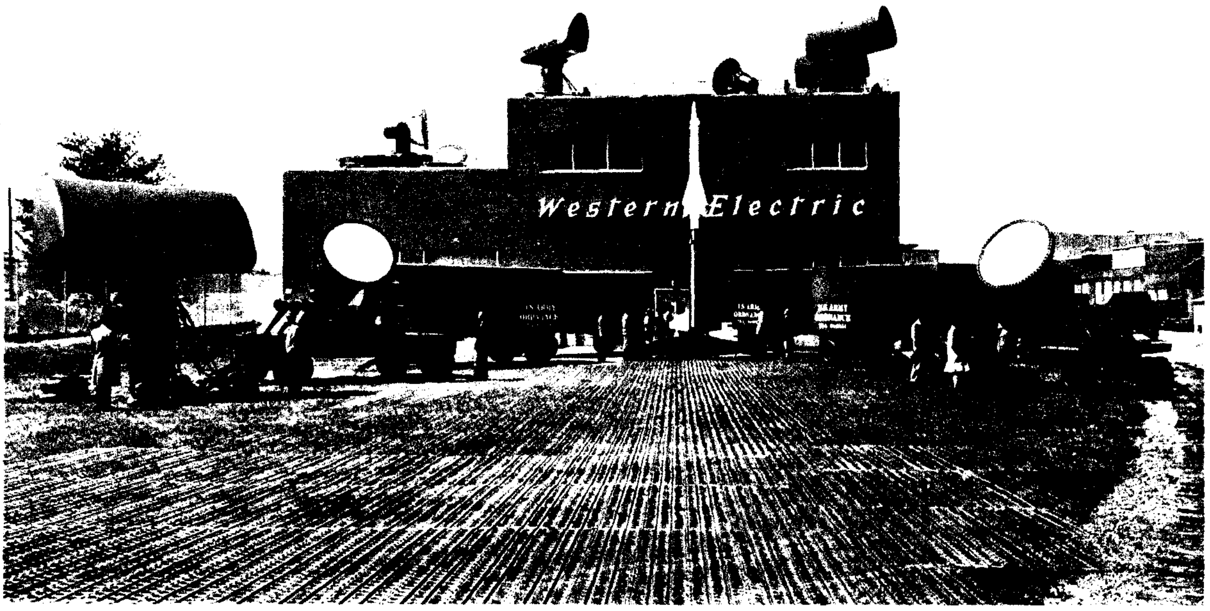
"Service to the Nation in Peace and War."



A Western Electric girl assembles one of the more than 300 "brain cells" that guide a Nike battery's missiles.

Western Electric

A UNIT OF THE BELL SYSTEM SINCE 1882



Principal units of Nike anti-aircraft guided missile system are shown here grouped in front of Western Electric test building.

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COLLIER'S CREDITS..

JOHN FLOREA

Dick Donovan, Gambler Nick

PUZZLE Picture: Which one is the gambler? Don't let the cards and the loosened necktie fool you; they belong to writer Dick Donovan, who seems to be listening to some advice. He should. The man who's offering it is Nick the Greek, the nation's all-time high gambler, whose story Donovan scooped for Collier's—with more than help from Hank Greenspun, publisher of The Las Vegas Sun.

Donovan's first glimmer of this story possibility occurred when he was over Las Vegas, on his way back to the Coast after wrapping up the Satchel Paige epic for us (May and June, 1953). Wondering if Nick the Greek was more than a figment of the public's imagination, Donovan called Greenspun from Hollywood and was told that Nick indeed existed but was considerably less than garrulous when it came to interviews. Thus alerted, Greenspun mulled over the situation and finally got a hunch when his (and Nick's) friend, Jack Dempsey, arrived in Las Vegas for a spell. Greenspun arranged a luncheon date with Nick and Dempsey, and the latter went to work; but Nick refused to open his trap. "It's different with you, Jack," is all he'd say. "Who'd want to read about an old man like me?"

"I'll bet you ten dollars," said Dempsey, "that before lunch is over somebody will ask you for your autograph before they ask for mine."

"A real sucker bet," Nick came back, "so I'm giving a hundred bucks to your ten. Hank, hold the stakes."

Only a few minutes later a character appeared, nodded at Dempsey and held out an autograph book. As Dempsey signed it, Nick reached over to take the money from Greenspun; but just then the autograph hound said to Dempsey, "I didn't know you were the champ. I was told that Nick the Greek was at this table."

Nick was flabbergasted. "You win," he said to Greenspun. "I'll give you my story."

Afterward, Greenspun congratulated Dempsey for picking up an easy hundred. Dempsey laughed. "It cost me ten bucks to work that gag," he said. "The autograph hunter was a camouflaged bus boy. Gamblers are still the biggest suckers alive."

Dick Donovan entered the picture a few days later with notebook at present arms, Nick the Greek opened up, and the result starts on page 62.

"Before I left Las Vegas," Donovan has just told us, "I decided to use Nick's inside information. With $15 worth of chips I started using Nick's own formula for busting a dice game. In four minutes, having lost $13, I backed away, expense account or no."

★ ★ ★

DAVID DUNCAN, versatile writer: "The last time Collier's ran one of my serials, The Bramble Bush (June and July, 1948), I was married and had two daughters. Now I have three and am still married, the extra daughter being the only change in the last six years. I have written several three-headed novels which I keep under lock and key lest someone find me out. I also have nightmares.

"Dark Dominion (starting on page 28) is my eighth published novel but my first attempt at science fiction. What I like best about this field is that it permits a writer to make use of metaphysical concepts which, if presented as reflections of his considered beliefs, might cause readers to wonder if he's daft."

Anything you say, Mr. Duncan. All we know is that Dark Dominion will be published by Ballantine Books as soon as our readers have read the final installment.

★ ★ ★

IF ANYONE imagines, after a look at the photospread illustrating Murray Robinson's Mammals Are Clogging Your Channels (page 24), that such a setup was not a challenge to patience, ingenuity and a certain loss of dignity, associate editor Jerome Beatty, Jr., contributing editor (and photographer) Bill Stapleton and the author of the piece would reply with some asperity that it *was* a challenge to patience, ingenuity and a certain loss of dignity.

Stapleton and Robinson were too beat up to tell us the details, but brother Beatty tossed a memo over our transom, to wit:

"Stape, Robinson and I repaired to barnlike Manhattan Riding Club on West Sixty-seventh Street on very cold night. Just as cold inside. Elephant was in a heated van outside; horse was upstairs; cow was placidly licking paint off wall; goat, llama and dog were kept good distance from one another. Each animal under control of own handler, of course.

"We put together the fake set and posed menagerie. You shouldn't have heard the blood-freezing shenanigans when horse first saw and smelled elephant. Llama refused to wear chapeau of any type; goat admired cow's straw hat to the extent of consuming it. Llama also spit at us (this explains aforementioned loss of dignity).

"Six hours later got picture we wanted. By that time elephant was shivering, and when an elephant shivers—mmmmm, boy! (Expression by courtesy of Broken-Leg Gleason.)

"Don't tell anybody, but crouching behind that front panel were handlers, nerves taut, tethers taut, pondering the lunacies of magazine writers, editors and photographers."

Do what you will; we won't talk.

—GURNEY WILLIAMS

1870
FLEISCHMANN'S

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Blended Whiskey
It's 90 Proof

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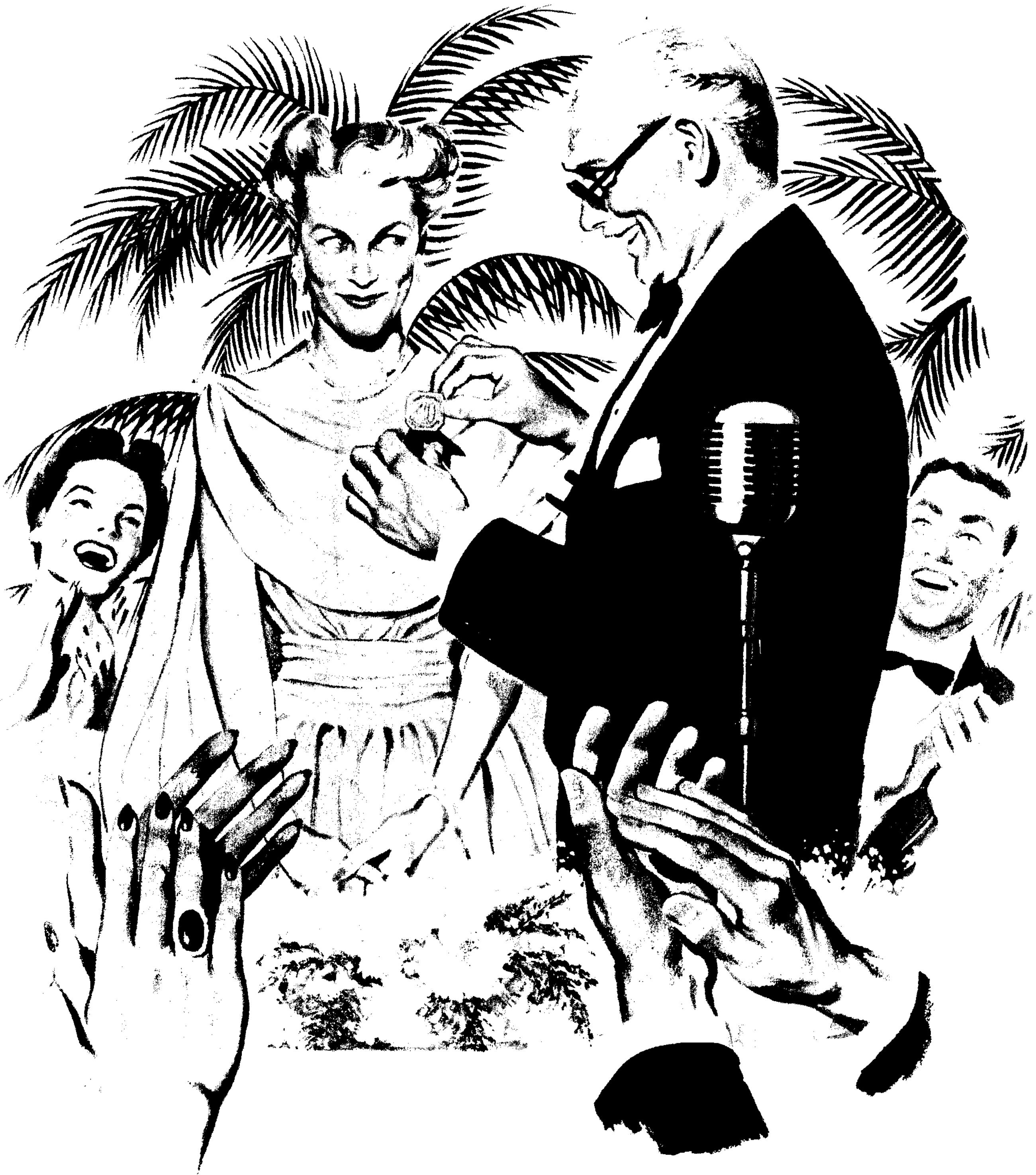
The HELL-RAISER

By **FRANK RICHARDSON PIERCE**

COLLIER'S SHORT SHORT



"Here's a forty-year pin," he said, "for devoted service given with love." He attached it to his wife's dress; the old Hell-Raiser had never been so gentle

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDRIC VARADY

NOW that he had reached sixty-five—the compulsory retirement age he had successfully advocated twenty-three years ago—Steve Connell wanted a farewell gift that he had no hope of receiving. Of course, there would be the fifty-year service pin and the suitably engraved watch from the company, and the luggage from his co-workers. And there would be the laudatory remarks from President Joe Bogan, who was seventy and had no thought of retiring.

But what Steve Connell wanted more than anything else was something that came from the hearts and not the pockets of his co-workers—the warm regard and open affection he had seen on their faces when other old-timers had retired. He wanted this partly for himself, but mostly because it would please Marie, his wife for forty years.

As expediter, efficiency expert and later general manager of the company, he had stepped on plenty of toes on his way up the ladder, but he could honestly say he had never stepped on anyone's fingers or pulled anyone down.

In the 1930s, when many business concerns were going under, sixty-five had seemed a long way off. He had been at the peak of his mental and physical powers, and he had known that the employees sixty-five and older were not packing their load. "Pension them off," he had urged. "Consolidate their jobs and put younger men in them, or we'll go broke and none of us will have work."

It had seemed a startling idea at the time, but it had worked. The company had survived and, in later years, pensions had increased. But it had been back then that Steve Connell had been nicknamed "the Hell-Raiser," and the name had stuck.

Tonight I walk the plank, he thought, as he waited with Marie to enter the dining room with the company brass. Many people would come tonight, mainly because it would look bad if they didn't show; others would be curious to see how he took retirement. All of them would hope he'd sound off, raise a little hell. Well, he wouldn't be in character if he didn't. He wouldn't disappoint them.

He glanced through the half-open door at the familiar setting: the speakers' table on a raised platform, the flowers and microphone in the center where Joe Bogan would preside. Joe's right-hand coat pocket would sag slightly from the weight of the fifty-year service pin and the engraved watch in its plush case. Nearby, and poorly concealed, would be the luggage from his co-workers, to be presented by Flannelmouth McGee. Every time Steve looked at this setting, he thought of a play that was closing after a long run.

There was loud applause as Joe Bo-

There's this about Coke . . .

It makes a little minute a big rest

A moment's relaxation with Coke
quickly brings you back refreshed.
The sparkling goodness and
matchless flavor in each frosty bottle
are always welcome, always delicious.
So when you pause for a work-break,
add refreshment to rest . . . have a Coke.

See EDDIE FISHER
on "Coke Time"
NBC Television
twice each week.

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Coca-Cola

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gan led the party into the dining room. Then the conversation died as they ate the usual banquet courses. Steve Connell pecked at his food, but his blue, penetrating eyes betrayed none of his anxiousness. Once or twice he ran his hand over his iron-gray hair. Marie leaned over and whispered, "Please eat. It can't be too bad, dear."

He made himself eat. Tonight was going to be bad, terrible. Not that he couldn't take it, because he could. But Marie would be hurt. There was no sag in Joe Bogan's pocket, no poorly concealed luggage. But at least there was something in Steve's own pocket, something quite special.

THE dinner was over at last. The guests relaxed; smoke eddied up from their cigars and cigarettes. Steve searched in vain for some sign of warmth from them. There was expectancy on their faces, but that was all.

Joe Bogan got up, rapped for order, and was applauded. The board of directors, seated on either side of him with their wives, joined in the applause.

"Tonight," Joe Bogan said, "we honor a man who joined the company as a boy of fifteen and has served well for fifty years. Many incidents come to my mind in reviewing Steve's service to us. I remember the time when he came before the board and raised hell. He said that a program of health benefits for the employees was only fair—and while it didn't appear that the company could afford such a move just then, in the long run it would pay dividends.

"Some of us lost our tempers," Bogan went on. "I told Steve he wouldn't dare go into a union meeting and talk the way he was talking to the board of trustees. He said he would, if occasion demanded.

"Well, occasion demanded about a year later, when the union was taking a strike vote. Steve walked into the union meeting and demanded to be heard, as an executive who still carried his union card and had paid his dues. But he was greeted with boos. 'Any damned fool can boo,' he told them, 'but it takes brains to look at the figures and see that your present demand can't be granted without the company going broke. Here are the figures. Read 'em. Digest 'em. Gag some of these loud-mouthed scissorbills, vote intelligently and let us know what you're going to do.' There was, as many of you will recall, no strike."

Joe Bogan grinned at the laughter and applause. Then he presented the fifty-year pin. "Steve, if I know you, and I think I do," he said, "you've something on your mind for the good of the company and its employees. Under present retirement rules, you're with us until midnight. You have several minutes left, and you have the floor. Raise hell, Steve."

Steve got up quickly. "We're in a rut," he said. "I've seen retiring employees given luggage on the presumption they would travel. Where to, and on what, in these days of high costs? I'm half serious when I say they should be given garden tools, a roll of chicken wire, a dozen hens and a robust rooster.

"I made a mistake when I advocated compulsory retirement twenty-three years ago. It was perhaps okay at that time, but not now. Today we're healthier and we live longer. Older people should be kept productive as long as possible. They'll be a lot happier. I kept this recommendation under my hat until the fifty-ninth minute of the eleventh hour because I didn't want you to think I was making a pitch for myself."

Everyone looked at the clock. It was a minute until midnight.

"Now about the service pins," Steve said. "They're going to the wrong people. The wives who get the men off to work in the morning and keep them in shape to deliver the goods year after year—they're the deserving ones. The time I was going to tell Joe Bogan what he could do with his blankety-blank job, it was Marie who calmed me down. Another time, when I was afraid to get tough about a raise, she stiffened my backbone and I got the raise." He reached down and touched his wife's arm. "Marie, please stand."

She got up, surprised, and a hush settled over the crowd. Thus far, Steve felt he had failed to reach them. His long experience told him they were expecting something, but hadn't got it. Perhaps this was it. "Marie," he said, and none had ever seen the Hell-Raiser so gentle, "here's a forty-year pin I had made up." He attached a small, neatly designed pin to her dress and kissed her. "For devoted service given with love, Marie."

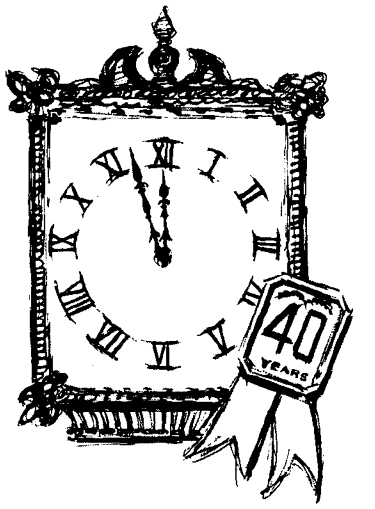
There was applause, and he felt a fine warmth in the air for the first time, but still there was expectancy. "From now on, Mr. Bogan," he concluded, "I recommend that the company's service pins, like wedding-gift towels, be marked 'his' and 'hers.' I thank you."

AS HE sat down, one of the board members got up. "Mr. President, it's still not quite twelve," he said. "I move that the compulsory-retirement rule be declared null and void, and that in its stead, as of now, Mr. Connell's recommendation be accepted."

Startled, Steve glanced at the clock. Someone, on Joe Bogan's orders, no doubt, had stopped it; the minute hand had quit cold. He heard the recommendation accepted without a dissenting vote, and then the applause was deafening. The board members were shaking his hand and the others were converging on the head table, congratulating him.

Flannelmouth McGee said, "Now you know why there was no watch and going-away luggage. You aren't going anywhere, brother; you're staying on the job and raising hell a while longer. When you *are* ready to retire, let me know. I'll be on hand with that roll of chicken wire!"

—FRANK RICHARDSON PIERCE



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No—not a so-called "consolette" or table model on a base, but the impressive furniture styling, the superior tone of a *full-size console receiver!* With such quality features as powerful Cascode Chassis . . . Turret Tuner that permits one-dial tuning—VHF or UHF . . . built-in "Omni-Scope" Antenna . . . big 10" Alnico speaker . . . and many more! See it in action now at your Admiral dealer's . . . and make the finest buy in TV history!

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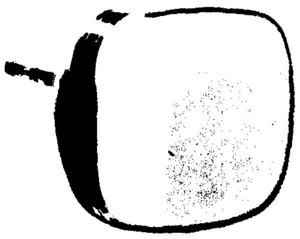

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"Magic Mirror" Picture Tube beams forward all light formerly lost inside the tube, resulting in 80% brighter picture!

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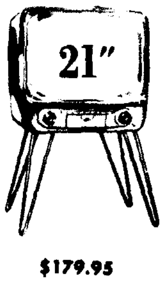

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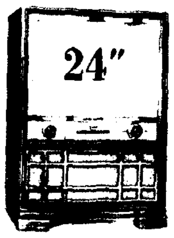

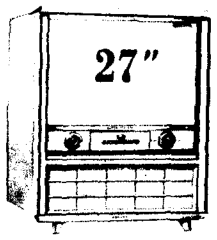

On TV—Bishop Fulton J. Sheen, "Life is Worth Living."

Great for that Hole
MARS Toasted Almond BAR

Open wide!

Bite down on
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Fluffy creamy nougat . . .
crisp, crunchy almonds . . . thick milk chocolate.

Great for that hole in your head.

Got a dime?

Look for a candy counter!

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Letters...

"Crime of the Century"

EDITOR: Joseph F. Dinneen, in his mythical story They Stole $2,500,000—and Got Away with It (Jan. 8th), has cleared up a lot of questions that have bothered me about the great Brink's robbery ever since it happened. The caption The Crime Story of the Century was not exaggerated. This story gripped me from the moment I started reading it. When I finished it, I felt myself at ease and completely satisfied that it is exactly how the Brink's robbers operated! Mr. Dinneen is a terrific writer.

SGT. JOHN J. GILLIGAN,
Camp Lejeune, N.C.

. . . What a great story—the Brink's robbery yarn. I can understand being excited about it, but my space-cadet eleven-year-old son, Steve, was just as excited about it as I was.

WILL YOLEN, New York, N.Y.

Who's Got the Mortgage?

EDITOR: I am writing you in regard to the cartoon layout, The Unreliable Eye, by Jo Spier (Feb. 19th). I suggest in connection therewith that you clear all technical matters with specialists.

This particular cartoon pictured "Your house as seen by . . . the builder . . . yourself . . . your fire insurance man . . . your mortgagor . . . the tax assessor." A quick check will show you that "yourself" and the "mortgagor" are one and the same. The term that should have been used is "mortgagee."

JAMES L. STONE, Moberly, Mo.

A number of us supposed mortgagees at Collier's have made the quick check, and, sure enough, we find that we're mortgagors. But the payments are no less and, generally speaking, we don't feel a bit better about the whole thing.

A Native's Approval

EDITOR: As a Frenchwoman I want to congratulate you on the article you have published by Edgar Ansel Mowrer (France Needs a *New* Revolution, Jan. 22d). Mr. Mowrer gives a remarkably faithful image of the anxious situation of my country at this time.

I only hope that his deep analysis will be read by many of my compatriots who need to be told about the picture they make in the world. And also by many Americans who will then understand better the plight of my country.

CLAIRE DUPONT, New York, N.Y.

Executive Preparation

EDITOR: I was very much interested in and really appreciated Are You the *New* Executive Type? (Feb. 5th).

I am a college student majoring in economics and hope to be out in the business world before too long. The facts, rules and information Bill Davidson gives are of great help to me and those like me, for we wish to know what to expect and what is expected of us.

Thank you for an article showing something of what the road to advancement in business is and should be.

JAMES L. WORLEY, Spokane, Wash.

Send-off for O'Hara

EDITOR: With eagerness I am looking forward to an every-other-week Appointment with O'Hara if his column continues in the same caliber of interest as the first one (Feb. 5th). However, I have no doubts, as he had already "introduced" himself to me.

MRS. R. W. TONE, El Dorado, Ark.

Face to Face

EDITOR: The picture of a vicious wolverine in your February 5th issue was both frightening and horrifying to me, perhaps because I am one of the few persons who have come face to face with a live wolverine in the wilds.

Last spring, while trout-fishing the Madison River in Yellowstone Park, my husband and I observed an animal the size of a large dog running back and forth on the opposite shore. We could not identify it at the approximate distance of 300 feet. My husband walked to another shore spot about 120 feet away. I was busy with my own attention to fishing, when I suddenly realized to my horror that the unknown animal was half swimming, half being carried by the rushing waters downstream toward me. In panic, I began screaming and running toward our parked car.

The animal came out of the water at exactly the same spot I had been occupying on the riverbank.

It was large and vicious-looking, with short legs, long claws and thick body covered with long hair streaked with gray. Luckily it turned up the path in the opposite direction, but not without first turning around and snarling at us, baring its fanglike teeth and then slinking away into the forest.

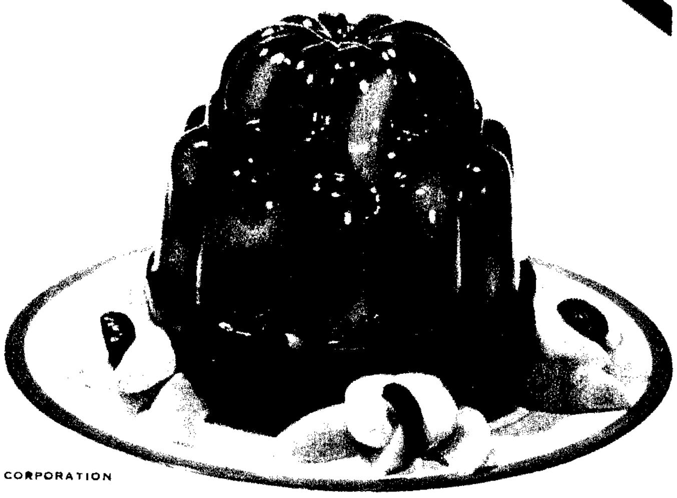
We hurried away from there, but fast. Later we identified it from wild-animal pictures, and it fitted the wolverine exactly.

MRS. F. W. LUDWIG, Detroit, Mich.

When I'm eating Jell-O
I wish I were a kangaroo

...because then I'd have
a nice big pocket for
all the money that thrifty
Jell-O saves us!

Now's the time for **JELL-O**
BRAND
GELATIN DESSERT
SIX DELICIOUS FLAVORS



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If you're the 1 in every 3 smokers who

KENT
CIGARETTES
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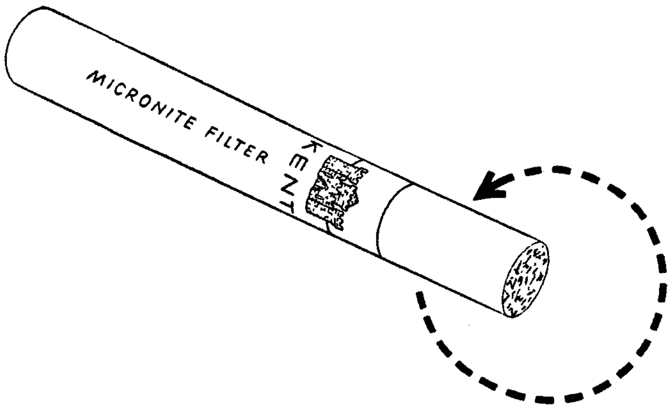
Look at **Kent's** proof of and see why you


MICRONITE FILTER
KENT

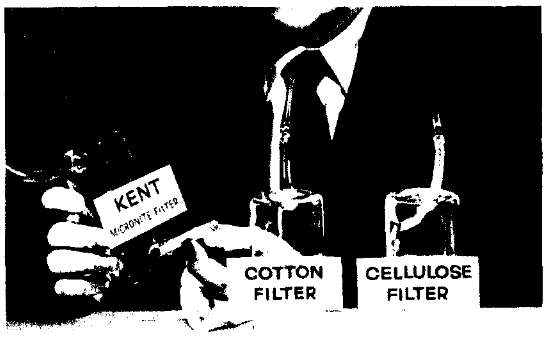
Yes! Look! KENT—and KENT alone—has the pure, safe, dust-free MICRONITE FILTER that removes far more tars and nicotine than any other filter cigarette—king size or regular, old or new.

And Look Again! See for yourself KENT's amazing proof of greater protection—proof so important to the 1 out of 3 cigarette smokers medical reports say is sensitive to tars and nicotine!

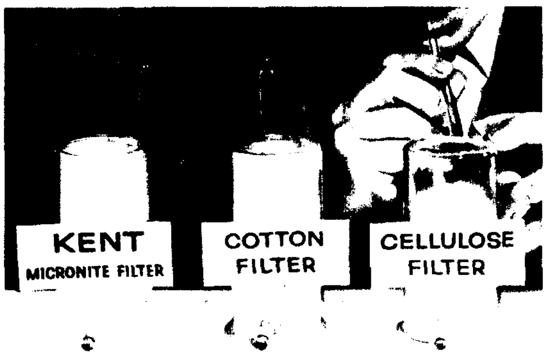
Enjoy KENT with exclusive Micronite Filter...the greatest

needs protection against tars and nicotine...

greatest filter protection should change to Kent!


KENT
MICRONITE FILTER
COTTON FILTER
CELLULOSE FILTER

1. To show you visual proof of the greater effectiveness of KENT's Micronite Filter over other types of filter cigarettes—three special glasses made with tubes through which smoke can be drawn are set on a sheet of plain white paper . . .


KENT
MICRONITE FILTER
COTTON FILTER
CELLULOSE FILTER

2. Smoke from KENT is drawn into one glass; smoke from a cotton type filter cigarette into the second glass; smoke from a cellulose type filter cigarette into the third glass. Notice that the smoke is drawn into the glasses just as it would enter your mouth . . .

KENT
MICRONITE FILTER
COTTON FILTER
CELLULOSE FILTER

3. When the tar particles and nicotine have settled, you can see the stains left by the irritants in the smoke of the other types of filter cigarettes—see, too, there's scarcely a trace from new KENT . . . visual proof that KENT removes far more tars and nicotine.

filter protection in cigarette history!

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REMEMBER YOUR FIRST

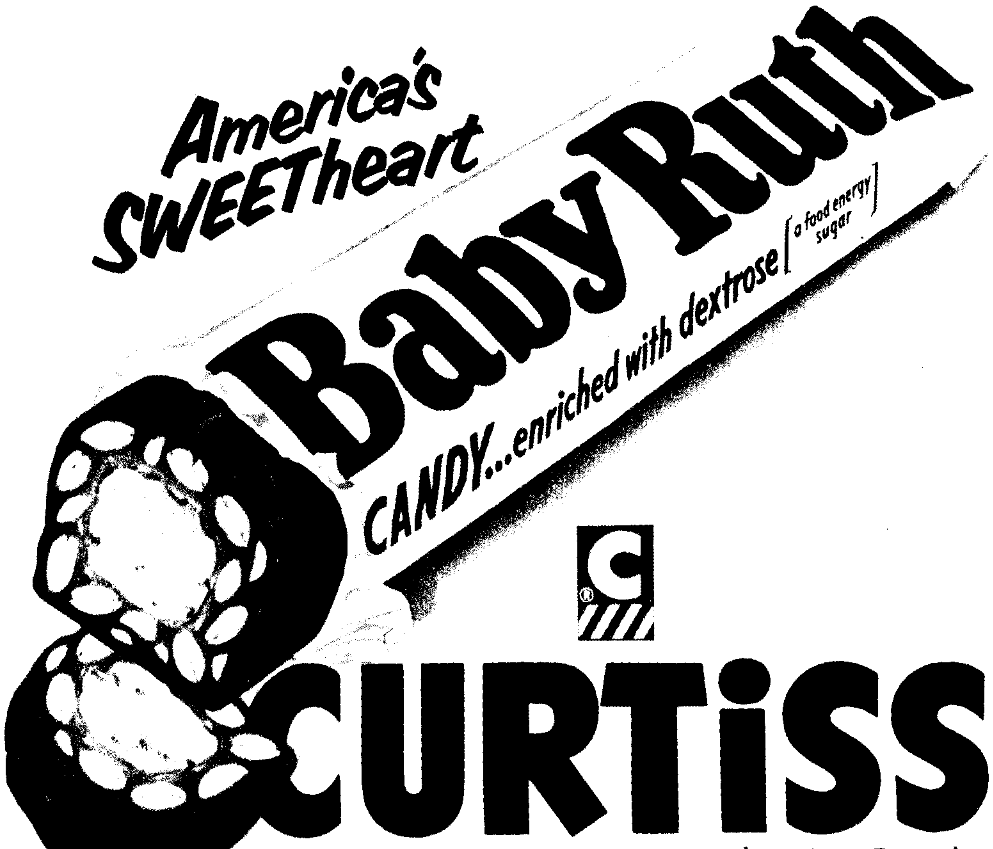
BABY RUTH?

IT MAY have been 30 or more years ago . . . you were a little girl or boy . . . or only yesterday when, like this little girl, you adventurously opened the wrapper and experienced your first thrilling taste of this delicious candy bar.

But whether it was "way back when" or now . . . one thing is sure . . . your *first* Baby Ruth will *never* be your last . . . because each Baby Ruth you enjoy is its own invitation to another . . . and another. It's just that GOOD!

Over all the many years that Baby Ruth has earned its position as "America's Favorite Candy Bar", its top quality has never varied . . . fresh-roasted peanuts (finest of the fields) . . . smooth caramel . . . soft opera cream center . . . thick, rich coating. Habit-forming? . . . Possibly . . . but in such a nice, nutritious way.

Little wonder it's


America's
SWEETheart
Baby Ruth
CANDY...enriched with dextrose [a food energy sugar]
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CURTiSS

CURTiSS CANDY COMPANY Otto Schnering, Founder

48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

He dropped in at the proper office in Wichita, Kansas, to see the man about a marriage license. Got along all right, too, until they asked him the first name of the prospective bride. And there he stalled for a moment until a brilliant thought smote him. He telephoned her. "Look here, honey," he cooed, "what's your first name?"

* * *

A couple of carpenters in Bangor, Maine, got into an argument. One asked the other why he threw away just about every other nail. "Half these nails are pointed the wrong way," he replied. "You darn' old fool," said his partner. "Can't you see they're for the other end of the house?"

* * *

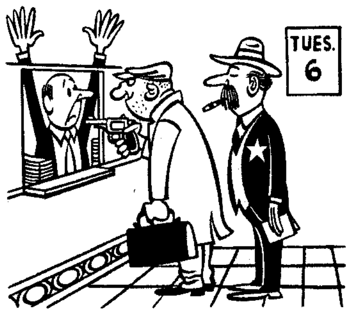
All Mr. T. Angelo Lightcap wanted to know was whether Washington's Pentagon Building would be open March 18th. And so he telephoned from Boston, Massachusetts, and was presently connected with someone in Intelligence. "Before releasing information we must ask that you give proof of clearance," said Intelligence.

* * *

Well, the controversy that had Sioux Falls, South Dakota, rocking dangerously for a while has been settled. Nick of time, too. The question was: Why do South Dakotans go to Canada and Minnesota to fish? Arbitration Commission was just about to throw the whole matter into the lap of the United Nations General Assembly when the answer came through in a flash: To catch fish. All quiet again.

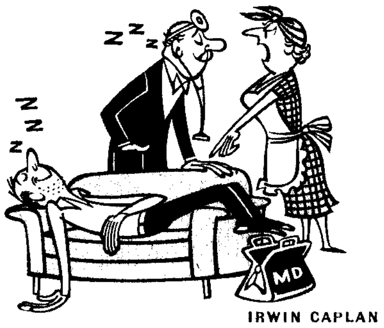
* * *

Friend of ours recently moved to a small Connecticut community, the public peace and tranquillity of which is the responsibility of one man, an elderly but energetic constable. To inquire into the legality of cutting down a few bushes near his property, our friend called the constable's house. Constable's wife answered. "He ain't home," said she. "Don't you know today is Wednesday? He's never home Wednesdays." Why Wednesdays? "Investigating day," she said. "Always investigates on Wednesdays." Our friend asked what he was investigating. "How's he going to know until he's done investigating?" she replied. "Seen anything suspicious around where you are? If you do, let me know. I'll tell him when he gets home and he'll investigate it next Wednesday."



* * *

Just about now, old 48 is suffering a bad attack of vernal hyperpyrexia. Happens every year. None of the new wonder drugs do us any good either. We're dawdling, listless, yawning, lethargic. Maybe we'll take a spot of sulphur and molasses just for old times' sake. Maybe we'll just let the thing run its course. You probably have it too. If you don't want to call it vernal hyperpyrexia, call it spring fever. And don't worry. Some people have it all year round. And seem to enjoy it.



IRWIN CAPLAN

* * *

Incidentally, we know of a gentleman who, after a thorough physical checkup, was told by the doctor that he was in pretty good shape. "Except," the doctor added, "for a little blood in your alcohol stream."

* * *

A Topeka, Kansas, gentleman, who thinks maybe we'd better not mention his name, overheard an exchange of opinions between a lady at the wheel and the automobile license inspector sitting beside her. She completed her parking test though it almost cost her two fenders, a rear bumper and a pair of headlights. Undismayed, she cried: "This is thrilling! Everybody should learn to drive." Said the inspector gloomily: "Yes, ma'am, particularly the people who do the driving."

* * *

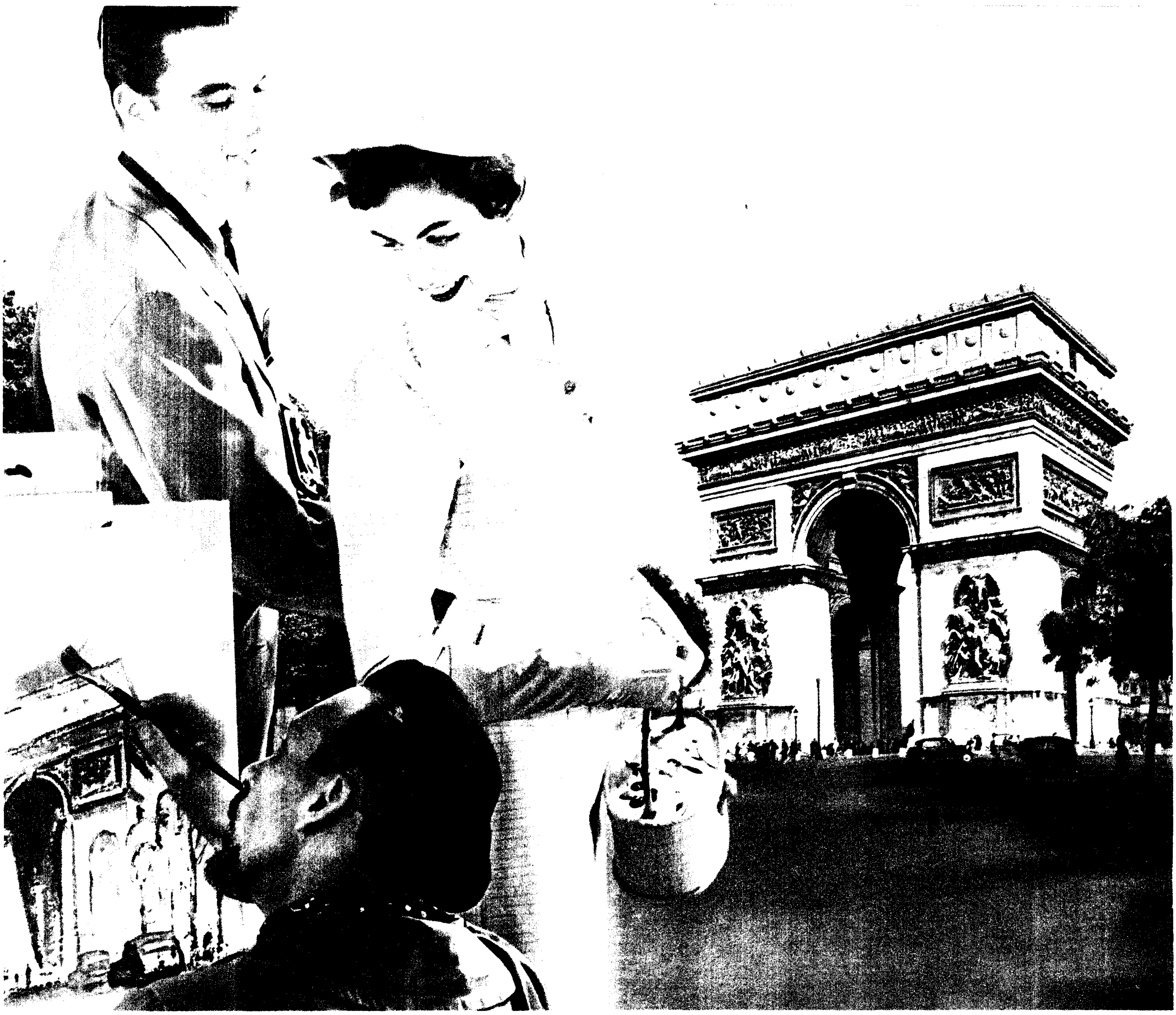
A nice long letter from Mr. Mordecai Shushan, of Baltimore, Maryland. All about the difficulty of keeping a couple of bucks ahead of the sheriff. "It costs more these days just to amuse a child than it did to educate his father," says Mr. Shushan.

* * *

Next time we get to Pine Bluffs, Wyoming, we'll hurry over to the drugstore for a shot of something. The sign over the fountain reads: "Our Soda Jerks Are Licensed Fizzicians."

* * *

There's a certified public accountants' firm in Milwaukee by the name of Pluss & Pluss. ▲▲▲



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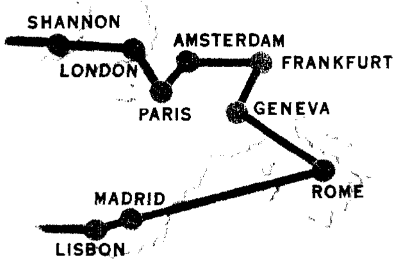
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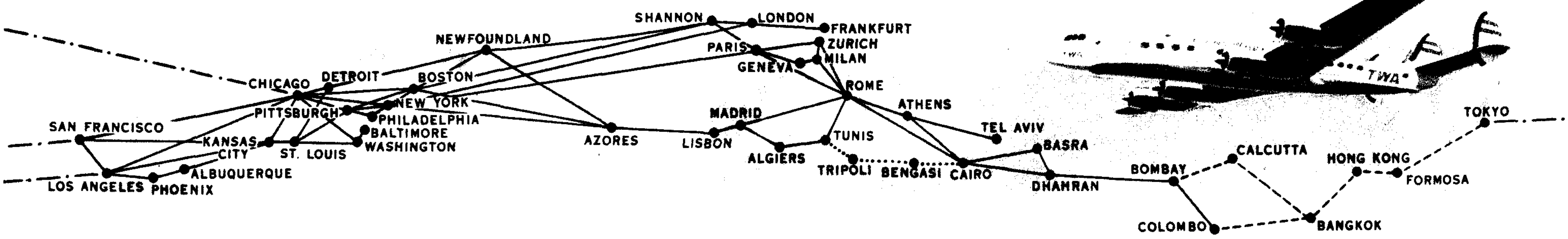
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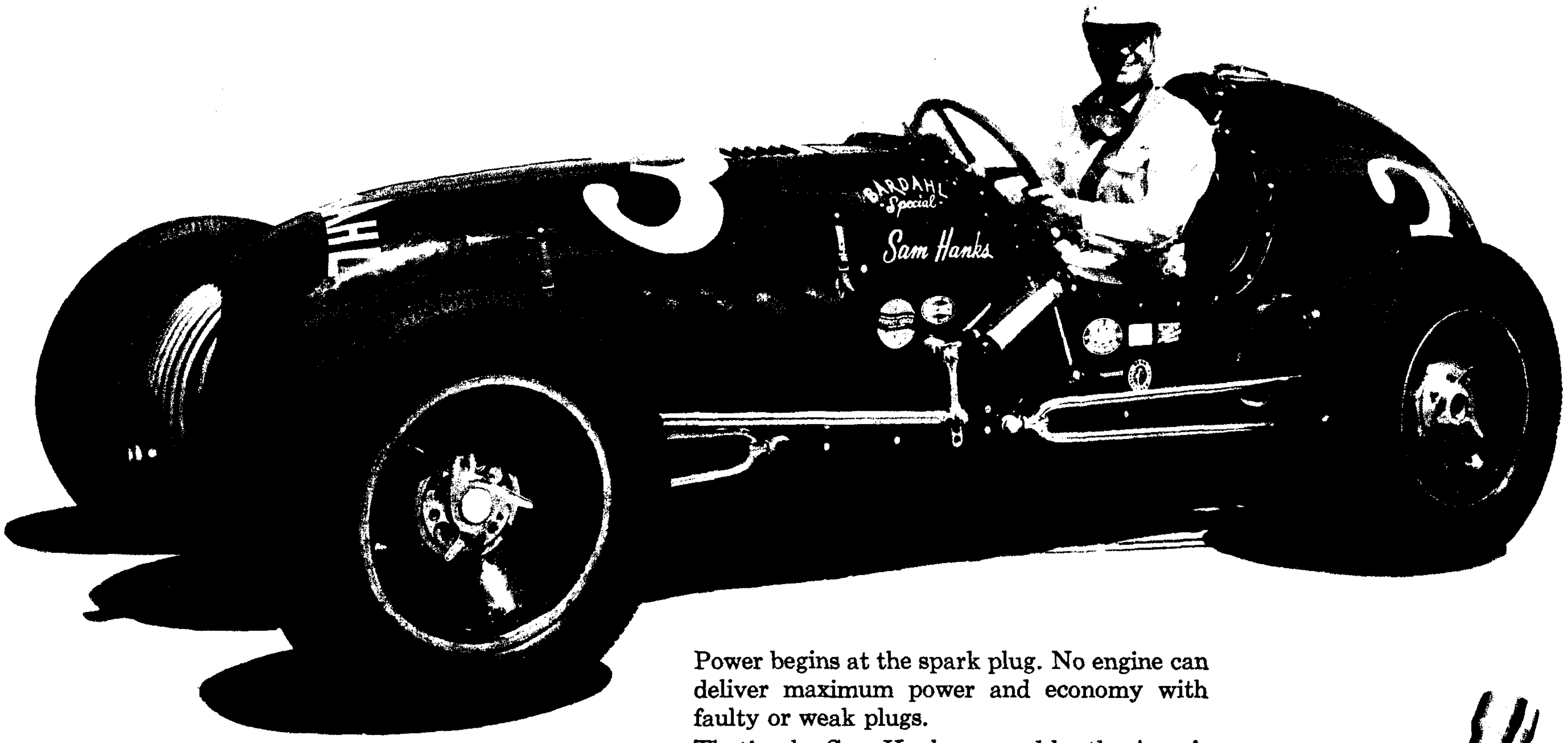

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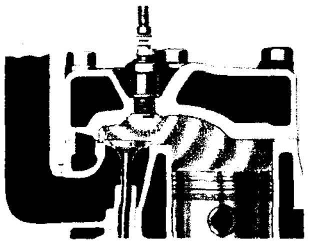

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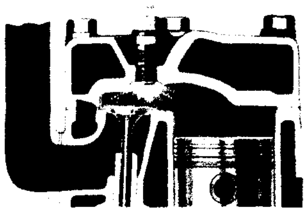
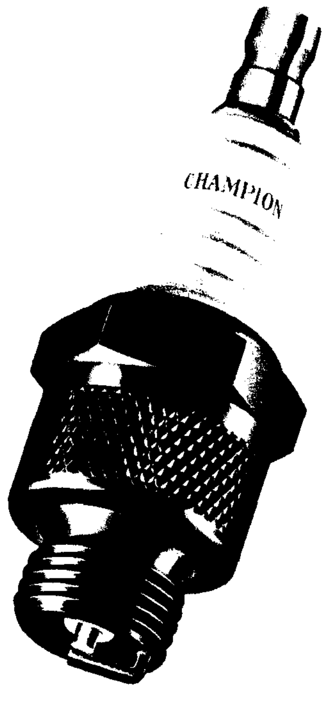




CHAMPIONS

WILL MAKE ANY CAR RUN BETTER

Collier's, April 2, 1954

My Partner, BEN HOGAN

By JIMMY DEMARET

A famous pro himself, the author has played with and against Ben Hogan for 22 long years. Ben, says Jimmy, is the best golfer of all time. Here's why . . .

IF THERE'S anybody in golf who knows Ben Hogan and understands what makes him tick, I'm the man. I'm not bragging; it's fact. I've played with and against Ben, boy and veteran, for 22 years. Through the 1930s, we traveled together on the Lean and Low Circuit, which means we had little weight and won less money. And in the more prosperous years since, the records show that happy-go-lucky Jimmy Demaret and quiet, intense Ben Hogan have been one of the best teams in four-ball competition that golf has ever known.

A close friendship has grown out of the miles we've walked together on the links. To me, Ben is the greatest golfer who ever lived. I've learned, however, that there's much more to Hogan's game than the shots he makes. Sure he has great skill with the clubs. So have many fine golfers. But none can surpass his determination to win; his quiet confidence that he *will* win; his temperamental inability to let up on his game until a match is over; his complete concentration; and his long and continuing hours of practice.

Put these ingredients together and you find the answer to those 67s and 68s he always seems to produce under pressure, the kind of scores that gave him five major tournament victories last year, including his fourth United States Open title and—on his first try—the British Open championship.

I call Ben's unceasing struggle for perfection his "inside game." Other professional golfers just can't equal it. We're all serious about golf, make no mistake about that, but Ben has a single-mindedness of purpose that makes the rest of us look like carefree schoolboys.

No matter how far ahead he may be, he's grimly determined to get still farther ahead. He likes nothing better than to have you nine down on the tenth green and then line up a 20-foot putt that will plop neatly into the cup and send you scurrying downtown to the hock shop with your clubs. His idea of a pleasant day on the course is one in which he wins

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JOHN FLOREA

Before Ben plays a cours

WIDE WORLD

Getting ready for a play-off, Hogan chips ball after ball toward the hole. He sometimes hits 1,000 shots in a practice session; won't play even a friendly round without a warmup

18 holes on every round, all with birdies and eagles.

To illustrate, I remember an Inverness Four-Ball Tournament in Toledo, Ohio, that Ben and I won handily. In one of the team-against-team matches which make up this kind of tourney, we had a five-hole lead going into the back nine. The way we were both walloping the ball I knew we just couldn't lose.

I was feeling pretty happy along about the eleventh hole and began to loosen up with a song or two and some gayhearted quips—just to remind everybody that it's great fun to be out on a golf course, especially when you see a $2,000 check coming your way. But such fiddle-faddle in a match wasn't for my partner, Ben Hogan.

"Come on now, settle down," he told me. "We can win this match if we keep going."

"Aw, Ben, we're way out in front," I objected. "We can't lose."

But Ben wouldn't buy that. "We're only five up now," he snapped. "If we concentrate and fight hard, we may win by eight or ten."

Golfers Who Don't Like to Practice

Practice is one part of golf that most tournament players dislike. Byron Nelson, even when he was in the middle of his great string of victories in the late '30s and early '40s, never drove more than a dozen practice balls in one session. Sam Snead isn't the greatest man in the world for practice, and I frankly hate the word.

Ben, on the other hand, practices more than a stage-struck tap dancer. He approaches a golf tournament the way Jack Dempsey used to go into a fight. He says to himself, "This is going to be a tough one, but I'm going to win it. And I'm going to make sure I win it."

Then he picks up his clubs and heads for the course, where he'll practice longer and harder than anyone else I've ever known. He wouldn't think of going out for a round, even a meaningless one with friends, unless he'd hit some preliminary shots. I consider myself as strong as the next fellow, but I'm fagged after two hours of practice shots. Practice for Ben often means five or six hours of solid work, hitting as many as 1,000 balls.

I once found Hogan whacking wood shots off a practice tee just a few hours after he'd fired a record-shattering 64 in the first round of the Rochester Open. Only a six on the par-four seventeenth hole had marred a perfect effort.

"What are you doing practicing *now?*" I asked incredulously. "You had eight birdies today. The officials are still inside talking about them. They're thinking of putting a limit on you."

Ben's face took on an expression of real anguish. "How about that terrible seventeenth?" he wailed.

Another time, when we were playing in a Miami tournament in 1946, Byron Nelson and Ben were staying together in a room adjoining mine at the Venetian Hotel. On the first night there, I returned to the hotel about 3:00 A.M. after giving the town the Demaret once-over. As I settled in bed with the morning papers, I heard a steady tap . . . tap . . . tap coming from the next room. I ambled over to investigate. I found Hogan standing in the middle of the floor clutching his putter. Nelson was standing next to him giving instructions. Ben was stroking ball after ball across the rug to the wall. Nelson told me Ben had been at it since dinnertime.

Unusual for Ben? Not at all. At last year's United States Open, I was strolling through the hotel after dinner when I met Ben en route to his room "to go to bed." You guessed it. He was carrying his putter.

Ben does more than hit the ball during his pre-tournament practice sessions. He also intensively studies the layout he's going to play. After winning the U.S. Open last June at Oakmont, Hogan told the crowd at the award ceremony that "adequate preparation and knowledge of the course are essential." By that he meant he wants to know a course so well before he competes on it that he could supply a biologist with a life history of the four rabbits residing off the fourteenth fairway.

Ben knows what a golf ball will do on each type of grass—from the Bermuda green we have in Texas to the soggy turf of a seaside course. And he is the master attacker of even our toughest layouts because of his ability to think out a course. If necessary, he'll pace off the distance from where his ball lies to the spot where he believes it will fall. While walking, he'll investigate the grass and every shrub, tree, bunker and depression along the way.

Taking the Guesswork out of His Game

In the 1953 Open, he strolled 290 yards uphill on one hole to get an idea of what would happen when his ball struck the ground. Then he went back and laid his shot a club-length away from the green. If he's trying to hit the ball over the trees to save ground on a dog-leg hole, or if he feels he can drive over a bunker, he always checks to find out what is behind the obstacles. He doesn't like to guess what's going to happen on the other end of the shot. He wants to know.

This knowledge of the course he is playing enables the little guy—he's still little in my book although he's upped the weight on his five-foot-eight-inch frame from 140 to 160 pounds in recent years—to come through with stunts like the one he pulled on the seventeenth hole in last year's Open. His drive looked long and solid, but the crowd groaned as it soared into the rough to the left of the green. The spectators should have known better. Ben doesn't shoot into the rough so obviously without some special reason.

"I knew the grass there wasn't so high," he explained later, "so I went for it deliberately. You see, if I had tried to stay on the fairway, the bunker guarding the green might have trapped me. So I knew the rough was better—this time, anyway."

Hogan's next shot? Oh, just a perfect pitch two inches from the cup.

If controlling your nerves is the key to tournament golf—and there's no question of its tremendous importance in any competition—Ben Hogan must be the lifetime owner of that key. Every move he makes on the course seems mechanical. While he takes a long time lining up his shots, and longer than anyone I know selecting his clubs, he hits the ball quickly once he's decided what he wants to do. Out of his calm, poised performances have come comments that he is completely nerveless on the links; that he has ice water circulating in his veins instead of blood.

Let's explode that myth right now. Ben has as fine a set of screaming nerves as anyone in the game. The difference is that he refuses to let them take over. He usually runs his nerves as smoothly as he runs his putts into the cup. Somehow he manages to convert his tenseness into the added determination that means so much to his game.

But even for Ben it's a constant battle. Like the rest of us, he has lost championships because of three-putt greens. He blew a Masters' Tournament to Herman Keiser when he choked up on the last green at Augusta in 1946, and he lost the Open to Lloyd Mangrum the same way at Cleveland later that year. Such incidents are rare, though. More typical is the type of control he showed under potentially nerve-cracking conditions in the 1950 Open at Ardmore, Pennsylvania.

Ben had started out on the fourteenth tee of the final round with what seemed another title in his hands. The best score posted was a 287. All he needed to do was play the last five holes in par for a 285 total and a neat two-stroke triumph.

A gallery of 12,000 surrounded Hogan as he hit his drive and made his par on the fourteenth. But on the fifteenth, he putted badly for a bogey and after parring the sixteenth hole he got another bogey on the seventeenth. If ever there was an obvious spot for Ben to blow a tournament, it was on the next and last hole. What looked like an insurmountable lead had evaporated completely.

But Ben wasn't kicking himself for his play on the two bogey holes and he wasn't muttering in anger. He walked up to the final tee in perfect control of himself. He slammed a long drive and then a whistling iron shot to a good spot on the green. He knocked in his second putt—incidentally, a tough one—for a par four and the tie. The next day he clicked off pars as if he were a machine and won the play-off from George Fazio and Lloyd Mangrum.

Ben's desire for perfection also is apparent in many aspects of his life off the golf course. In Indianapolis some years ago, he wanted a steak medium rare and an order of home-fried potatoes. The waiter brought back French fries and a crisp, black, well-done piece of beef. Then he disappeared, figuring Ben would give up and eat. Hogan sat patiently for a few moments waiting for the waiter to return. Then he quietly picked up his plate and walked into the kitchen. He returned ten minutes later with a medium-rare steak and some home-fried potatoes. His craving for perfection can be seen even in the way he dresses. His clothes are quiet and expensive. On every occasion, he's neat as a pin. Even his cigarette holder these days is a handsome item of alligator skin.

Batting Faults Make Him Writhe

The same quality is present, too, in Ben's attitude toward other sports. I've seen him sit and writhe at a ball park when a major-leaguer swings and misses a pitch. He has a theory about hitting baseballs and he'd like nothing better than to get hold of a batter and test it. "They jiggle the bat too much," he says about most hitters. His favorite ballplayer, appropriately enough, is that calm and poised professional, Stan Musial, six times the National League batting champion.

The person closest to Ben is his wife, Valerie. She's as much a living part of him as a wife can be, and as fine a woman as I've ever known. She never follows Ben around the course during a match. She usually spends the long hours near the scoreboard in front of the clubhouse. But no one minimizes the role she plays in her husband's success, even when he is a mile or so away sinking a long putt.

Valerie is everything Hogan needed to help him to the top—sweet and understanding when things weren't going well; strong and reliable during the dark days when her husband needed moral support so badly.

Once, after winning a U.S. Open title, Ben called for Val during the presentation ceremony. "This is my trainer and partner," he told the crowd. "When I leave the golf course, I put myself in her hands. She's the reason I won today. I have no other worry except my golf game. Valerie takes care of everything else. Thanks, Valerie."

Unquestionably, Ben is a difficult man to know. By nature he's such a solemn introvert that it may take time to discover that he's also courageous and warmhearted. He's always been a serious fellow, and he has a tendency to carry his thoughts and somber moods to bed with him.

Bing Crosby coined a nickname for Ben after learning about his sleeping habits firsthand one night when we stayed at the crooner's ranch near Elko, Nevada. I was bunking with Ben, and about two o'clock in the morning a peculiar grinding noise woke me up. Now Bing keeps a pretty clean place and it surprised me to find that there might be rats scrambling in our room. I walked down the hall and got Crosby. After all, they were *his* rats.

Bing came back with me and listened for a moment. Then he pointed to the sleeping Hogan. The noise was the steady grinding of Ben's teeth. He had a problem of some sort on his mind and had taken it right to bed with him.

Crosby was laying for Ben when he came down to breakfast later in the morning. He grabbed him by the jaw, forced open his mouth and looked at his teeth. "There you are," Bing said exultantly, "the finest edges ever honed. Here's Old Blue Blades himself."

Actually, I have known two Ben Hogans over the years. The Hogan who toured the country before the automobile accident that almost took his life in 1949 is a good deal different from the man we see today.

Until 1949, Ben was a feverish little guy who drove himself relentlessly from tournament to tournament, letting his desire to win blot everything else from his mind. He used to remind me of a mole, the common garden variety which digs deep into the ground whenever approached by man or animal. Even on the street or in a hotel lobby, Ben didn't seem to have two words to spare for either friend or stranger. He was all business 24 hours a day—his mind constantly at work on the next shot, the next hole, the next tournament. There were too many lean and hungry days he wanted to make up for.

UNITED PRESS PHOTO

Ben and Valerie Hogan form a great team, says Demaret. She has played an inspiring role in her husband's success

But this running stopped with the accident. Ben left the hospital in El Paso glad simply to be alive. He had found that all of his dogged driving was just leaving him out of breath. He'd get back to the top of the golf heap, all right, but in a different way.

What changed him was the discovery that people truly cared about him. The flood of letters and telegrams he received in the hospital gave him for the first time an inkling that people aren't so difficult to meet and get close to after all. He always had liked people, but his temperament never permitted him to step out and grab a man by the hand to say hello. He seemed to feel he was forcing himself on people, that the only reason they would talk to him was because of his success as a professional golfer.

That feeling is gone now. Today it's standard procedure for Ben to sit around after a tournament and chat with the boys. And he has made a legion of friends—people he goes out of his way to see, and a step or two further to help.

He also has learned to take time out for little pleasantries he used to overlook. Last summer, after Ben won the British Open tournament, he was the focal point of a mammoth press conference attended by a couple of hundred news and television reporters. The room in which the interview was held soon was a sweating, stifling hotbox. The old Hogan often was abrupt with the press, and any curtness he showed here would have been understandable under the circumstances. But now Ben sat amiably under the barrage of questions and went out of his way to answer all of them.

As the tiring, hour-long conference finally broke up, I heard one reporter remark:

"He's certainly a changed little guy. Why, I remember how mad he got back in 1946 . . ."

Why He Won't Play Cards for Money

In one way, however, Ben has never changed. He is a man of impeccable integrity and always has been—accident or no accident. People in golf feel that Hogan invented the word honesty. On the tournament circuit, Ben refuses to join any of the frequent card games his fellow pros indulge in. About 20 years ago when he was newly married and just couldn't win a cent on the golf tour, he took a job for a short time as a croupier and card dealer at a Fort Worth gaming house. He believes that his days as a gambling-house man give him an unfair advantage in cards over the rest of the boys. Consequently, he won't even enter a nickel-and-dime game.

He is also a man of his word. I never have known him to give a promise and not produce. Last summer, just after Ben had returned from his British Open triumph and was at the height of his popularity, Jerry Volpe, the professional at the Foresgate Country Club in Jamesburg, New Jersey, called him long-distance on a sudden whim.

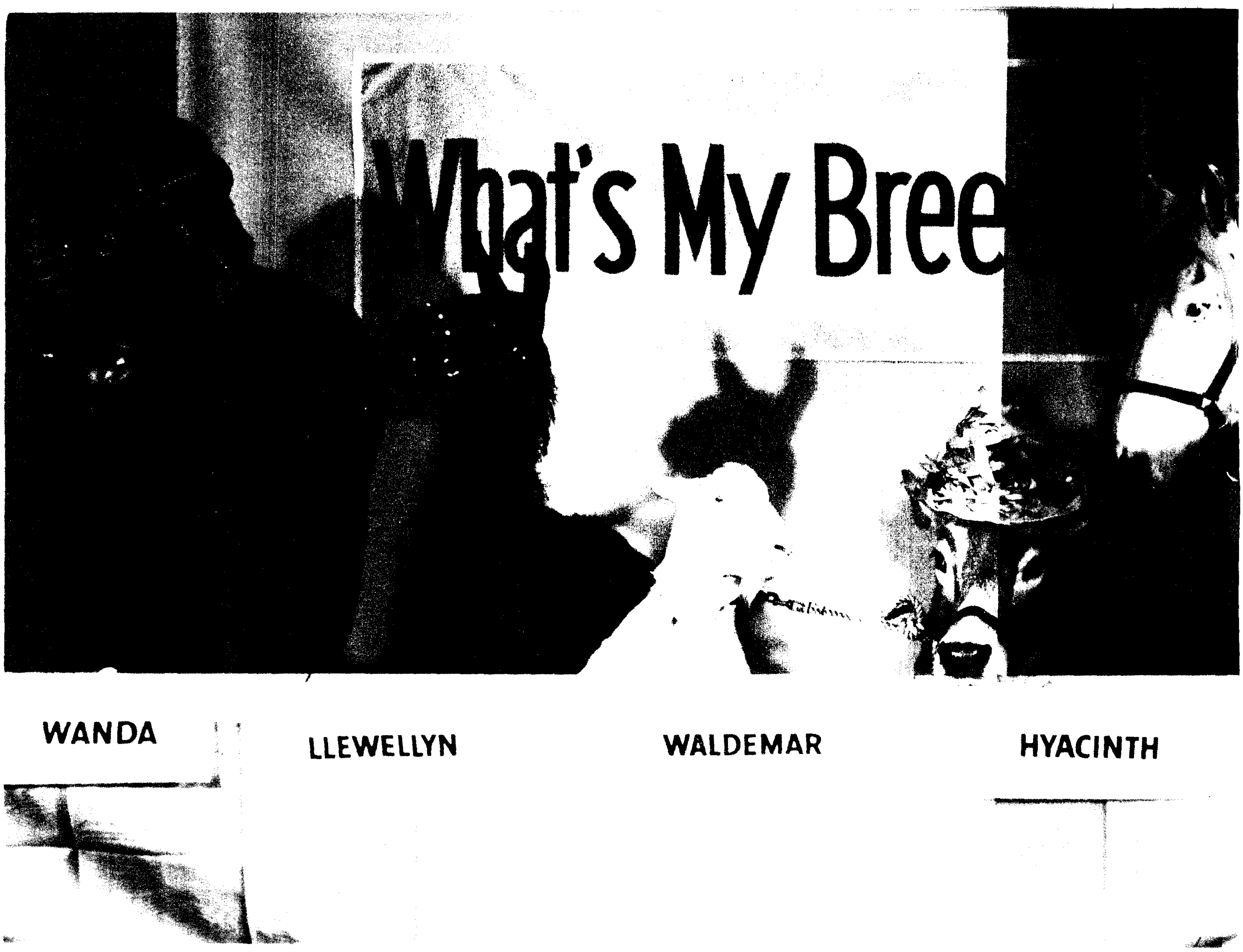
Although he didn't know Hogan personally, Jerry asked him to play in an exhibition match in Jamesburg. Much to Volpe's surprise, Hogan asked the terms, agreed to a date, and then hung up. Later in the week, when plans for the exhibition were in full swing, Volpe and the golf committee got the jitters. After all, it was only a brief telephone conversation. What if Hogan didn't show up? What if he forgot? *Everybody* wanted Hogan. Why should he come to their club in New Jersey? Volpe needn't have worried a moment. Ben was there—on time—and he played a full 18 holes.

I believe that simple acts of integrity like his Jamesburg appearance have meant almost as much as tournament victories in making Ben our great modern golf hero. It's good to know, too, that the respect we have for him over here is shared abroad.

Shortly after the close of the British Open at Carnoustie last year, Hector Thomson, one of the finest Scottish players in the event, was talking to the press. Hector had played the last 18 holes with Ben, and the British newsmen were concerned about Hogan's seeming indifference to the gallery. He never showed any reaction to the crowd's cheers, one of the reporters complained.

"Not a bit of it," Hector replied. "Every time they applauded a shot, Hogan would murmur a quiet, 'Thank you.' You had to be close to hear him say it, but the words were always there. He's a fine sportsman as well as a great golfer." ▲▲▲

This article is based on material in the forthcoming book, My Partner, Ben Hogan, by Jimmy Demaret. It will be published April 28th by the McGraw-Hill Book Company



What's My Bree

Mammals Are Clogging

Television's going to the dogs, goats and chimpanzees. The animals' odd antics have

By MURRAY ROBINSON

ZIPPY, an impish chimpanzee with the face of an aging ex-alderman, was a guest one afternoon on Garry Moore's CBS television show. He listened politely until Moore reached the climax of a commercial. Then he pursed his long lips and gave Moore a resounding Bronx cheer.

The ill-timed razzberry pained network officials, but hardly surprised them. Strange things have been happening in television ever since program directors five years ago opened wide the doors to our furred, feathered and uninhibited friends. From aardvark (anteater) to zoril (polecat), they've all joined the goofy gold rush to TV studios. At almost any hour of the day or night, you can find an animal on your TV screen—and it's a cinch that the beastie will steal the show, one way or another.

In fact, an animal may steal the show without even appearing on it. A patriarchal goat once did just that on Douglas Edwards' CBS-TV news program. A few minutes before Edwards was due to go on the air, the goat ambled over to the newscaster's desk, draped his beard over it, and calmly chewed up the script.

The goat, like Zippy, got off scot free. No spankings, no harsh words, no fines. As Jim Moran bitterly informed me, "Animals can do no wrong on television."

Moran spoke with conviction born of experience. A bearded press agent and adventurer, he presents odd animals on Steve Allen's popular late variety show over WNBT in New York.

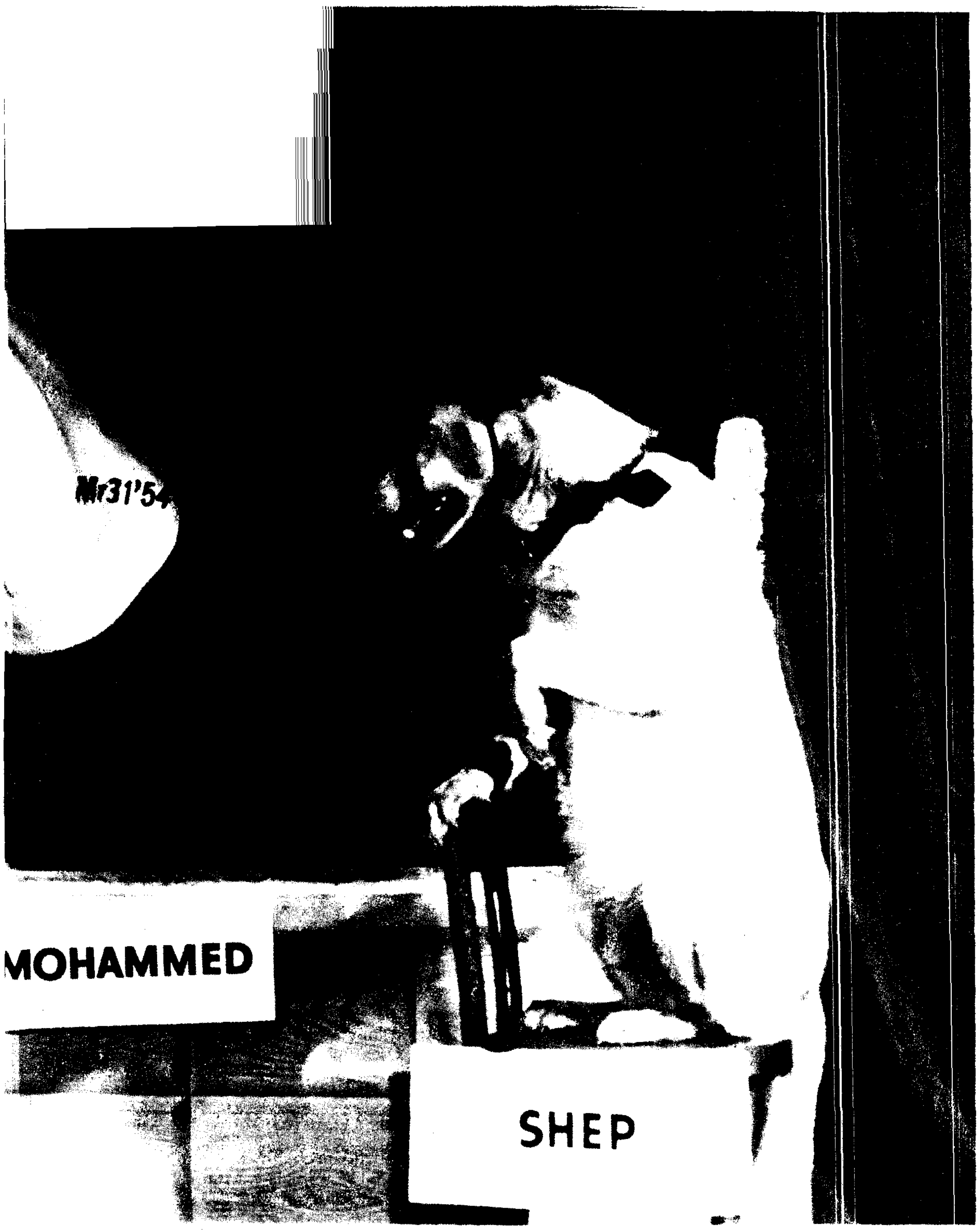
Moran recently came up with a highly touted pair of myna birds for Allen, one of the stanchest users of fauna in TV. "These babies have a vocabulary of 800 words between them," Moran said. Allen's eyes glittered behind his horn-rimmed spectacles.

So what happened? The very first words the mynas uttered on Allen's beer-sponsored show were, "Drink—," naming the brew of his sponsor's keenest competitor.

"You know who had to flee?" Moran said. "Me. The mynas were patted tenderly on their flat little heads. Like I said, animals can do no wrong on television."

Television studios in New York, capital of the

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY BILL STAPLETON



Mr31'54

Enthusiastic about the possibilities of popular panel shows, one enterprising agent came up with idea of his own. Here is photographer's concept of agent's parody of one top TV show

Your Channels

come so popular, TV star listings read like [illegible]

industry, are under constant siege by a formidable army of every genus. The animals crouch on outlying farms, in suburban hideaways, in city apartments, basements and back yards, all awaiting a chance to spring before the cameras and pick up some of that easy loot their masters hear about.

On the roads leading into Manhattan, you'll see such double-take sights as an anteater sitting beside a man in a limousine, the smug face of a llama over the tailboard of a small truck, or an auto with a chimpanzee sitting next to the driver and twirling the dials of the car radio. They're all heading for the TV studios, and with good reason. Hearken to these financial facts:

Zippy gets $250 to $1,000 for each guest appearance before the cameras, and he's a favorite on NBC's Howdy Doody show.

J. Fred Muggs, a two-year-old chimp who stars on Dave Garroway's early-morning NBC television show Today, made $15,000 last year and this year he'll do even better.

Morgan, a basset hound, gets $125 to $250 per appearance on TV for doing nothing more than look blasé. (He also recently made a Paramount picture with Martin and Lewis—Living It Up, scheduled for fall release—at a salary of $500 a week.)

Skippy, a marmoset, got $150 a shot and made at least 200 appearances before his retirement. And the late Llemuell I, a llama, was earning $10,000 a year at the time of his death. His successor, Llem II, is making nearly $250 a week.

The TV animals fall into four groups. First, there's the "background" animal—for example, Morgan—untrained except in manners. Then there's the trained animal actor used in script shows, the TV equivalent of movie animal stars. Third is the animal which does tricks, seen on variety and children's shows. Finally, there is the wild animal, such as seen on NBC's Zoo Parade from the Lincoln Park Zoo in Chicago and on programs featuring Ivan T. Sanderson, the witty animal expert.

The surprising fact about the consistent animal money-makers on television is that most of them have no formal tricks or routines.

A Hound's Quick Rise to Stardom

Morgan, daddy of the do-nothings, got into TV —and started the current animal cycle—in 1949. His owner, Dick Gordon, a New York TV producer, decided to televise the long-eared hound after watching him, couchant on a piano, leer when a guest in the Gordon apartment played You're Blasé late one night. Morgan made his debut on an ABC network giveaway show called A Couple of Joes—and got 11,000 fan letters. From then on, Morgan was a TV star. He merely squatted or lay outstretched, displaying a vast boredom toward the humans around him and occasionally leering at them.

Another animal star in the do-nothing tradition is Porthos, the English bulldog pet of John K. M. McCaffery, who conducts the Du Mont panel show What's the Story? and does a nightly newscast on NBC-TV's New York station. McCaffery put Porthos on his desk during a What's the Story? show one night last year. The dog slept through the whole program, but he received so much fan mail that he has been a recumbent fixture on the show ever since. At this writing, Porthos is still an unpaid amateur, but McCaffery is worried: "I

Debonair chimp, Zippy, stole the show from
Moore by his comment on commercial: Bron

Mr31'54

A trainer yanked his protégé off one comic's show: "You can holler at people, b

hope he doesn't hear about all the money some beasts are making on TV. I have a suspicion he'd do anything for a buck."

Porthos, Morgan and J. Fred Muggs are all shining examples of how little an animal need know to become a television star. Vaudeville training usually doesn't help.

Probably the lone exception is Zippy, a brilliant simian dancer, skater and bicycle rider. He also plays a childlike game of tag. Still his most appealing role is that of an exuberant ad-libber.

Zippy's Crush on an Orchestra Leader

Ed Sullivan, whose CBS Toast of the Town is to TV what the old Palace Theater was to vaudeville, told me: "The biggest hit Zippy ever made on our show was the night he was dancing and suddenly yielded to a whim. During rehearsals, he had fallen in love with Ray Bloch, our orchestra leader. Well, there he was, the night of the show, stomping and whirling in his dance, but always with one eye on Bloch. Then, without warning, he leaped in the air and landed right in Ray's arms. It was a touching, spontaneous show of affection—and it broke up the audience."

At four years of age, Zippy weighs only 25 pounds. His owner, an ex-hoofer named Lee Ecuyer, bought him for $3,000 when the chimp was three months old and reared him like a human child, even teaching him to walk upright. Ecuyer, his wife Bonnie, and Zippy live in a new house at Oceanside, Long Island. Zippy has his own room and eats his meals at the table with a fork and spoon.

There is some question whether Zippy was expressing an opinion when he interrupted Garry Moore's commercial with his infamous Bronx cheer. Some hold that Moore unwittingly cued him into it by saying something like, "What do you think of . . .?", and naming his sponsor's product. Ecuyer had spent two years training Zippy to make the deprecatory sound whenever someone began a question that way. On the other hand, I happened to mention the name of J. Fred Muggs to Ecuyer within Zippy's hearing one day.

"Br-r-rack!" went Zippy again. That razzberry definitely *was* an expression of opinion. So, for that matter, is Muggs's reaction to Zippy on television at the home in Wyckoff, New Jersey, he shares with his two owners, Buddy Mennella and Roy Waldron. J. Fred handles the set himself and is a sucker for Westerns. If he tunes in on a strange program and happens to catch Zippy, he dials out his rival with a disdainful snap. (He also dials out NBC's Kukla, Fran & Ollie; he's scared to death of Ollie and his one big dragon's tooth, according to Waldron.)

Muggs made his debut with Garroway in February, 1953. Mennella and Waldron, both former page boys at NBC, had bought a pet shop at Glen Rock, New Jersey. To boost business, they imported a twelve-week-old chimpanzee from Africa for $600.

One day in January of last year, the boys christened their acquisition J. Fred Muggs and took him to New York. In a Radio City building, they came face to face with Len Safir, associate producer of Today. Safir had been thinking of gagging up the show with a chimpanzee making like a TV news editor. Muggs was his boy.

The little chimp became an overnight sensation. A little beast just out of the jungle, he was irresistible in a world of electronic wonders, surrounded by high-priced humans, blinking lights, staring cameras, clattering machines and constant movement. He would use a pencil, play with a typewriter or telephone, or suddenly turn to Garroway or Jack Lescoulie, the announcer, with a look of fathomless yearning. Or he might take an affectionate nip at them.

Like Zippy, Muggs proved a great ad-libber. One morning Garroway had as his guest Colleen Hutchins, the Miss America of 1952, and Muggs treated her with deference until he spotted her diamond ring. (She had just become engaged to Ernest Vandeweghe, member of the New York Knickerbockers professional basketball team.) The wee ascetic turned bandit in a flash. He grabbed Miss Hutchins' hand, skillfully worked the ring off her finger, and stuck it in his mouth. It required stern shaking by Mennella and Waldron to get him to cough up.

Contented camel was seen being fondled by pretty girls on Ed Sullivan's Toast of the Town

Muggs is now a national figure. He made personal appearances last year in Dayton, Detroit, Minneapolis, Chicago, Miami Beach, Wilmington, St. Louis, Boston and Virginia Beach. "He wowed 'em in Dayton by imitating a wrestler when we introduced him from the ring after the bouts," Safir says. "He rode in an open car in a parade at the State Fair in Minneapolis and blew kisses to the crowd. He met the governor of Minnesota and blew him kisses, too."

To rest up from his arduous schedule, Muggs recently accompanied his owners, Mennella and Waldron, on a cruise to Nassau. He was the life of the party aboard the liner Nassau and even dined at the captain's table.

However, the very popularity of animal stars like Muggs sometimes costs them engagements. Some TV stars refuse to appear on the same program as animals on the traditional grounds that an actor is a sucker to work with a child or an animal. One famous actor refused to go on with a TV rehearsal unless Morgan, the leering hound, was removed from the set.

A few months ago, Jackie Gleason summed up this school of thought during a bit with Muggs on the Gleason CBS show. Jackie was holding the chimpanzee with one arm and feeding him grapes. All the little scamp did was push grapes into his mouth and look adoringly at the comic, but Gleason sensed all eyes were on the animal. Jackie gave a hearty professional laugh and said approximately: "What a sucker I was to do *this* bit!" Actually, Gleason has had a number of animals on his shows—but none so fetching as Muggs.

Meet the Agent for Many TV Animals

The man who probably has had the most experience with TV animals is Milton H. Blackstone. A pioneer animal scout and agent, he supplies a large percentage of the beasts seen on your television screen. He's a youngish man with a wispy mustache, glasses and a perpetual apprehensive look.

When I entered his office on New York's Fifth Avenue, he was munching a candy bar and looking somewhat fearfully toward the door. "You never can tell what's going to come through that door," he said. "The elevator man has strict orders not to bring up anybody with an animal, but they sometimes outsmart him. I just got through with a guy who did it. He came in here, opened his coat, loosened his belt—and a baboon jumped out of his pants! He turned out to be a dopey baboon, too. Couldn't use him."

Blackstone is a familiar sight riding around town in a limousine alongside a real crazy companion—like the anteater he raced to a TV studio from Coney Island and back so it wouldn't miss the next sideshow performance. He's also exclusive agent for two of TV's most accomplished animal actors—Smokey, the Wonder Horse, and Shep, the Movie Dog, both owned and trained by Joe Phillips.

"But," Blackstone said, "the most intelligent of all TV animals was Silver Fox, half dog, half fox. He died a few months ago at the age of thirteen. He understood 56 commands and was an accomplished dancer."

There are a number of other agents who supply animals to television. Among them is Mrs. Lorrain D'Essen, head of the Animal Talent Scouts Enterprises. Mrs. D'Essen, a former model and, like Blackstone, an ex-advertising account executive, got into the field two years ago through ownership of a nine-year-old great Dane named Dickie. The director of the Jackie Gleason show, whom she knew, asked if she could get him a big

ou can’t holler at my bear!”

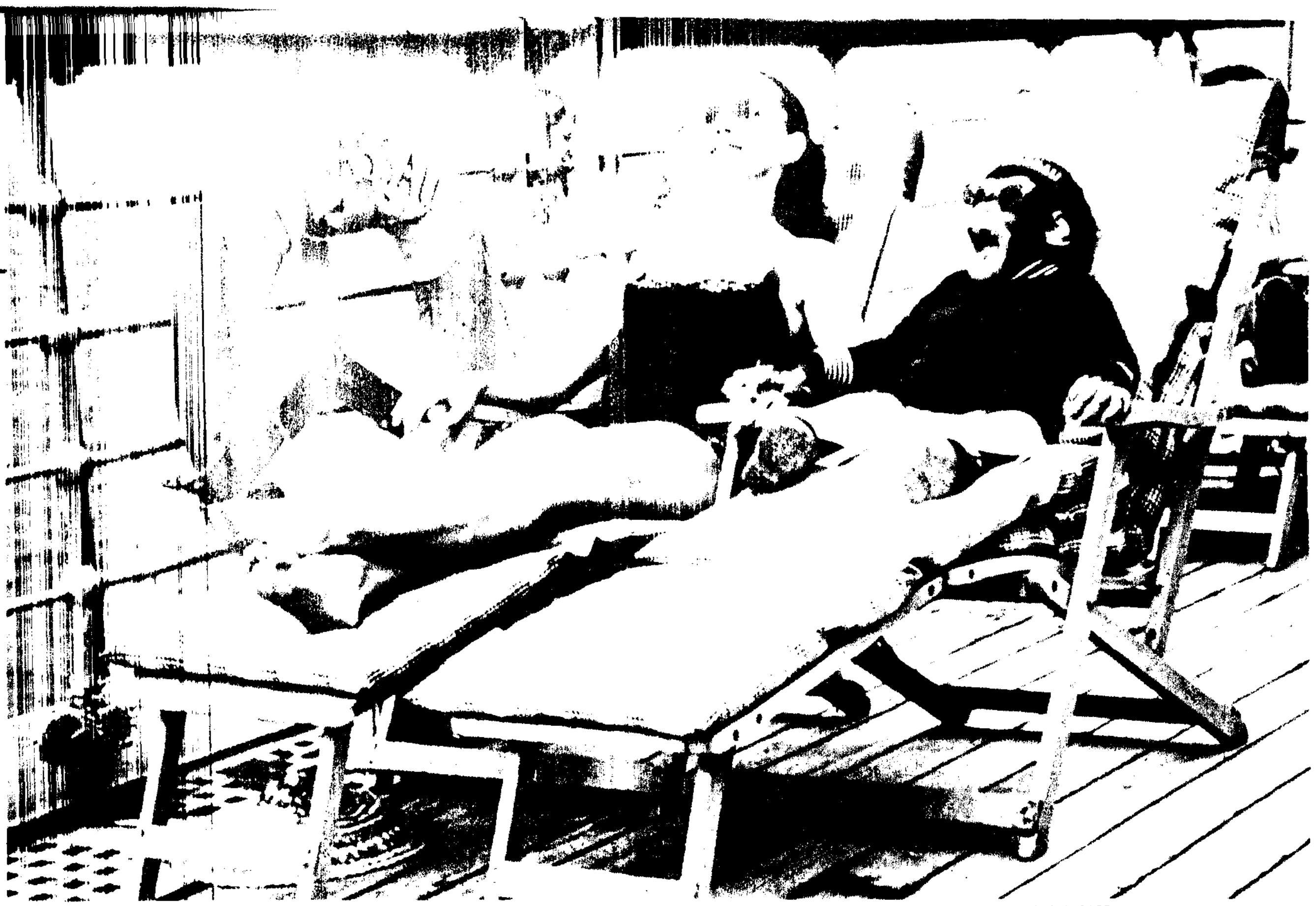
dog in a hurry for a skit with Gleason. She nominated Dickie—and he was an instant hit.

From there he went on to other shows. His basic fee was $100 an appearance, but it went up in ratio to the work required of him. In one show in which he was given a bath, he made $400. He was given brandy afterward, to ward off a cold.

Dickie is now in semiretirement, but Mrs. D'Essen says she has 675 other animals on her calling list. She keeps some on farms at Monroe, New York, and Stirling, New Jersey. The rest she can produce from her contacts.

When a Joker Set the Fleas Loose

Fred E. Birkner, who runs the Chateau Riding Academy near New York's Central Park, boasts he can provide any animal "from a flea to an elephant." He once was called upon to provide 1,000 fleas in a jam jar for a comedy show. "I rounded up a thousand, give or take a flea," Birkner recalls. "Nobody actually counted them. Anyway, some joker knocked the cover off the jar—and the fleas got out onto the cast and studio audience alike. I'm pledged to secrecy or I'd tell you the name of the show."


GEORGE BARRIS

J. Fred Muggs relaxes from arduous TV schedule aboard ship on a vacation cruise to Nassau

TV piggy (recently named Sir Gruntsalot) is a performer on Brandon de Wilde show, Jamie

Birkner maintains that animals are often smarter than people, and cites the case of Buttercup Hyacinth Bertram as evidence. Buttercup is a seven-year-old cow called Maisie for short, and she's a TV veteran. Always a lady, too. One day Birkner's assistants were unloading his pet a half block from a CBS studio entrance she knew very well. She slipped, breaking the rope which tied her to the truck. The usual gapers had assembled, and when Maisie looked for an opening, they set up a panicky whooping. Maisie broke into the clear and started running, with the crowd of kibitzers in mad pursuit. She galloped clear around the block—and into the studio entrance she had been looking for in the first place!

"If those fools hadn't blocked her way," Birkner said later, "Maisie would have walked into the studio like the lady she is."

Ivan T. Sanderson, noted naturalist and TV lecturer seen regularly with Garry Moore, is head of Animodels. He has compiled a model book with photographs, histories and fees for a choice list of some 50 unusual animals.

"Rentals for Sanderson's animals run from $50 up, depending on the purchase price," says Joe Sonnenreich, his manager. "Roughly the minimum rental is half the animal's purchase price."

A New Field for an Old Carny Man

Out in Canarsie, at Brooklyn's back door, I found still another source of TV animal talent—Joe Gangler, a jaunty animal trainer and carnival man of 40 years' experience. Gangler has been supplying trained animals to TV for six years. Vickie, his eight-year-old daughter, has made a number of television appearances with her own trained-dog act; she won first prize in a television contest for youngsters.

The pride of Gangler's collection is Llemuell II, a llama who threatens to spit at you if you keep your distance but nuzzles you if you come close. "The other Llem," Gangler said, "died after eating some holly leaves, I think it was, up in Westchester. Never saw anything go so fast." The Llemuells have been regulars on Steve Allen's shows. Llemuell I wore glasses on occasion and ate breakfast food with Allen. "Couldn't tell Llem from Allen when he wore specs," Gangler said.

Also in Gangler's barn is a surly bear named Soldier Boy, a big money-maker on TV until he got too tough to handle. "I got $1,500 for him for three shots with Arthur Godfrey," Gangler declared. "One of the other comedians wanted to use him, but he starts ordering Soldier Boy around, so I say to him, 'You can holler at people all you want, but don't you dare holler at my bear. We're leaving.' And we went."

Seventeen trained dogs, mostly terriers, a bear, a reindeer, a palomino pony, two monkeys and an old chimpanzee named Mary complete the Gangler menagerie. Mary, now eleven, did some TV work a few years ago, but now just sits in her cage, eats pineapples, and reaches out once in a while to feel Gangler's biceps. However, Gangler's trained dogs still get television work.

TV—a Bonanza for Animal "Actors"

In fact, trained-animal acts have found TV a bonanza, but not for the same reason as the "personalities" like Morgan, Muggs and Zippy. The difference is obvious: once 20,000,000 viewers have seen a dog act, for example, it can't appear again for many weeks. But there are other compensations.

"Television," says Mark Leddy, a show-business veteran who books variety acts for Sullivan's shows, "is a monster. It eats up an animal act and leaves nothing for the future. But the impact of one good act is so tremendous throughout the country that it can get as much booking as it can handle—off TV. I know, because when an animal act clicks on Toast of the Town, it's the one part of the show the viewers seem to remember. The next day, I start getting calls from everywhere for supper-club dates and vaudeville. 'Get me that bird act, or that dog number,' they say."

Both Sullivan and Leddy rate a little French dog named Nino as the biggest hit on Toast of the Town in the trained-animal department. Nino rode a series of balls on the stage, starting with a small one and progressing to bigger ones until he looked like an ant atop a huge sphere. Nino got the highest pay for a single animal act on the show—more than $1,000.

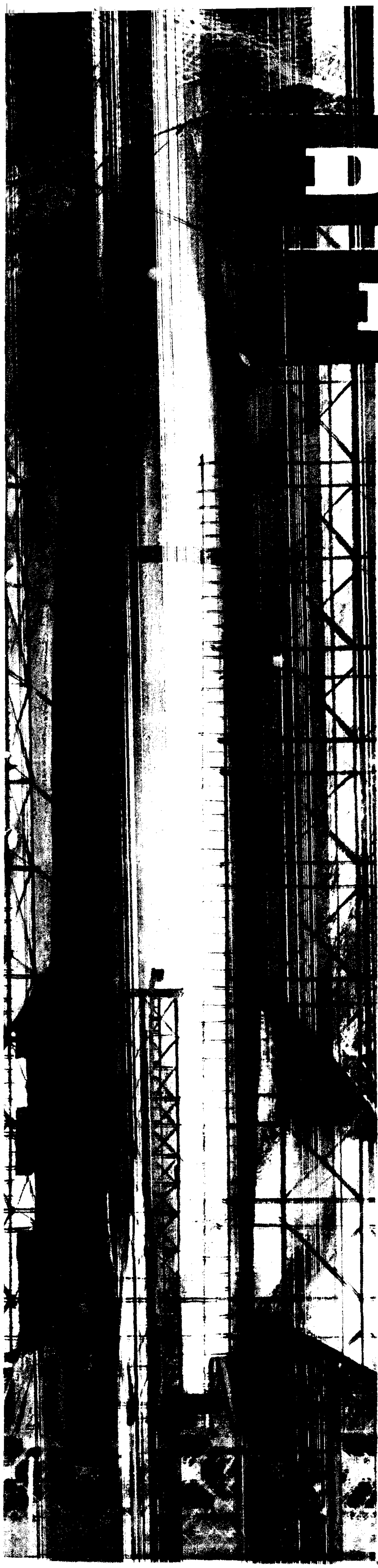
The present is rosy, indeed, for television animals. "How about the future?" I asked Sullivan and Blackstone.

"Right now," Sullivan replied, "I'm trying to coax over here the most sensational act I ever saw in Europe. It's a horse that gets into bed and pulls the blanket over him. What an act!"

And Blackstone said: "I'm working on a surefire idea. You know, panel shows have been the rage on television. Everybody who's anybody appears on them. In fact, pretty soon the producers will run out of personalities to feature. But I'll be ready for them. I'll offer an all-animal panel show. It'll be a knockout—the very end!"

Bearded Jim Moran is animal talent scout for TV's Steve Allen. Here they present a llama

Mr31'54



DARK DOMINION

By DAVID DUNCAN

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For five years we had lived and loved in secrecy. Now, in six more weeks, our secret would be out. It would change the world

A NEW FOUR-PART SERIAL

WHEN I woke up it was still dark and I turned on the bedside lamp. It was three thirty. The breeze that billowed the curtains of the bedroom smelled wet and earthy. Susan woke up then, blinking against the light, and put her hand on my shoulder.

"You're dripping," she said. "Are you sick?"

"No, I'm all right now," I assured her. "That dream again."

"What dream?"

"I thought I told you about it."

"I don't remember your telling me any dream."

"Maybe it only seems that I dreamed it before. That can happen."

Susan sat up, her golden hair falling loose around her bare shoulders. "Tell me now," she said.

What I told her was this:

Years ago, when I was just a kid, I was out hiking on the slope of the mountain where my family lived. I sat down to rest, and while sitting there looking out over a plain that stretched as far as eye could see, I saw above the distant horizon the ghostly image of another world. It may have been a mirage, not uncommon in that locality, or maybe it was only the product of my imagination. In any case, the vision frightened me so that I looked away. When I had enough courage to look again, it was gone. It was this abrupt disappearance—I was only twelve at the time—that made me suppose that I'd been singled out by fate for a revelation. This belief didn't persist for long, but memory of the vision stayed with me.

Tonight, in my dream, I had again looked out across the plains and seen yet another world above the horizon. It was a fantastic panorama that stretched across the entire reach of sky; it was painted in colors both grotesque and beautiful, and there was an emotional quality to that distant land that made it seem a part of me. But there was no way I could ever reach it. Somehow I knew that, because I had averted my eyes when I was a boy, I'd alienated myself from it forever. This filled me with such a sense of frantic despair that I woke up.

As I related the dream to Susan, amid the familiar surroundings of our bedroom, I felt a little foolish.

"It's the effect of the Project," she said. "Another six weeks and the tension will let up. Everyone's having nightmares these days." She got out of bed, put on her white robe and went to the window, where she stood looking out into the night. After several seconds she said, "Whether it's the beginning or the end, you helped create it, Philip. It's because you can't go along that you feel alienated. I'm selfish. I'm glad you can't go."

I knew what she was looking at. Rising above the valley floor, clearly visible though three miles away, was the Black Planet; work continued there day and night to ready it for launching. The Black Planet was the secret of the Magellan Project.

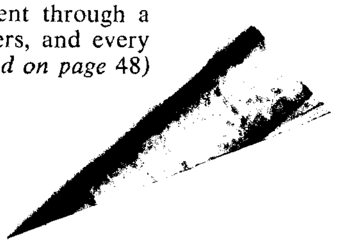
"Anyway, I'd never let you go without me," Susan said. "Why don't we have coffee? I'm not sleepy any more."

I sat there thinking about a woman in a kitchen and a fluttering breeze bearing the scents of earth. Those were signs of reality. But let me tell you about the Magellan Project.

I HAD been there five years, serving from the start as Project Director. The Project was located a few miles in from the coast and about one hundred and fifty miles south of San Francisco, in an area known locally as the Big Sur region. Within the Project boundaries was an area of nine hundred square miles, bounded on all sides by the Coast Range. Until the Project was set up, this part of California was still quite primitive. No plow had disturbed the shallow earth of the hills. The oaks, the sage, the manzanita, the wild lilac, the lupine, the yucca and the grasses were still as they had been two hundred years earlier, when Stone Age Indians hunted in the region. But now this wilderness was the site of mankind's most ambitious scientific undertaking.

We were building what everyone fervently hoped would be the world's first space station. There was nothing particularly new about the idea. It will be recalled that designs for a space station were captured from the Germans at the end of the second World War. Subsequently, books were published on the subject and a number of articles appeared in newspapers and magazines, so that every ten-year-old child in the country had a fair working knowledge of the principles involved. Our secret was simply the fact that such a satellite was being built; and that secret had been kept so well that after five years of work there was no indication that anyone on the outside guessed what was going on. But such secrecy required a high sacrifice in individual liberty.

Every man, woman and child on the Project—and the population was close to ten thousand—was there for the duration. No one could leave until the space station was launched and safely rotating around the earth. Meanwhile, every workman and secretary went through a daily check by the security officers, and every man and woman in the *(Continued on page 48)*



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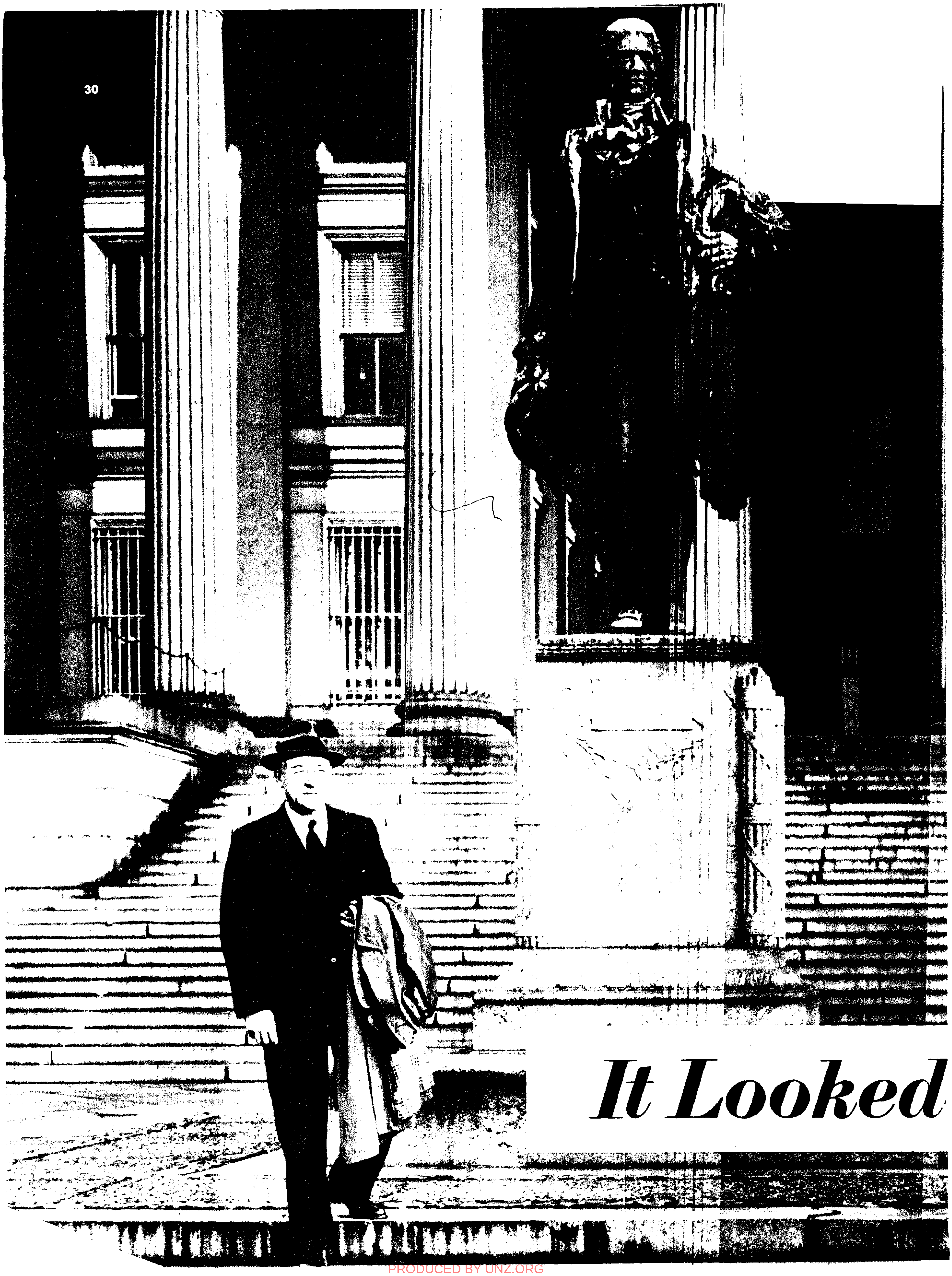

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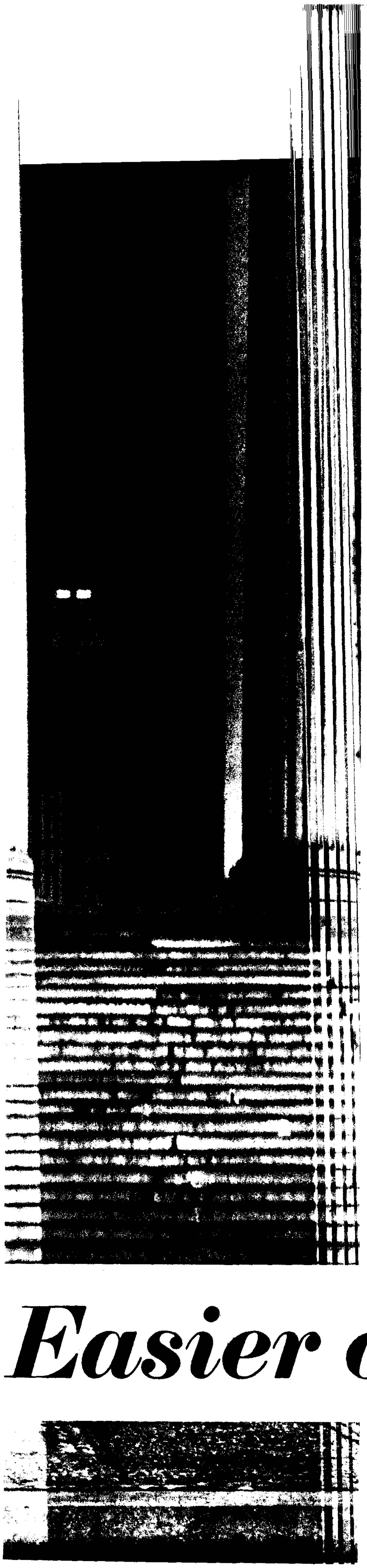

Easier on the Outside

Our first Republican Secretary of the Treasury in two decades has lost none of his confidence. But he wryly confesses that directing a government department is tougher than running big business ever was

[illegible] TARY GEORGE M. HUMPHREY

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WHEN I came to Washington in January of last year. I did not realize so clearly as I do now how different government is from business, and how much more difficult it is to get things done. The job of making changes looked a lot easier from the outside.

Government is vast and diverse, like a hundred big businesses all grouped under one name. But the various businesses of government are not integrated nor even directly related in fields of activity; and in government the executive management must operate under a system of divided authority. The executives may decide to do something, but they can't unless Congress consents; then anyone who thinks the legislators have got off the track can go to the judiciary and ask for a stop order.

When the head of a commercial business establishment thinks it wise to expand or go into a new field, he gets all the facts available, meets with his directors and if they approve he goes ahead. He is free to carry out his program with a minimum of further consultation, complication and delay.

But when a government executive decides on a course of action not already established under law, he first must check with other agencies to make certain his proposal does not conflict with or duplicate something being done by somebody else.

It is common in government, much too common, for several agencies to be working on different facets of the same activity. The avoidance of overlapping or conflicts calls for numerous conferences, for painstaking study of laws and directives, for working out plans in tedious detail so that what one Cabinet officer does will not bump into what another is doing—or run counter to our interests and activities abroad.

When the government executive gets all squared away with his colleagues in his own department and is certain—or anyway, hopeful—that all the moving parts of the work he wants to undertake are nicely meshed with all the other moving parts of the gigantic machine of government, he then "goes to the Hill." That is, he goes before the appropriate committee of the House, explaining what he wants to do, how he wants to do it and asking for the necessary legislation. The committee is likely to make changes in the original proposal before sending a bill to the floor. There it may be amended before passage, or it may be defeated. Then he is likely to have to do the same thing in the Senate. If it's only amended—and passed—the executive who first had the idea will, after months of negotiation and explanation, be out in the clear at last to set up his plan in operating form.

Before coming to Washington, I had not understood why there are so many conferences in government, and so much delay. Now I do. Everything is more complex—even answering letters.

In business it usually is easy to reply to incoming letters, and the replies can be pretty rough if the situation justifies. But in government! Any letter a Cabinet officer writes may at any time show up in the press, on the floors of Congress or in court. A government man must be certain his letter will stand up under the law, under public scrutiny and in the political forums. Every citizen who writes in is a constituent of two Senators and one Representative; practical politics requires them to act as his advocates, at least up to a point.

Before going any further, let me make one fact plain. I am not quarreling with our system. I think we have the best government, the best kind of government and the best country in the world. What I say is in explanation, not criticism, and it does not imply that I am at all disillusioned. When I took this job as Secretary of the Treasury, I began working for all the public, for everybody; and everybody has a right to know what I honestly think. I am proud to be a member of President Eisenhower's Cabinet, and to be working for the public. I want to make a success of this job. I am merely trying to show in this interview how government and business differ, and why the course of government is more difficult to change.

Business Executives Must Get Results

In business there is a direct and simple line of authority and responsibility centered in a few executive officers. They are subject only to a small board of directors who, in turn, derive their authority from stockholders, the men and women who have their own money invested in the business. The executive officers must get results, or they can be fired—without making a popular commotion. Headlines will not shout the story. The public becomes concerned only if there has been a violation of law, which is rare.

Even in the biggest businesses everything is very simple, compared with government. My old company, the M. A. Hanna Company of Cleveland, was quite extensive for a business, but quite small compared with government. We handled what in business was considered big money, but since coming to the Treasury, I have had to train myself to talk about billions. Yet I still respect even a dollar, and want to be certain it buys a dollar's worth of something for the people, just as I used to insist that a dollar buy its full worth for my stockholders.

Stockholders, directors and executives in busi-

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY MAXWELL FREDERIC COPLAN

Mr31'54

"I've found too many people want economy for everyone but themselves"

HARRIS & EWING

The present civil service rules protect the incompetent worker too much, says the Secretary

ness all know exactly what they want: a profit, earned by rendering a real service. The American business that has brought us the best standard of living ever known cannot survive without profit. This entirely honorable and socially useful objective is a great stimulant to individual effort, inventiveness and economy. A business cannot be profitable unless it can compete with other ably run outfits, all eager to take customers from one another by offering better goods or services at less cost.

No American business ever gets so dominant in its field that its executives can afford to coast. There is nothing vague about their responsibilities. They must know month by month what they are doing, and whether they are moving toward profit or loss. There is nothing vague about their rewards, either. They prosper if their business does. They fail if it sags for long.

The money businessmen manage comes from identifiable individuals, who watch closely what is happening to their investments. Definite checks on the management's current performance are provided by published quarterly and annual reports. There is no guesswork about it. Every investor can know just how much progress is being made. If there is none, he wants to know why, and who or what is to blame.

In government the conditions are greatly different. There is no profit motive to dictate the most effective use of every dollar. There is no business competitor breathing down your neck, requiring you to give your customers better goods or services for less, or to step aside and let him take over. I am speaking now, of course, about government as it applies to normal domestic situations, not about the vast competition in the world for position, influence and military strength.

The money that government managers spend does not come from a few identifiable individuals, but from the vague entity known as the public, from everybody. No individual can watch his own contribution or investment in government. He knows he pays direct taxes but he seldom realizes how much more tax he pays which is concealed. He seems to think that everything he can get from government is free. The businessman is under vigilant pressure from owners to hold expenses down; the government man is under public pressure to spend more and more.

Many people appear to think that economy in government is merely taking something away from them. Nonetheless, this administration is practicing economy, and is determined to keep on doing so (although not at any risk to our national security).

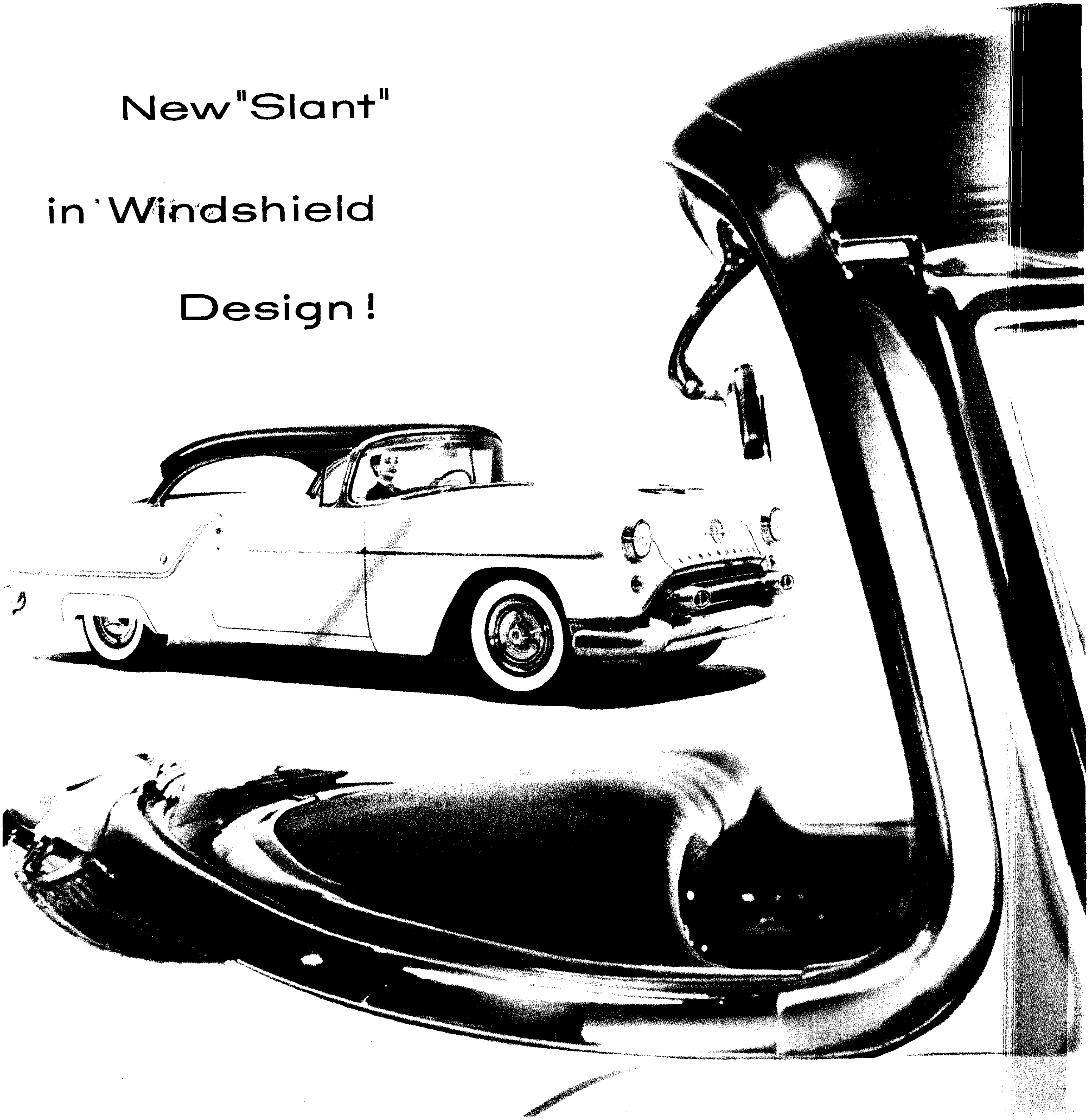
I came to Washington certain in my own mind that the American people want the government operated economically—consistent with security. I still think so. But the people have not yet fitted their actions to their desires. They have become accustomed for 20 years to asking Washington for money for many kinds of projects, and I confess I was surprised to find how persistent this habit had become. Too many people want economy for everyone but themselves. However, my faith in the fundamental good sense of the American people makes me certain that the policies of economy the President has outlined will be carried through, and that the people will approve them when they have a chance to express themselves in another election.

Nearly everybody knew that, sooner or later, extravagant government had to come to an end. Also, nearly everybody knew that expansion of government functions had to be stopped if the American system of competitive enterprise was not to be strangled.

I am banking on the good sense of the American people, even though I have been surprised now and then by their actions in minor matters. In business, if an executive has an office somewhere that is not paying its way nor justifying its existence, he closes it and there is no great outcry. But close a government office and you are in for protesting petitions, delegations and officials. Chambers of commerce, mayors, governors, congressmen, editors—everybody rises up to tell you what a mistake you are making, how and why that office is essential, and so on.

I also have learned in this last year that every government employee let off is somebody's brother-in-law, or loyal friend and lifelong supporter. This political resistance to economical operation was an entirely new experience for me. It has taken a lot of my time, but it has not deflected me from my original purpose of urging that the government be run as economically and efficiently as

New "Slant" in Windshield Design!



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World's Record "Rocket"

OLDSMOBILE

Mr31'54

"Every government employee let off is somebody's brother-in-law or friend"

possible, using proved business methods wherever they are applicable.

I have no quarrel with government employees. They do not differ from any other comparable group of Americans. They have reacted to their working environment as others would have under similar conditions. Some of them work long hours, with true dedication to their jobs. Many others do only the minimum that is required of them. They have become "routinized," content to accumulate seniority and the raises in pay that come with it. Also, government generally has more people to do a certain job than business would use to do the same amount and kind of work. Government also gives more generous vacations and other benefits than business can afford.

Uncle Sam is a good employer in the sense that he does well by his employees, but he does not develop in them the same snap and vigor that generally is found in business. This fact is easy to understand when you stop to think that in government there is little competition between workers. The rewards are not so immediate as in business, the penalties not so certain. The pay, below top grades, is good in comparison with business, but there is less selectivity in fixing the pay of individuals. In government a poor worker gets the same pay as a good worker in the same civil service classification.

The shortcomings in governmental efficiency are due not to individuals, nor to government workers as a class, so much as to the system under which the government works, and to the laxity of the last 20 years.

Civil Service Rules Too Rigid

I believe in the merit system. Civil service laws are necessary, and generally are good, but discipline is crippled by their restrictions, which are too rigid. The mass of workers in government should not be subjected to partisan political sweeps, but I think there should be more flexibility in the rules.

Civil service protects the incompetent worker too much. It impedes incentive for the good and penalty for the mediocre. It denies to government executives the authority they need to build or to reduce their staffs. A government executive does not have the minimum disciplinary power he needs to keep his people on their tiptoes. No government executive who has good sense and experience will want to get rid of the competent workers. If he has the character, experience and ability to hold a top government post, he should be trusted more than civil service has heretofore trusted him to get and keep the people he needs to do his job, and to get rid of the others.

It used to be said that government did not attract, and often could not get, men of highest ability and experience to take public positions. But under President Eisenhower a great change has taken place. Practical men of wide experience who had felt that the old administration was hostile to the system they believed in have shown themselves willing to make whatever sacrifices are required of them to serve in the government today. These men can be and should be trusted to carry on their jobs the best they can. Government work is hard enough on the top executives without the imposition of conditions that will not allow them to operate as effectively as they know how to.

When President Eisenhower took over he found a government structure that had not been critically audited and rearranged for five preceding Presidential terms. The structure had grown vastly in the last 20 years. The growth had begun at the depth of a dangerous depression, when everybody was striving to get people employed again. This necessary effort soon manifested itself in government spending of billions. To spend became an economic virtue. To employ more persons than needed to do the work became a goal in itself.

Thus, big government was launched on a trend of extravagance. Men with no business experience took over top government jobs and played a wild economic game that probably would have come to a crashing end but for World War II. War is always a time for big spending, for getting results without too much regard for the dollar cost. And after that war came the Korean war and the threat of World War III.

It was on such foundations as these that the spending concepts of the previous administrations were based, and as a result of those concepts—aided plenty by politics, weak management and the laxity that often develops when one party is too long in power—the Eisenhower administration found an extremely difficult situation, one that could not be relieved as quickly as all of us had hoped.

It will take some time to change the thinking of many people, both in and out of government, from carelessness and extravagance to watchfulness over every dollar. But we are determined to bring about the change. A year is a short interval in history, yet this administration has succeeded in reversing the flow of the stream of extravagance. We are stabilizing the dollar, after all these Democratic years of inflation and money manipulation.

The value of the consumer's dollar (1939 base) changed less than half a cent in 1953, whereas in the last six years it had registered a decline of 20 cents. Stemming the tide has not been easy, but it has been done. The public may not yet realize what has happened, because the process of stabilizing the dollar has not been dramatic. Fractional "new records" in the cost of living get unfounded attention.

Barring catastrophe, by June, 1955, our cash income and outgo may be currently in balance, and there will have been tax reductions, too. Cutting down expenses and getting more for the dollars spent is our way to achieve this balance. We have adopted this method against popular pressure, sure in our minds that it is right, and that in the end it is what the great majority of Americans want.

Dealing with the Congress is for me a new experience, sometimes quite surprising but generally pleasant. The strong opposition to extending the excess profits tax law early last summer was expected. That was an unpopular law, especially with business, and many businessmen had set their hearts against the extension. If any one of those able business executives had been in my place, and had seen from the inside the difficulties we of the Treasury faced, I believe he would have urged extension as I did.

But I really was surprised when the Senate Finance Committee would not go along with an increase in the national debt limit. In business, such a step would have been automatic; every well-run private enterprise knows it must have enough elasticity to pay its bills when due. One of my first acts with any institution I was connected with was to establish strong credit and to keep this credit flexible enough to meet any expected conditions. That's all we wanted to do in the debt limit situation, and it was a great mistake for the Senate Finance Committee to refuse it. We are being hurt in the meantime.

Congress fixes the government's income, by deciding what taxes shall be collected and at what rates. Congress also makes the appropriations, which is the outgo. If Congress does not provide enough income to meet outgo, it is plain that the Treasury must borrow the difference, or leave obligations unmet—an unthinkable condition for any responsible government. But the Senate Finance Committee, in turning us down, said to us in effect that we must either not spend so much as the whole Congress had legally authorized, or else not pay our bills.

Raise in Debt Limit Defended

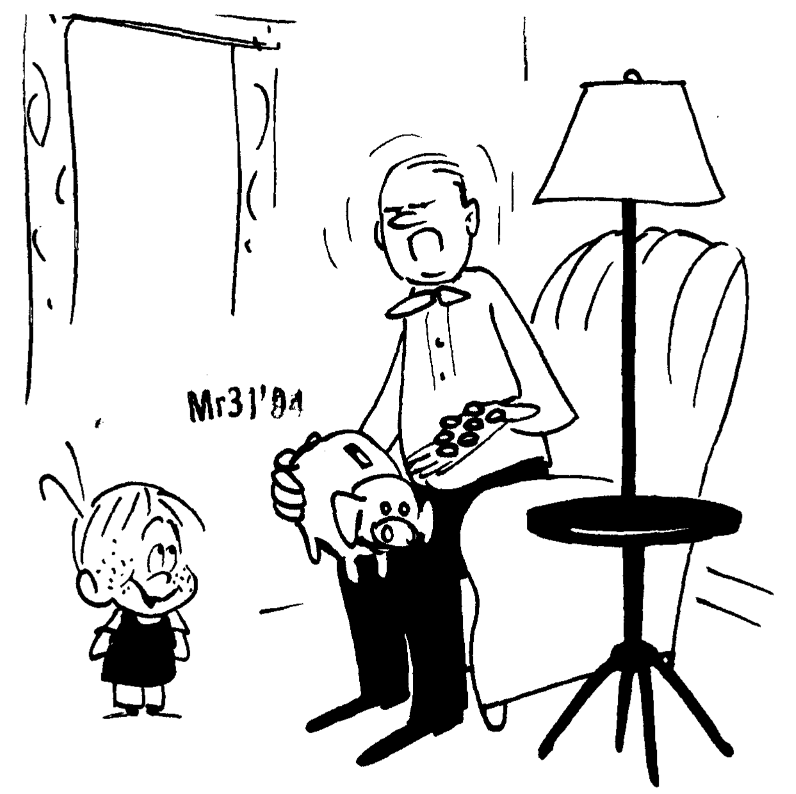
Every man in the President's political family is doing everything in his power to trim expenses. But the debt limit has cramped us. Raising the limit certainly would not have been taken by this administration as an invitation to extravagance. Our efforts have all been in the other direction. We were merely trying to follow sound business practice.

The real reason we have been unable to cut expenses as rapidly as I had hoped is that we found vast obligations brought over from previous years. These obligations, amounting to $81,000,000,000, had been incurred in the last one, two or three years for delivery of materials which we will get this fiscal year, next year and the year after, and for which we must pay. No full provision was made at the time the obligations were assumed for meeting the payments. That arrangement has been government's way of buying goods, such as heavy war equipment, that require time for production before they can be delivered.

These goods were properly and legally ordered, and will be useful for defense, so they must be received and paid for out of revenues to be provided now and in the coming years. We have been able to reduce these obligations by several billion dollars, but the total amount is still immense. I had not realized that government operated in this manner, and I now find that some members of Congress who authorized this obligating of money also are surprised that all the money isn't waiting in a box someplace.

Over all our plans for the best possible management in government, for economy in spending, for lowering taxes so that you, the people, may have more to spend in your own ways, hangs a grim fact that every one of us must keep in mind. The threat of awful war is real. While that terrible threat persists, all of us, in government and out, must be willing to spend whatever is necessary, to pay whatever price may be required, to protect our country.

President Eisenhower and all associated with him really want to operate government economically, and save you all the tax money we can, but plainly our first duty is to protect our country. We believe we can provide more effective defense at less cost than heretofore, and we are now in the process of doing so. Yet we must be ready, whatever the cost. If world conditions appear to worsen, we must do even more than we are doing to build defensive strength. You would not have us do otherwise. ▲▲▲



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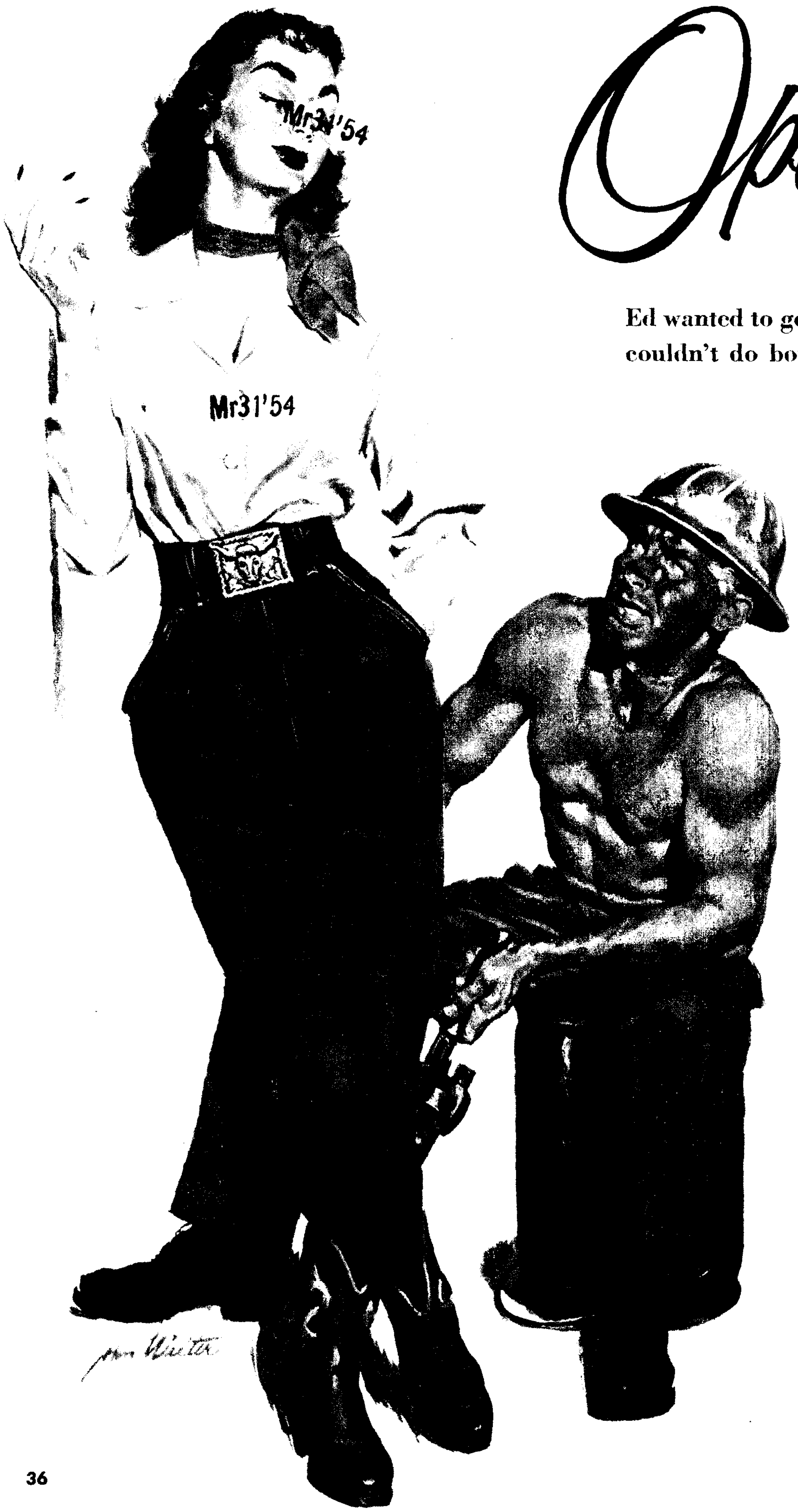
INDEPENDENT Operator

Ed wanted to get rich. Rora wanted to get married. They couldn't do both: Ed lost his lease if Rora fell for him



Mr31'54
Mr31'54

By SHERMAN DIXON

THE Branch Oil Company consisted of a desk, a chair, a file cabinet and one big hope. Ed Branch was its president and only employee, and to date the company had just one oil deal—pending.

"You wasted your time driving all the way down here, young man," old T. J. Mullen told Ed from the porch of his ranch house. "I've got nothing against you. But I'm a cattleman. I don't like oilers, and I'm not leasing an inch of this ground to any of you."

Ed tried to look as if this weren't his second, and maybe his last, oil venture. He was out on a limb to the tune of $55,000. To date, he had drilled one dry well and it had cost him $35,000, plus the outrageous interest on his loan. That had left only $20,000 to finance any future oil operation. However, he was certain there was enough oil right under this ground where he was standing to pay off the $55,000 and keep him in the oil business for good.

In the hot blaze of sunlight, he squinted at the weathered face of the old rancher. Dead set, that was T. J.—from his white hair down to his custom-made boots. "You could make a lot of improvements on this ranch with some oil money, Mr. Mullen. I can see—"

A barking dog came running up between Ed and old T. J. It was large, black-and-white and slightly shapeless. In pursuit of the dog came a girl of about nineteen—small, black-haired, dark-eyed and anything but shapeless.

"My granddaughter, Rora. Miss Aurora Mullen," the old man said gravely. "Rora, this young man here is a lease hound. The name is"—he scowled down at Ed's business card and adjusted his steel-rimmed glasses—"Branch. Ed Branch. Independent Oil Operator."

Rora put out her hand—a small capable hand that seemed to have been wired for electricity. Ed held it for several seconds, and then let go when he realized the old man was glaring at him disapprovingly.

Ed drew himself up to his full height—which was a little less than he wished it was, in this land where

"I'm beginning to think you don't like me, Ed," she said. "We're busy out here," he told her, "and I'm so—" If she were a man I'd really take a swing at her, he thought

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN WALTER

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most men were over six feet—and remembered to look like the president and owner of the Branch Oil Company, here on urgent business. "Your granddaughter, sir," he said to old T. J., "wouldn't you like to see her oil-rich?"

"Nope. Sure wouldn't. I've got three granddaughters—two of them still away at school—and this land and the cattle on it will take mighty good care of the lot of them."

"But, Gramp," Rora protested, "as the ranch hands are always saying, 'land-rich ain't oil-rich.' If this young man can bring you in enough money, you could afford to shoot new water wells, and you wouldn't have to worry about water for the herd during a drought."

Old T. J. scowled. "What's got into you, Rory?" he said. "You never had any more use for messing up this place with oil drillers than I did. Besides, you ought to be getting yourself ready. Claude Moorehead'll be along soon to take you to that barbecue."

Rora glanced down at her dusty boots and Levi's. She flicked an imaginary piece of dust from her red sweater. "Oh, I'd forgotten *all about that*," she said. And then, as if some happy idea had suddenly occurred to her, she smiled at Ed. "I'll dress and hurry right back."

"Well, so long, young fellow," old T. J. said, affable for the first time. "Sorry you had to make such a long trip for nothing."

DESPERATELY Ed unrolled his *map case and brought forth an oil* map. "But look here, Mr. Mullen, there are producing wells on three sides of your property, and if you're not standing on an oil field right now, I'm—" He had started to say, "I'm an even bigger fool than my father thinks I am."

T. J., halfway to the door, stopped walking, and with a slow, unwilling turn of his head he looked again at the oil map Ed was holding out. "Plenty of operators have been out this way before with oil maps bigger and better than that one. But we'd better understand each other, young man."

He came back, and his faded blue eyes became suddenly bright and intent under his shaggy white brows. "Main grudge I've got against oilmen is that besides being a nuisance, they go gallivantin' all over the world—Iran, Arabia, Ethiopia—and any girl that marries one of 'em, they just travel around like dust! Now my granddaughters are all I got to hand the ranch on to. I won't live forever—I'm seventy-six now—and I aim to see my girls settled down with ranchers who can look after them and their land. Plenty of respectable young fellows around here like Claude Moorehead, and I don't want my girls getting any crazy notions about gallivantin' oilmen."

Under the old man's accusing gaze, Ed felt himself blushing violently. After finishing up at the University of Texas he'd been determined—despite family opposition—to be an oilman. He had borrowed most of the $55,000 from his father, who had let him know that was *all* he could borrow. He was charging Ed eight per cent interest on the loan, readily admitting that was a higher rate than any bank would dare to charge. But no bank would be fool enough to lend that amount to an unknown young geologist—as Ed had soon found out.

"You're not married, are you, young man?" old T. J. was saying. "You haven't got that settled look to me."

Ed got out a handkerchief and wiped his forehead. "I'm not married, and I don't intend to be. You're dead-right about oilmen; they make life hard for any woman."

Old T. J. gave a deep sigh and eased himself down a little stiffly onto the porch steps. He was still scowling, but Ed felt he had made some headway. He pressed his advantage. "I'd like to make a pact with you, Mr. Mullen. As I see it, you and I can do business together—if I keep it strictly business. And I'd see to it that the workers on this job were so oil-minded they wouldn't attract the interest of any girl! I'd pick them as homely as sin, in love with their wives and so bitten with oil fever they wouldn't look up from the drilling operation the whole time they were on your land."

Old T. J. took another look at the map. "Reckon I could depend on you?" he said. "Short fellas like you sometimes got quite a way with girls."

"I'm interested only in oil," Ed said firmly. "As for women—"

The screen door banged open. There was a click of high heels across the porch, a swish of petticoats and a jingle of bracelets. As Aurora came toward them, wearing a bare-shouldered Mexican blouse, a full cotton skirt and a wide belt of coin silver, Ed found it hard to keep that convincing ring in his voice as he said, "My heart is in the oil business, and that's my only—"

Modiste furs
GOLDSTEIN
Mr31'54

"Don't you remember you said 'Mmm' at breakfast yesterday?"

COLLIER'S WALTER GOLDSTEIN

He was relieved when the sound of a honking horn drowned out the rest of his speech. A long green convertible, its newness showing through a film of road dust, rolled up the curving drive.

A young man opened the door and got out. Ed saw that he was well over six feet and extremely broad-shouldered, dark and handsome enough to be Rora's brother. But there was nothing brotherly in either the look or the hug he gave her.

He came over then and pumped T. J.'s hand with a heartiness that Ed felt was somehow overdone. "Claude Moorehead from the next ranch," T. J. said briskly. "Ed Branch."

Moorehead grinned, showing his white, even teeth. But his close-set green eyes were cold as he looked Ed up and down and glanced at the oil maps spread out on the porch floor beside old T. J.

As Rora and Moorehead drove off, Ed told himself he was glad they were out of the way. He and old T. J. could get down to business now. He almost wished the two of them would elope and get out of the way for good.

IT WOULD have been a lot less complicated if they *had* eloped, it turned out in the weeks that followed. As the Branch Oil Company started rigging up to drill in the southwest corner of the Mullen ranch, Rora followed Ed with a perversity he'd often heard about in women but had never before encountered. She was in the way when the bulldozer was clearing off the mesquite on the well site, when they were putting in the foundations, when they were building the derrick a piece at a time and moving in the drilling equipment.

"You aiming to go into the oil business on your own?" Ed inquired irritably when she'd asked the hundredth question.

"All I wanted to know," she said brightly, "was why you need all that stuff—that string of rotary tools, those pumps and engines and that gadget you call the drilling bit?"

"Look, I told you three times about how we set the surface pipe, and all about how we pump water through the drill pipe and then out into the mud pit." He knew he sounded edgy, but if she got run down by the bulldozer or hit in the head with a piece of pipe—well, damn it all, a woman didn't belong around an oil-well operation.

"I'm beginning to think you don't like me, Ed," she would say when he avoided her. He would swear softly and fiercely to himself and refuse to turn around, even when she touched his arm with one of her incredibly soft hands.

"I'll tell you, Rora," he said at last, "I like you a lot better when you're out with Claude Moorehead than when you're down here puttering around this oil rig." Hot beads of perspiration, caused partly by the heat and partly by anger, formed on his forehead and neck.

"Why, you're getting all red about it," Rora observed sweetly.

If she were a man I'd take a swing at her, he thought. "We're busy out here. I'm so damn'—"

A hoarse voice, calling from the platform of the derrick, stopped him from losing his temper completely. His driller was shouting to him that they still couldn't get hold of the drilling bit they'd lost down the hole, some thousand feet below. The drill stem had snapped. They'd already spent eight costly days on this fishing job and Ed's nerves felt ready to snap too.

Rora sighed. "Well, I'll go away and leave you alone, Ed, if you'll just promise to take me to that square dance Tuesday night over at Claude Moorehead's."

"Moorehead break a leg?" he said.

"No, but I don't have to go everywhere with him, do I?"

In the distance, across the flat land, Ed saw old T. J. standing on the porch, a pair of field glasses focused upon them both. "Look, go away, please—will you, Rora?" he said. "Just go away and stay away, so we can get this job done and I can get back to my drilling."

She went away then, but he knew it wouldn't be for long.

By now, she'd annoyed him so much she had even started coming back to him in his dreams. He'd find himself waking up in the night, tired as he was, wishing she'd marry Moorehead and get herself out of the way, and scared to death she would and he'd have to watch the wedding.

He was so tired that he didn't even feel any special triumph when his calculations proved correct and the well came in at 4,850 feet, producing a good thirty-gravity oil.

He knew he ought to be a happy man now: he could pay off his father and get rid of that outrageous interest rate, and the chances were excellent that the Mullen ranch would yield not just a single well but a large producing oil field. But he wanted to get away—and even Brazil, where a new oil pool had been located, wasn't far enough.

Finally, he had to tell himself the truth. Or maybe Rora told him.

IT MUST have been nearly ten o'clock on Tuesday night when he saw her coming toward the fence where he was sitting. He'd carefully avoided her since the well had come in, making excuses about having to watch the job day and night.

He decided not to notice how her face reflected the rosy light from the flare gas they were burning off the well. It was a giant torch in the dark sky, and it seemed to soften that dancing, teasing light in Rora's dark eyes.

"Where's Moorehead tonight?" he said as she came up and perched beside him on the fence.

"He's giving a party—don't you remember? You were going to take me to it, I hoped."

He got off the fence and stood in front of her. "Look," he said, "I'm not going to take you to that dance, or any other dance—ever."

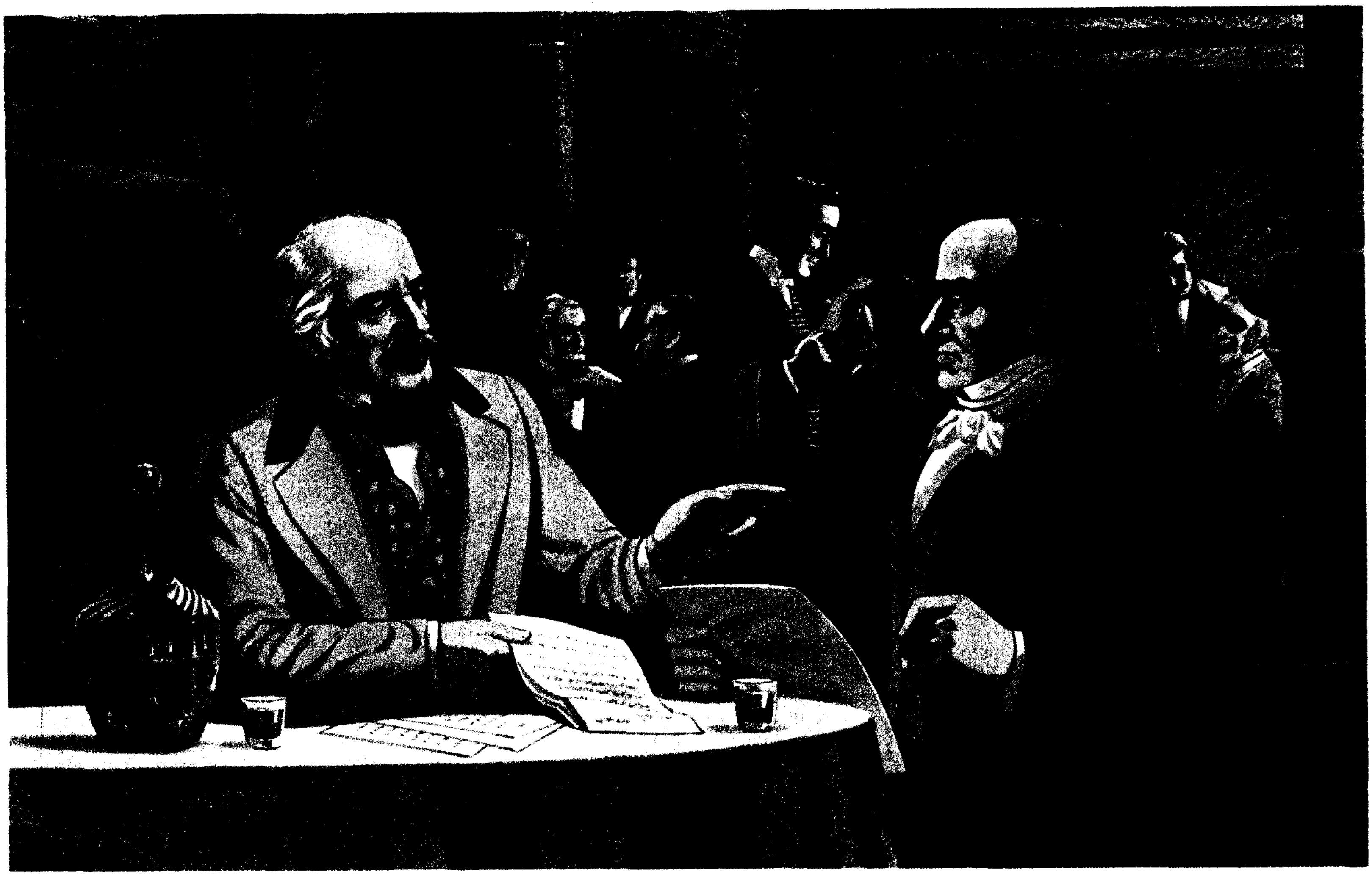
"Well, at least you can take me back to the house and tell me why."

"You got all the way down here by yourself," he said shortly. "Why can't you go back the same way?"

"All right! I'll go!" she cried, and climbed down and began to run. "And I'll marry Claude Moorehead and be unhappy the rest of my life!" Rushing headlong and sobbing, she got about a hundred feet and then he saw her fall over the stump of one of the trees they'd cut down to make way for the drilling.

He heard himself shouting, "Rora, Rora!"

And then he was picking her up, kiss-



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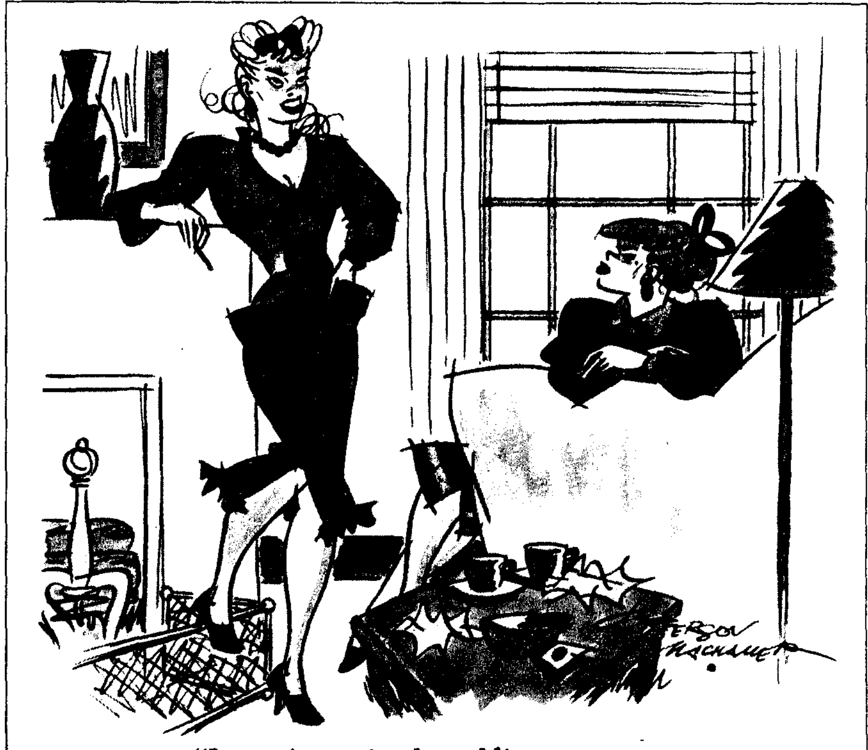


"I want just a simple wedding, but an *elaborate* marriage!"

COLLIER'S JEFFERSON MACHAMER

ing her over and over again, saying a lot of foolish words he didn't know he knew. She was saying some of them back to him when he heard a step and thought, of course, that it was old T. J. Here he was, Ed Branch, a man of his word, doing just what he'd promised not to do.

"Well, no wonder you didn't come over to my party!" The voice was Moorehead's, not the old fellow's at all.

Ed could see Moorehead clearly in the illumination from the rig lights, and for once Moorehead wasn't wearing that smile he liked to flash. He was saying, soft and low and very pleasantly, "I just figured on this setup bein' the way it is—you bein' the way you are, Branch."

"Maybe you'd better repeat that, nice and slow," Ed said, "so I can figure just what you mean."

Rora put her hand on Ed's arm. "Ed," she said softly, "don't get worked up—please!"

"He'll keep his head, all right," Moorehead said. "This guy is not only an independent operator, but a real tricky one as well. He was keeping his head okay—brushing you off like a cow pony brushes off a horsefly—right up to the time your cattle land turned out to be oil land."

"That's not true," Rora said. Then, almost as if she were trying to convince herself, she said, "Why, it *couldn't* be true, Claude."

"It sure could, honey," Moorehead said. "Any fool can see that it's not enough for an oil operator as smart as Ed Branch to hold just the lease rights to this property. Now that he's struck oil, he wants to marry the title. With the community-property laws in this state, Branch'd be sittin' pretty once you were his wife."

Moorehead was beginning to smile again when Ed hit him, square in the middle of that smile. He went down soft and easy with a little sigh.

And then Ed went on up to the house to pack. He had broken his pact with old T. J. and kissed Rora—not once but quite a few times. And now Rora thought, quite naturally, that Moorehead was dead right about him. He was in too deep with both of them to try to explain his way out. Old T. J. was right about oilmen, and letting them onto his place. He was even right, Ed told himself grimly, about not wanting Rora to marry one!

Now that the well was in production, he could leave everything in charge of Webb, his foreman and driller, and rush off to Houston.

He had an older cousin there, a geologist with one of the major oil companies. They'd always got along well, and this cousin had been wanting to join up with Ed. Well, now he could take over the job at the Mullen well. With Ed's findings to guide him, he could work out the field with equal success—and fewer emotional complications. They could sew up the deal within the next few days, and that would leave Ed free for further exploration elsewhere.

THE second night he was in Houston, the desk clerk at the hotel called his room and said a man was waiting for him in the lobby. Ed didn't even ask who it was. He'd left his address with Webb in case any emergency arose, and he figured something had gone wrong at the well. He hurried down to the lobby.

"It's Rora!" old T. J. shouted to him as he came out of the elevator. "She's going to marry him! She swears she will. She's with him night and day!"

"Well, that's what you wanted, isn't it? Moorehead's a rancher."

"It's not Moorehead, it's *Webb!*" the old man shouted. "That ugly old bachelor of an oilman you hired for a foreman! You swore on your word you'd hire only married men!"

The lobby was deserted, fortunately, but the switchboard girl had come out to join the night clerk, and both seemed highly interested in the conversation.

"I tried to keep my word to you," Ed said. "I swear I did, Mr. Mullen. I'd originally hired a foreman with five children. But the sixth baby came the day we were to start drilling, and the man's wife wanted him home. The only fellow I could get in a hurry was Webb. I figured he was no ladies' man—"

"Ladies' man! He's got Rora wound around his finger. You've got to drive back with me tonight and take that man off the job before I shoot him!"

Ed put his hand on the old man's arm. "I'll take care of everything. I'll talk to Webb. I can't understand him. I can't understand it at all."

He could understand it even less when he was face to face with Webb, the man old T. J. had understandably called "that ugly old bachelor of an oilman."

Nature had not been too kind to Webb Eubank. He was big and clumsy. He had freckles the size of a dime. His broken nose showed the effect of a fall from the platform of a drilling rig early in his career. And he had a slow way of talking, as if he'd forgotten the beginning of a sentence before he reached the end.

"Heard you was on your way out here, and I was lookin' for you, Mr. Branch," he drawled.

"I was looking for *you,*" Ed said sternly.

Webb seemed to have forgotten Ed was there. He was looking confusedly at a crumpled piece of paper that he held in one of his huge hands. "The lady gave it to me," he said. "I couldn't cash it no place, bein' a stranger and nobody knowin' me. Figured you'd cash it for me, Mr. Branch."

Ed reached for the check. It was made out for $25—payment in full to Mr. Webb Eubank from Miss Aurora Mullen.

Ed began to smile. "Webb, why did she give you this? Why did you take it?"

Webb looked down at the check, frowning. "It wasn't the money made me say I'd see her to parties and such. It was just that I didn't know how to say no to her. She said she needed my help real bad and she wouldn't take it unless I let her put it on a business basis."

Ed counted out twenty-five dollars and gave them to Webb. With the check in his hand, he walked across the field to the porch where Aurora was sitting in the swing. He was almost on the porch before she looked up and saw him. Her expression of joy changed to shock when she saw the check he was holding in his hand.

"Webb didn't— You didn't— Of all the low-down mean tricks to play on a girl who's just trying to—"

Ed sat beside her and began to swing idly to and fro. Rora got up immediately, blushing and furious. "Okay, I *did* pay Webb Eubank to take me around!" she cried.

"That's what I figured, soon as I saw the check."

"And I guess you figured out the rest, too. I wanted you back here so bad I had to think up some way to get Gramp to go after you, even if you didn't care anything about me. Even if you just cared about the land, like Claude said. And about oil, like *you* said."

"Look," Ed said angrily, "there's a lot I can't explain—but I do mean to get this much straight: when I kissed you, your land didn't have anything to do with it! There's a lot I'd say if you weren't Aurora Mullen!"

SOMETHING crashed on the steps. "There go my field glasses," T. J. said with a sigh. He started to pick them up, and then gave them a kick with his boot. "Broken. Well, I won't be needin' them any more, I guess. Had 'em trained on Rora since the day you walked on this land, young man, and you kept your part of the bargain. I saw you shooing her away from you, morning, noon and night—just like you agreed to do if I let you lease this land."

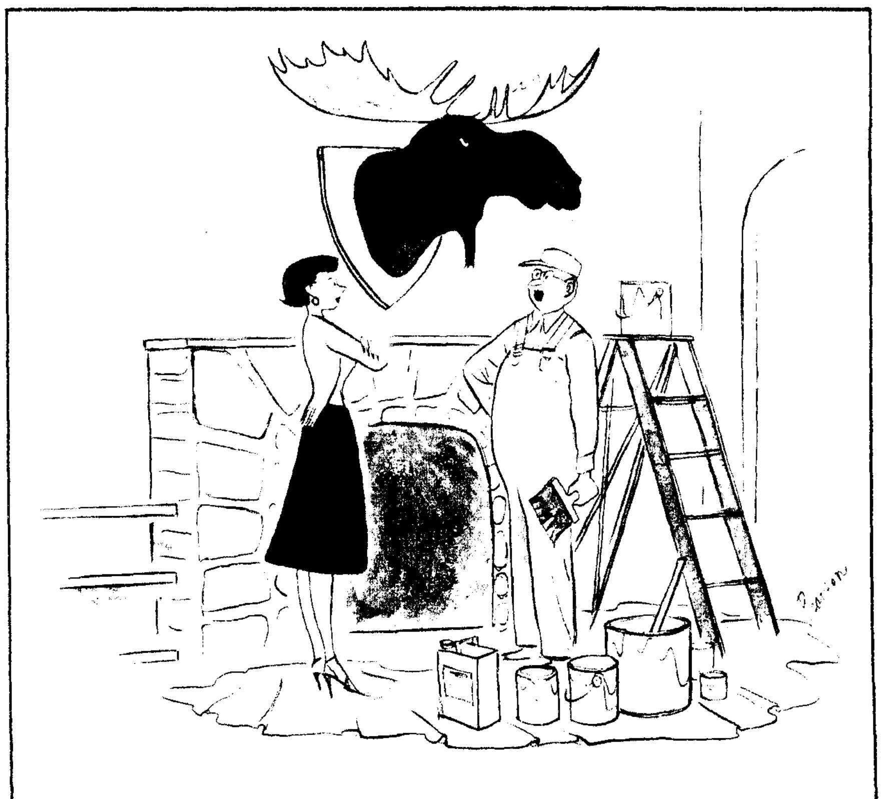
He sat down on the steps, as he had that first day, but this time he was smiling. Rora was smiling too, a sudden dazzling smile of enlightenment. "Why, you scheming old scalawag, wringing a promise like that from Ed! No wonder he fought me off."

Ed wasn't fighting her off any more. She was suddenly in his arms, and he was not protesting.

The old man sighed again, and then he began to laugh. "Lightheaded as that girl is, it's going to take an oil operator to look out for her," he said. "Too much responsibility for an old cattleman my age."

Ed started to say that she wasn't lightheaded at all, that she was wonderful, beautiful, clever— But it seemed better just to nod when the old man said, "The other two girls can marry ranchers. They're less trouble around the place anyway."

—SHERMAN DIXON



"I'd suggest you ask your husband first, ma'am. He mightn't like a green moose"

COLLIER'S CHARLES PEARSON

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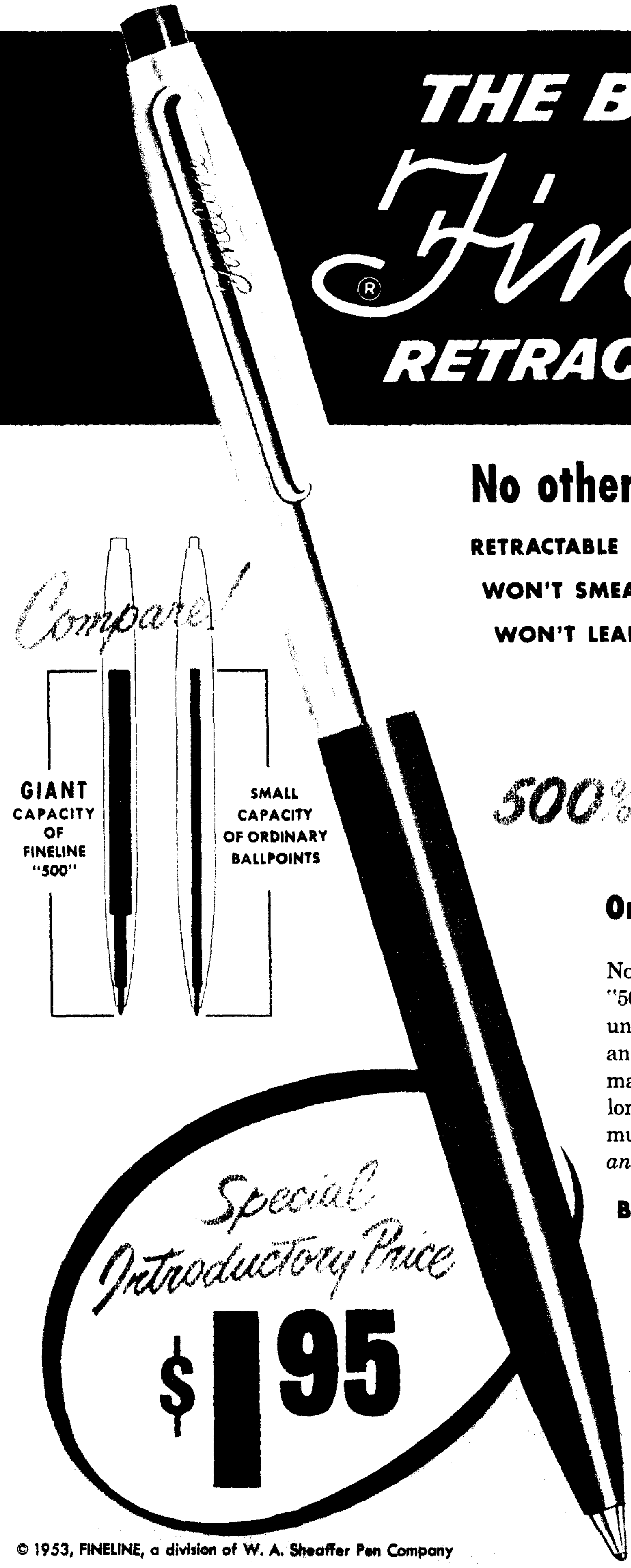
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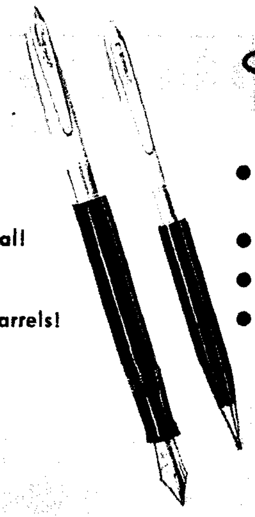

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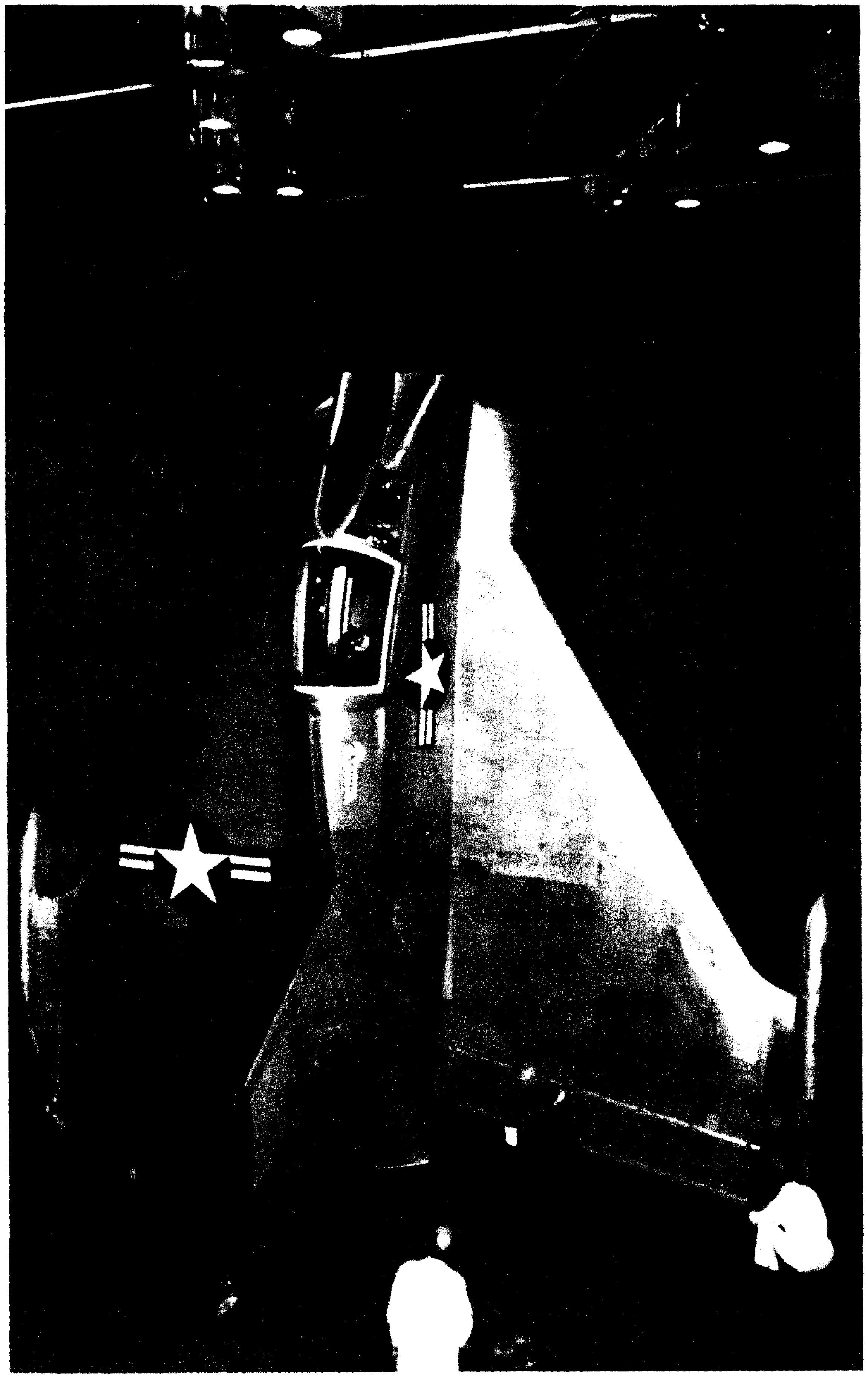
These Fighters Take Off

More than that, they hover motionless in the sky—and land on their tails. The



Consolidated Vultee (Convair) built its experimental vertical take-off fighter XFY-1 under top-secret security precautions in this partitioned-off corner of its plant at San Diego

AFTER nearly 10 years of research, the U.S. Navy has developed experimental prototypes of a powerful new fighter which may prove the greatest single advance in military aviation since the invention of the jet engine.

Now in the preliminary testing stage, it is a plane that will take off straight up like a rocket, hover motionless in the sky nose up, move forward, sideways and backward, and land on its tail.

It is not a helicopter.

But the revolutionary new aircraft is designed to combine the maneuverability of a helicopter with the speed of a 400- to 500-mile-per-hour combat plane. Its rate of climb promises to be phenomenal: if you watched it take off, it would disappear from view overhead in less than a minute. And although it stands as high as a three-story building and weighs nearly twice as much as the average World War II fighter, it is built to touch down on its tail with the controlled steadiness of an elevator.

More than that, it will be able to carry an interchangeable variety of armament—heavy machine guns, quick-firing cannons, rockets, even atomic weapons.

Two experimental versions of the vertical take-off plane—VTO—already have been built under a $20,000,000 Navy design-and-development program. As part of a Collier's writer-photographer team, I was the first reporter to get a close-up look at the completed aircraft: the XFY-1—a dramatic, pyramid-shaped, delta-wing model made by Consolidated Vultee Aircraft Corporation (Convair); and the XFV-1—a compact straight-wing machine built by the Lockheed Aircraft Corporation.

Both planes were finished a few weeks ago. Lockheed already has begun taxiing tests of its XFV-1 at the Edwards Air Force Base at Muroc in California's Mojave Desert; Convair is about to begin controlled tests of the XFY-1 at a West Coast base near San Francisco which cannot be identified at this time. Although vertical take-offs and landings may not be tried for weeks yet, tests with miniature models have shown the amazing capabilities of the new aircraft.

The two fighters differ from each other only in design, not in concept. And little military knowledge is needed to see how they could be used, not only by the Navy but by other branches of the armed services as well.

Unlike conventional combat planes which need prepared landing fields with mile-long runways or aircraft carriers with powerful launching catapults, VTO fighters will be able to take off nose up and land tail down in any 50-foot-square area—perhaps even in your back yard.

A plane with such operational flexibility is one answer to the Navy's long-standing problem of how to give wartime convoys fuller protection against air attacks. As bomber-interceptors, VTO planes will be able to operate from the decks of freighters and transports or from the fantails of destroyers, cruisers and battleships. Aircraft carriers, more vulnerable during slow convoy patrolling, could be released to employ their faster jet planes and long-range bombers on more vital missions.

As close-support assault weapons in ground warfare, VTO fighters will be able to land or take off from a road, a field—even a sandy beach. In fact, they could provide constant tac-

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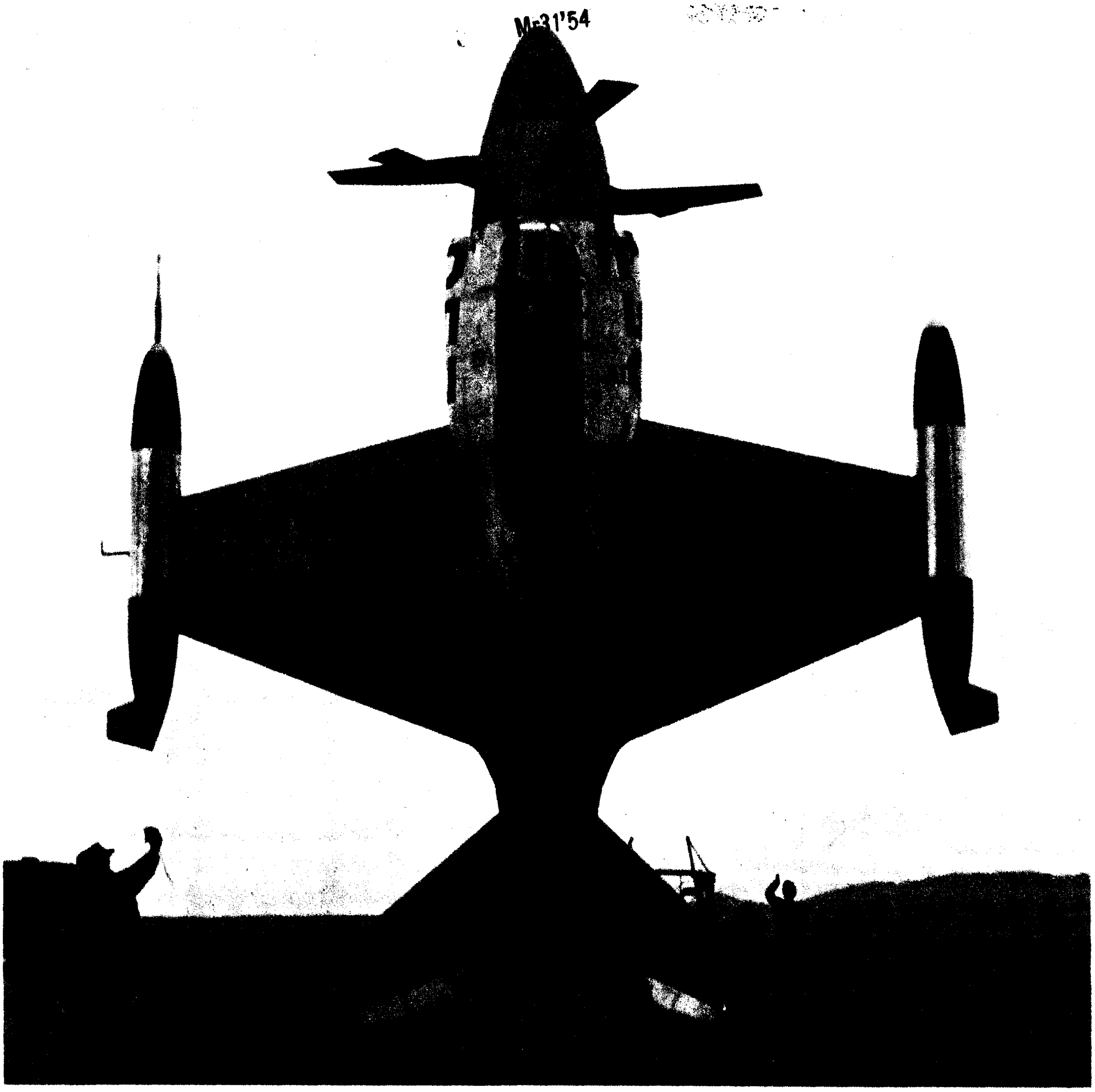
STRAIGHT UP

By CORNELIUS RYAN

Navy's newest planes can make any warship, any merchantman an aircraft carrier



This is the first photograph showing Lockheed's XFV-1 in its eventual take-off and landing position. Picture was taken at the Edwards Air Force Base at Muroc in California's Mojave Desert. The aircraft rests on tail vanes and has been built to stand erect even in gales without toppling

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JEROME YULSMAN

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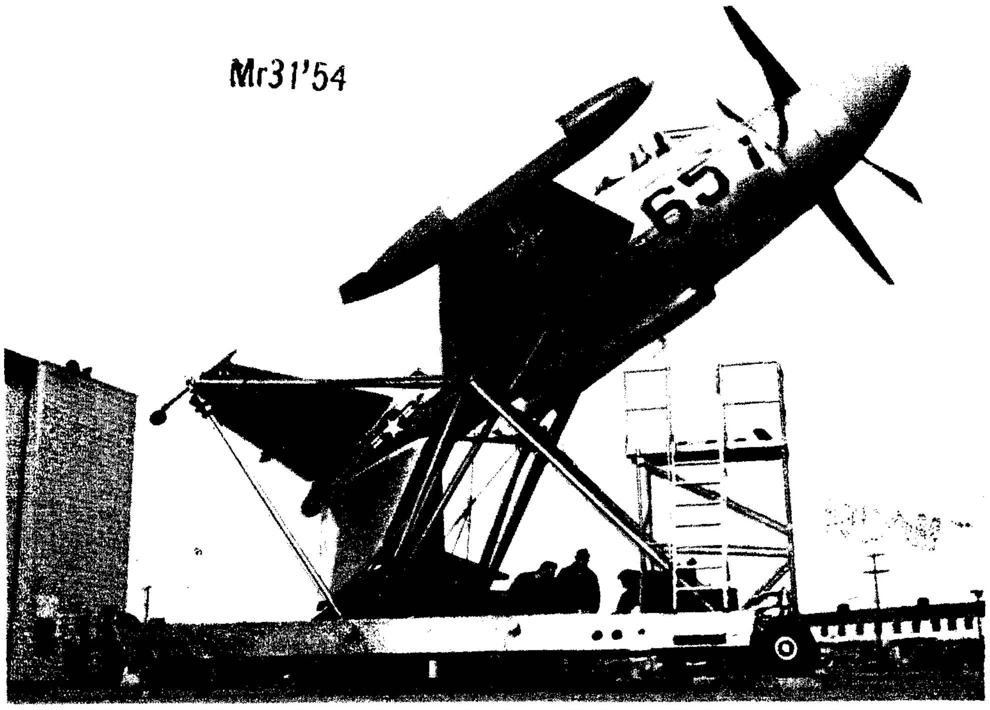


Both Convair and Lockheed designed massive cradles to move VTO planes from vertical to horizontal position for easier maintenance. Photo shows Lockheed's device in the process of lowering the XFV-1 during tests at Edwards Air Force Base

tical support and cover almost from the moment assault troops hit an enemy's shores. Because they'll be able to land almost anywhere, they could be widely dispersed to operate with individual infantry units in much the same manner that we now employ tanks and artillery. Moreover, these planes wouldn't need to return to some distant airfield or aircraft carrier to refuel; they could land behind the front lines, take on fuel and leap back into the air—all in a matter of minutes.

Vertical-rising fighters also may play an important role in continental air defense. Stationed in critical areas which have no airfields or are far from jet-fighter stations, VTO fighters could give almost immediate protection. Boring straight up in an all-out climb they could intercept an approaching bomber in minutes—probably in less time than it would take a speedier jet fighter to get off the ground and reach the threatened area. They might mean the difference between safety and atomic oblivion.

Those are only some of the missions planned for VTO fighters; there are others, most of them still top secret.

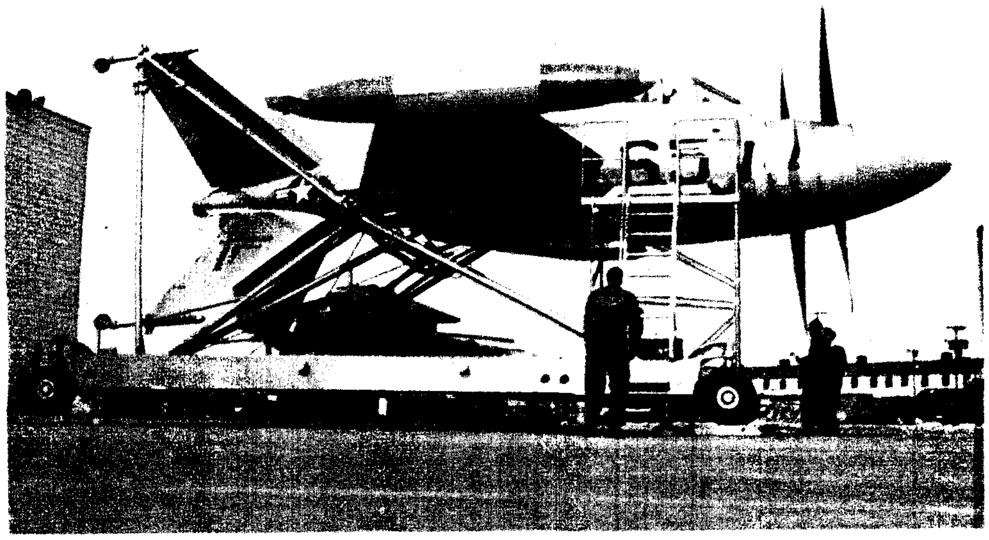
Just what do these VTO planes look like? How do they operate? When I first heard about them, I pictured some type of convertiplane—aircraft with helicopter rotors to lift them into the air and jet engines to propel them forward in horizontal flight. I couldn't have been more wrong. I found that the XFY-1 and XFV-1 look like conventional propeller-driven fighters, with one big difference: these planes stood straight up on their tails, rearing eagerly toward the sky.

The secret of their vertical take-off lies in their power plants—the powerful engines and propellers actually pull the VTOs up by the bootstraps. Unlike a helicopter which has, in effect, a rotating wing providing both "lift" and "pull," a vertical take-off fighter operates on the principle of thrust over weight. Put more simply: the engine and propellers together produce more power than the weight of the plane. They thrust or force the aircraft directly off the ground.

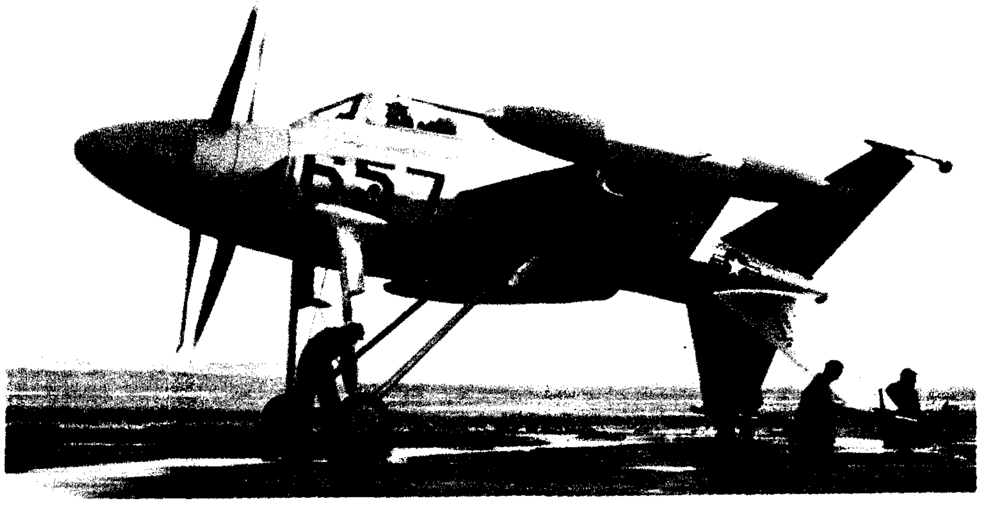
Although they differ in design, both new planes use the same type power plant, a twin-turbine Allison turboprop engine. It is actually a kind of jet engine. Conventional jet engines propel planes by forcing hot fiery gases through the tail; a turboprop engine uses jet power to turn propellers, although exhaust gases do give some slight added thrust.

The two turbines on a VTO are mounted side by side in long barrels running almost the entire length of the plane. Each drives a shaft feeding into a gearbox which in turn drives the aircraft's two three-bladed Curtiss-Wright propellers. Mounted one above the other on a sleeve shaft extending from the gearbox, the propellers turn in opposite directions. Even if one turbine should fail, the other will provide enough power to enable the plane to return to base and land.

The twin-turbine engine generates more than 5,500 horsepower. The exact weight of the new planes is still top secret, but



XFV-1 rests horizontally in cradle. Mechanics work on the aircraft from platform at right. Note the landing wheels attached to four tail vanes. For taxiing and level-flight tests, Lockheed devised temporary landing gear shown below



Old-style landing gear used in taxiing tests was made extra high to ensure that propellers would clear ground. Charles A. Lindbergh, who was shown the aircraft, said: "I haven't seen a landing gear like that on a plane for twenty years"

Lockheed's test pilot, Herman R. (Fish) Salmon, is only man who has ridden in a VTO fighter. After taxiing in XFV-1, he reported: "I've flown everything from helicopters to jets, but this is the most powerful plane that I've ever handled"

Da[illegible]on B. S[illegible]iggs demonstrates model of tethering gear he designed for testing of Convair's XFY-1 in Navy blimp hangar near San Francisco. Cable arrangement will permit the aircraft (represented here by piece of metal) to practice vertical ascents and descents under controlled conditions

this comparison by R. C. Sebold, vice-president in charge of engineering at Convair, will give some idea of the effectiveness of their power plants: "The thrust provided by the combination of the propellers and engine of our VTO fighter at take-off is almost the equivalent of that of four Sabre jets or two twin-engine Convair 340 airliners at take-off."

What will it feel like to fly in one of these power-packed VTO fighters? As this is written, only one man has ridden in one of the new aircraft—Herman R. (Fish) Salmon, a Lockheed test pilot—and he has only taxied it on a temporary undercarriage that permits the plane to roll along the ground horizontally. However, Salmon picked up such speed in one test at Edwards Air Force Base that the aircraft momentarily left the ground. He said afterward: "I've flown everything from helicopters to jets, but this is the most powerful plane I've ever handled. I'll tell you what it's like: you feel as though you're sitting in a slingshot."

Without this slingshot power the Navy wouldn't have its VTO planes today. Although the Research Division of the Navy's Bureau of Aeronautics began theoretical studies of the possibility of vertical flight nearly ten years ago, a construction program did not get under way until 1950. There was a good reason for the delay: aircraft manufacturers knew how to design VTO fighters, but nobody knew how to design an engine to power them.

According to Clarence L. Johnson, chief engineer of Lockheed's California division, the concept of a vertical-rising fighter wasn't new even ten years ago. "Every aeronautical engineer has played around with the idea of vertical take-off planes," he explained. "In Leonardo da Vinci's sketchbook, there's a drawing of such a plane—but it's taken from Da Vinci's time until now to get an engine that would do the job."

Guided by earlier paper work, the Navy began a series of wind-tunnel tests with models in 1947. In conjunction with the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics (NACA), it studied various types of wing forms, propellers and control systems. In 1949, with the knowledge that turbo-prop engines would be available by the time experimental prototypes were ready, the Navy invited nine aircraft builders to submit designs.

Some manufacturers doubted the tactical feasibility of a VTO fighter. "One in particular," said a naval officer associated with the project, "sort of hinted that we were nuts."

Of five firms which submitted designs and development programs, two—Convair and Lockheed—were given contracts. Both companies went to work under a tight cloak of secrecy, Lockheed at its Burbank, California, plant and Convair at its San Diego, California, plant. Only the most skilled and trusted employees were assigned to the projects. So great was the security that, in the three years it took to build them, fewer than 250 workers in each company knew about the planes—and Convair has 29,000 employees, Lockheed 35,000.

Both firms encountered problems which had never arisen in building conventional aircraft:

How do you design a plane which will stand on its tail but not topple over in a high wind? How do you service it?

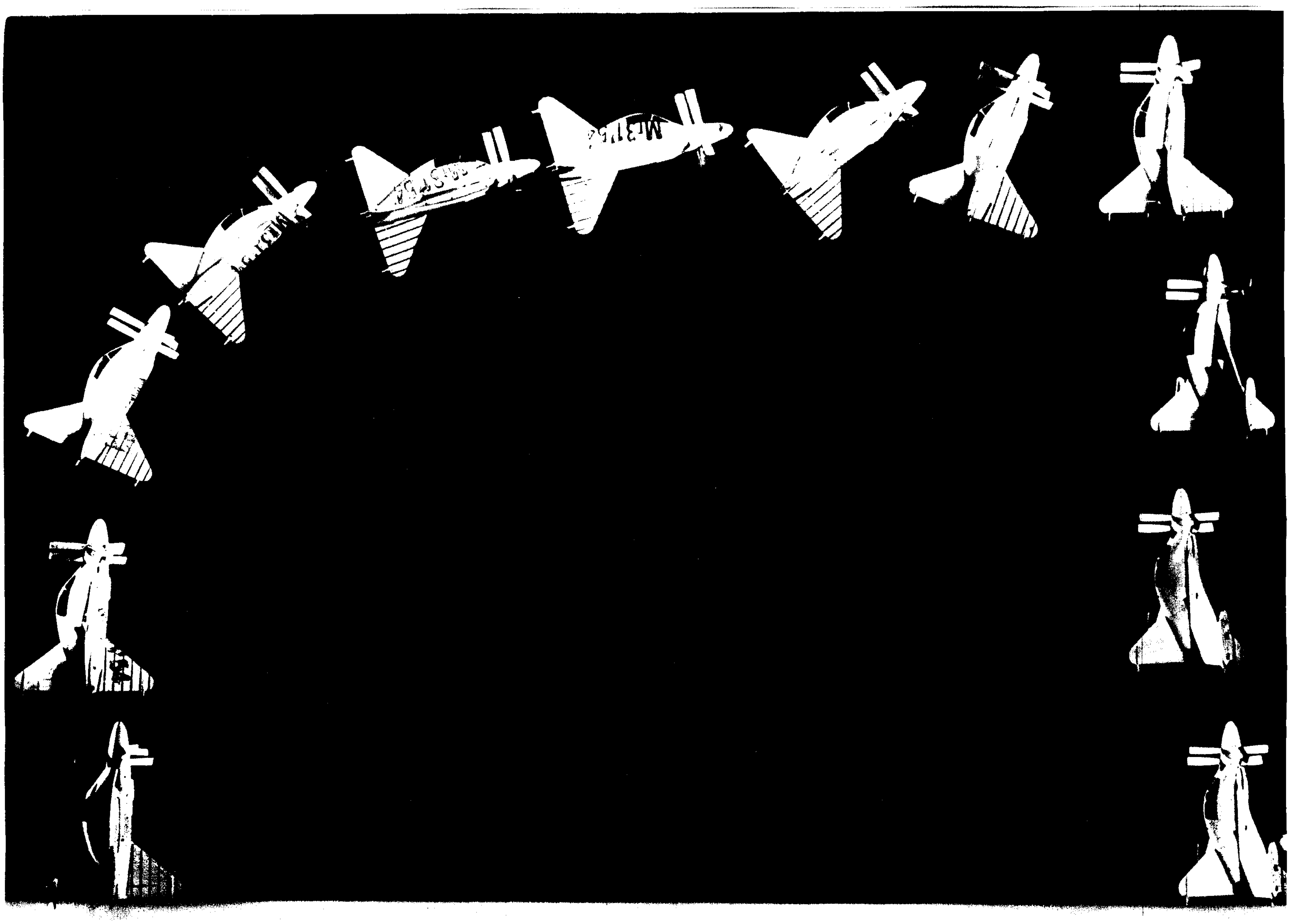
What sort of controls do you need? They should feel and respond like those of a conventional plane, yet control the movements of an aircraft that combines the characteristics of a rocket, a fighter and a helicopter.

What about instrumentation? Some instruments may give one reading in vertical flight, another in level flight.

And how do you train a pilot? Since the plane stands upright, he must lie on his back with his hands and feet on the controls above him during the vertical take-off and tail-first landing.

The answers to most of the problems came from wind-tunnel research at NACA laboratories. Lockheed built a one-third scale model of its XFV-1 complete to miniature propellers and electric engines. Operated by remote control, the little plane took off vertically in the tunnel, hovered, tilted for horizontal flight and finally backed down to land. From this model Lockheed engineers learned not only how to design and operate their control system, but how the full-sized plane could be expected to perform in flight.

Convair built a full-scale mock-up for instrumentation, cockpit and controls experimentation. With smaller, wind-tunnel models they learned how



Multiple-exposure photo of exact-scale model of Convair XFY-1 shows how new planes take off straight up, tilt for level flight, go into hovering position, and finally land on their tails. The model was suspended on thin wires at Convair's San Diego plant to give the illusion of actual flight

the XFY-1 might be expected to behave in flight. Their engineers also found out, as did Lockheed's, how to build a VTO so that it could withstand gale-strength winds without danger of toppling. Because the planes land in an upright position, extra strength—and therefore weight—was built into the four-vaned tail, giving the aircraft a low center of gravity.

Another problem—seating the pilot—was solved in a series of tests at the Naval Air Development Center in Johnsville, Pennsylvania. The researchers tried various seats which tilted and even rotated. Finally, an automatic cockpit chair was devised. When the plane is in a vertical position, the chair tilts forward slightly so that the pilot won't have a tendency to fall out; in level flight, the chair returns to normal position. The rudder bar of one of the planes also was fitted with stirrups to make it easier for the pilot to keep his feet on the bar during vertical flight.

Servicing difficulties were solved, too. Both companies designed massive cradles with hydraulic cranelike arms to lower the machines from vertical to horizontal for easy maintenance.

As an additional aid to testing, Lockheed also fashioned the detachable auxiliary landing gear for the XFV-1. The gear will enable test pilot Salmon not only to taxi the aircraft, but to take off and land horizontally while he familiarizes himself with its controls, speed and characteristics in level flight.

Salmon's next step will be to practice hovering—with the plane literally hanging tail down in the sky. Lying on his back, his machine suspended from its powerful contrarotating propellers, the test pilot will try flying sideways, rising vertically and descending tail first. Only after weeks of such tests will he attempt the first vertical take-offs and landings in the XFV-1.

Convair plans a different testing program for the XFY-1. Unlike Lockheed, Convair does not plan to use any auxiliary landing gear. Instead the XFY-1 will be given a series of tethering tests in a 200-foot-high Navy blimp hangar near San Francisco. At first the machine will be tied down while a test pilot revs up the engines to get accustomed to the feel of the controls and power of the engines. Then the aircraft will be suspended from the roof on cables and the pilot will practice gradual ascents and descents.

At the controls during these tethering tests will be Major J. F. (Skeets) Coleman, of Del Mar, California. A member of the Marine Corps Reserve who flew in the South Pacific during World War II, he now works for the Experimental Flight Test department at Convair. He asked for assignment to the VTO fighter more than a year ago and, in his own words, has been "living with it ever since."

He has spent hours at a time lying on his back in the cockpit analyzing the pilot's requirements in the new aircraft. Working with the design engineers, he studied controls, instruments, seat positions and the general cockpit environment.

The final pattern of the instrument control panel on the XFY-1 is almost entirely Coleman's, and he will be settling back in familiar surroundings when he climbs into the cockpit to begin the actual tethering tests. Coleman will not attempt free flight in the XFY-1 until all the bugs in the plane have been worked out in the controlled tests.

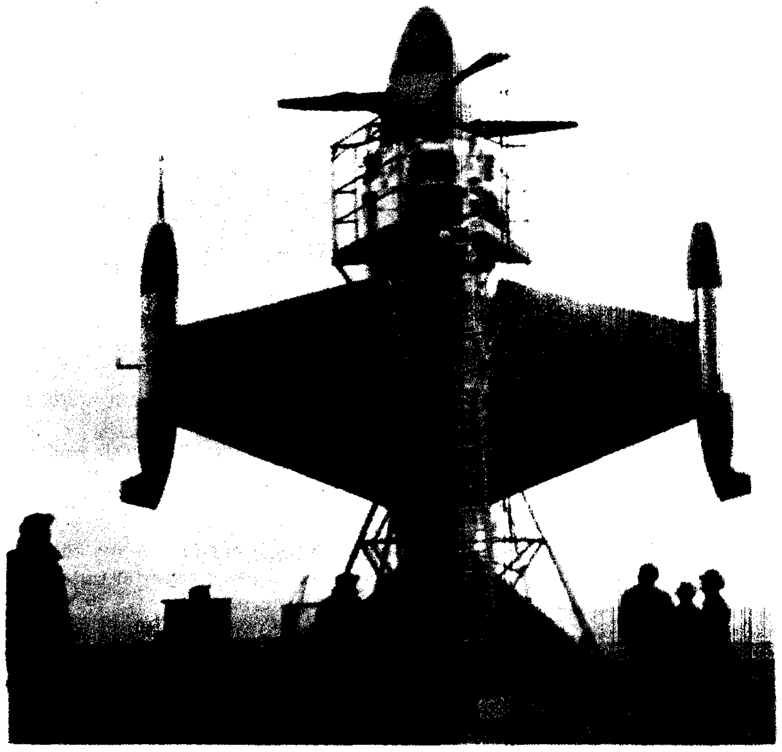
The first vertical landings—most difficult maneuver of all in the VTO fighters—thus are still weeks away for both planes. But aeronautical engineers already have worked out the procedure a pilot will follow.

After traveling in level flight, he'll ease back gradually on the control column to bring the plane's nose up into a hovering position. As the plane becomes vertical, the pilot's seat will tilt forward slightly. Then the pilot will work the controls until the aircraft—still tail down—begins to drift sideways and down with the left wing tip aimed at the chosen landing spot. On reaching a certain altitude, the pilot will increase his engine speed to bring the plane into a hovering position directly over the landing area. Next he'll open his canopy and, looking over his shoulder and gradually closing the throttle, he'll ease the plane down, foot by foot, to an upright landing.

Eventually engineers hope to fit VTO planes with automatic devices so ingenious that a pilot will be able to zoom into the sky and level off at any desired height by merely turning a knob. To land, he will need only to flick another control.

Many more refinements are envisioned. But even the VTO prototypes already in existence are marvels of aeronautical engineering. They and their successors well may revolutionize military aviation. "Within 10 years," predicts Hall L. Hibbard, vice-president in charge of engineering at Lockheed, "every fighter will take off vertically and land the same way."

Photo taken from rafters of building at Convair's San Diego plant shows a nose-on view of vertical fighter FY-1. Essentially this is the view that **the test pilot will get as he sits in the** plane's cockpit and looks over his shoulder during practice ascents and descents in Navy blimp hangar



Pilot uses a 20-foot ladder to enter Lockheed's XFV-1 cockpit. For emergency landings, he also carries rope ladder in plane

Convair's Maj. J. F. Coleman shows pilot's position in cockpit seat. Assistant project engineer James Pike inspects interior

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Dark Dominion

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

technical and scientific divisions was assigned a guard who kept himself constantly informed as to the whereabouts and activity of his charge.

The Project boundary was patrolled by an outside military force, which was ignorant of the Project's function. Just inside of this guarded boundary was a strip of land a mile wide, from which every bush and tree had been grubbed; and the hills themselves had been smoothed over until a garter snake would have had difficulty wriggling across it unseen. On the inside of this strip was another boundary line; it was patrolled by the inside security force, which was never allowed to communicate with the outside force.

All military and commercial flying was prohibited within fifty miles of any border, and the prohibition was enforced by an outside air group with orders to shoot down any plane that failed to ground upon command.

THE residential area of the Project was attractively laid out and the housing good. The multiple-dwelling units resembled those built near war plants during the last war, except that ours were designed for permanence. All of the scientific and administrative personnel occupied second-floor apartments, not as a sign of social superiority but because guards occupied the floors beneath, where they could watch the single entrance to each residence. In fairness it should be said that the purpose of the guards was to protect us and not to spy upon us.

The schools were excellent, wages and salaries were high, the food shipped to the Project was the best available and there was every sort of recreational facility from horseback riding to table tennis. It was a complete little world, even including a graveyard; in many respects it was a social Utopia. It struck me as ironic that man should finally achieve social equilibrium while building a machine that could destroy him utterly.

This machine, the Black Planet, was about finished. From the outside it resembled a gigantic cartridge resting upon hundreds of concrete supports. The head was hung with camouflage netting so that it looked like a hill from the air, and men were constantly busy changing the net as the seasons changed the surrounding hills and mountains from green to brown. Although its shape differed from early space-station designs, its principles of operation were generally the same as those in projected models. The greatest difference between our satellite and those that were first proposed was that ours was built on earth instead of being assembled in space from parts carried up by rockets.

There is no doubt but what it was much simpler to build the satellite on earth but originally this was thought impossible because we lacked a propellant powerful enough to lift such a heavy structure into the free-flight zone. Credit for developing such a propellant belonged to Warren Osborn, chief of the rockets and guided missiles section. After Osborn's success, we thankfully gave up the idea of sending the parts up by rocket to be assembled by free-floating humans.

Instead, the Black Planet itself was a rocket. Its cylindrical body was built around a hollow core through which the jets would make their thrust. The head acted as a huge fuel tank which would become lighter and lighter as the fuel was exhausted; and then, at a predetermined speed and altitude, the head would be released and allowed to fly off into outer space, leaving the cylinder revolving about the earth.

At an altitude of slightly more than a thousand miles it was to travel around the earth at the brisk pace of one revolution every two and one-half hours, using a north-south orbit so that it passed over the earth's poles. Meanwhile the earth would be rotating beneath it, so that in the course of every forty-eight hours there'd be scarcely a square mile not subject to inspection by those peering down through telescopes from their positions in the sky.

CHARGE ACCOUNTS
Mary Gibson

"It's so sweet of you to open this charge. All the other stores are just about at the end of their patience"

COLLIER'S MARY GIBSON

The purpose of the space station was to police the earth. Many of my staff liked to believe that the scientific value of the satellite would soon overshadow its police function, but one had only to compare the storage space allotted to instruments of research with the amount of space assigned for hydrogen bombs, guided missiles and detective devices to recognize the grim character of our creation. However, we knew we would never have an opportunity to explore outer space unless we took part in this military operation.

WHILE Susan and I were drinking our coffee, the telephone rang. It was Tom Hernandez calling from his laboratory. "Phil," he said, "can you come over here?"

"At this hour? What are you doing there yourself?"

"I've been here all night, and I wouldn't have called except that Gail Tanager came in a moment ago and said the light was on at your place. If you're having insomnia, I wish you'd have it over here."

"What's wrong?"

"Something damned queer. I'd rather show you than tell you."

I told him I'd be right over.

"Do you want breakfast before you go?" Susan asked when I hung up.

"Better not. Tom sounded worried. He must be if he's routed Gail out of bed to help him. If I can make it, I'll be back to have breakfast with you."

"Bring Gail with you," Susan said.

I got dressed and glanced into the children's rooms before I left. Louis was ten and had only a hazy memory of any life outside the Project. Marjorie, at four, recalled no other life at all. They both accepted the environment more matter-of-factly than I. The Black Planet was no more puzzling to them than thunder and lightning. One time when I was Louis' age our grammar-school principal sounded the fire alarm to hurry the children out into the schoolyard so they could watch a small blimp fly over!

As I went down the stairs and out of the building, a dark figure came silently after me. "Sorry to get you up so early," I said to Elmer, one of the two guards assigned to our family.

Gail Tanager met me at the entrance to Q Building, which housed the department of nuclear research. I could see her in the lighted entrance for some time before she saw me. Her dark head was lifted and she was breathing deeply as though drawing some invigorating essence from the air. She stood with her feet slightly apart, her hands pressing against her slim waist; the wind was gently moving the folds of her skirt. She appeared so enraptured that I hesitated to disturb her. But she saw me and called, "I'm not being mystic. Just clearing my fuzzy brain."

"What's wrong with your brain?"

"Why ask, Philip?" she said ruefully. "You know. I can't sleep much these days. Tonight I didn't get to sleep until about an hour ago, and then that madman in there called up and woke me."

"Was Aaron with you?" I asked. Aaron Matthews was going to command the Black Planet.

"Until midnight. But what good does it do, Philip? It's as though he's gone already." She smiled sadly, and linked her arm through mine. "I'm sorry. I won't talk about it. Dr. Hernandez is waiting for you."

Tom Hernandez was working at a table beside the calculating machine, tugging at his short black beard. When he heard our footsteps he turned, his face weary but his eyes bright with excitement.

"Sorry to drag you out at this hour, Phil," he apologized.

"Blame me," said Gail, and walked over to the calculating machine. She sat down and her fingers danced over the keys as though she were playing a musical instrument.

WE LEFT her there while I followed Tom toward the far end of the lab. "This'd better be good," I said.

"Good or bad, I can't say. But puzzling—yes." Tom, an Argentine by birth, had been educated in France, and had done advanced study at the Curie Laboratory. His pointed beard and dark eyes gave him the appearance of an old rake, but actually he was the youngest man on my staff and wore the beard more to protect himself from women than to attract them.

His experiment, which he'd been working on for months, was an attempt to produce a stream of neutrinos with which to bombard atoms. The whole idea was hypothetical because there's still a difference of opinion as to whether such a particle as a neutrino exists. But if a stream of such particles actually could be produced, it would constitute the most delicate tool yet known for exploring atomic interiors.

"I've been getting nowhere," Tom said as we stood before the control panel which covered the south wall. "I was about ready to admit Osborn was right, and then, for no reason I can understand, my uranium pile—or something in it—seemed to be increasing in weight."

"How can it? You're not adding anything."

"Actually, it isn't the total weight that's increasing, it's the density—the specific gravity. And it's too much—far, far too much, so that I was sure I'd made a foolish mistake in my calculations. I hated to call you in until I'd tried to find the mistake myself."

"I take it you haven't found it."

"Nothing. It was easiest to think something was wrong with the instruments, but they all work perfectly. Then I thought something was wrong with me—that I didn't see right when I took the readings. But my assistants checked me and got the same results. So now I've done what I hate to do but what is really simplest—I've stopped

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the experiment to test the concentrate and see if the specific gravity is really increasing."

It took a long time to go over his procedure and records, but I couldn't find any error. Meanwhile, Gail had finished at the calculator and brought us her results. There was no doubt about it: the specific gravity of the concentrate showed an increase. And it was nothing to be measured in micrograms; the weight per cubic unit had really jumped. The three of us cast apprehensive glances at the doorway leading to the great leaden vault containing the uranium pile.

Tom shook his head sadly. "That settles it. I've got to call off the experiment while I analyze the uranium pile and see what's happening to it."

"Why do you have to do that?" Gail asked.

"Because I'm working with a radioactive element that keeps increasing in density. That may mean that an internal tension is being built up, and if I don't stop I might blow up the whole Magellan Project off the face of the earth."

"I still don't see why you have to stop," Gail said. "Go ahead and blow it up. That'd be fine."

"Maybe," Tom said and smiled, "but so long as we're making such elaborate preparations to destroy the world, it would be anticlimactic to be killed by accident."

"Perhaps," Gail said.

"It may take weeks," Tom said. "And then the whole experiment will have to be done over again. Won't Osborn laugh!"

"Do you have to tell him?"

"Oh, he knows. For all his pretending not to care, he keeps coming around to see what's happened. He dropped in three days ago and went over the whole experiment with me. He was so civil I thought he'd changed his mind."

"But he hadn't?"

HERNANDEZ shook his head and smiled ruefully. "No. After he had finished looking at the record, he gave me his science-must-disregard-personal-feelings line and told me the experiment would fail."

"Then consider the analysis of the uranium pile as your experiment. Follow where the devil leads you—and be careful." I turned to Gail. "You're coming back to the apartment with me and have breakfast."

When we left Q Building it was day, and we walked back along High Street toward the residential area. Streetcars were carrying the day shift down the valley to the Black Planet while others were shuttling the night shift home. To the north and east the mountains were jet black against the dawn, with curls of pink and amber clouds above them. The breeze had turned cool, and Gail shivered.

"Cold?"

"It's that contraption in the valley there," she said.

"It's just another machine."

"That's what's so horrible about it. It's only a machine, but we still sacrifice to it."

"Would you really stop Aaron from going if you could, Gail?"

"But I can't stop him, so it doesn't matter." Then she added, "He's changed—just in these few months."

"That's only natural."

"Why? If it's only a machine? Aaron said he had a dream a few nights ago. He was sitting on a mountainside looking out across the plain, and suddenly there was another world floating above the horizon."

My throat tightened. "Yes? And then what?"

"He said he got up and started walking toward it. A path seemed to open before him."

WHEN I was leaving for my office after breakfast, Susan called to me, "Remember what you promised Louis. You're supposed to go horseback riding with us this afternoon."

"If I can get away."

"Yes, darling, we all understand *that,* but we've been waiting for weeks. Keep it in mind."

I walked to my office thinking about Gail and wondering to what extent her feeling about the Black Planet was shared by others on the Project. But her feeling was complicated by her personal relationship with Aaron; it couldn't possibly be general. Also, Gail was a minister's daughter and I knew she had a greater respect for humanity than the average person. Like others on the Project, she had not known its purpose until she had signed up and committed herself for the duration. She had been told only that her mathematical ability was in great demand. This was true, but it had not lessened the shock when she discovered she was helping in the construction of the most powerful weapon of all time. Then, to confuse her life and principles still more, she fell in love with the ship's commander, Aaron Matthews.

I arrived at the Administration Building intent upon clearing up enough work to justify an afternoon off, but I was interrupted even before I could begin. I found Warren Osborn, my assistant in charge of rockets and fuel, waiting to see me.

I asked him into my office, where he stretched out in the leather armchair and waited for me to get rid of my coat and give him full attention. He said, almost with indifference, that he didn't intend to waste any time for either of us. Then he added, "I must leave the Project, Ambert. I'll need your recommendation."

I was silent a moment, wondering how to reply to a request I couldn't possibly grant. He saw the difficulty and pulled an envelope from his pocket and tossed it on the desk.

"Don't start begging off until you know the facts. Read that."

There'd been a number of cases where people wanted to leave the Project because of the death of a relative on the outside, or family trouble, or simply because they weren't getting along well. Without exception all such requests were refused.

"Bad news?" I said.

"Read it, read it." His manner was grandly impatient.

The letter was addressed to him at one of our Army Post Office numbers, which gave the impression to persons on the outside that they were writing to someone overseas. Incoming mail was censored only slightly. Outgoing mail was censored to the point where about all the information you could give was that you were alive and well. I pulled out the letter and read it. It was from the secretary of the board of the Gledshaw Foundation, and the body of the letter read as follows:

You are no doubt aware that the death last month of our esteemed director has created a vacancy that few men are qualified to fill. The board has, however, instructed me to learn from you whether or not you desire the directorship and if you will be avail-

able to accept it. It gives me great pleasure to inform you that your name is our first choice.

We must have your decision at our next board meeting, the third Tuesday of this month, and must be assured that you can take over the duties of office on the second week following. The entire board desires me to express our wish for a quick and favorable reply.

I replaced the letter in its envelope and handed it back to him. "It's a great honor. I congratulate you."

"Congratulations are meaningless unless I can accept the offer. If you've read the letter carefully, you'll see that I have only a few days to give them a favorable reply and less than three weeks to make my appearance in New York."

"Yes, I read the letter." There was still no possibility of his leaving the Project but I felt there might be some other solution to his problem. That the job he was offered carried great prestige, there was no doubt. "I know what this means to you," I said. "If it were in my power to release you from the Project, I'd do it."

"I didn't ask you to release me," he said wearily. "I asked you to make a recommendation for my release. Then I'll take the matter up with General Humphrey."

"As the security officer, Humphrey would throw any such recommendation into the wastebasket."

"I have no intention of losing this opportunity," he said. "It can come only once. If I'm not available, another man will be chosen."

"Take it easy. I don't think that conclusion is justified at all. If you're their first choice—and that's what the letter says—then I'm sure they'll wait another month or two if they know you want the job and know you'll be available eventually. So I suggest this: let me put a report through to Washington explaining the situation and requesting someone there to get in touch with the foundation and tell them you'll take the directorship if the board can wait until you're available."

"What use is that?" he said heatedly. "Those push buttons in Washington will drop your report in the wastebasket faster than Humphrey. But suppose that by some remote chance your message *was* delivered to the foundation. And then what if they said, 'Sorry, we can't wait?' Would you then recommend that I be allowed to leave?"

In spite of sympathy for him, I was getting irked by his refusal to be realistic. "Can't you understand that such a recommendation would be worthless?" I asked.

"Then I'll do this," he replied. "I'll write to the foundation and state simply that I accept. There's nothing censorable in those two words."

"I'm not the censor, and it's your privilege to try. You might even make them delay their choice that way and string them along until you're available. It's not a good way to start a new job, but that's your business."

"There'll be no delay. Within three weeks I'll have pounded on so many desks that I'll be out of here—legally released."

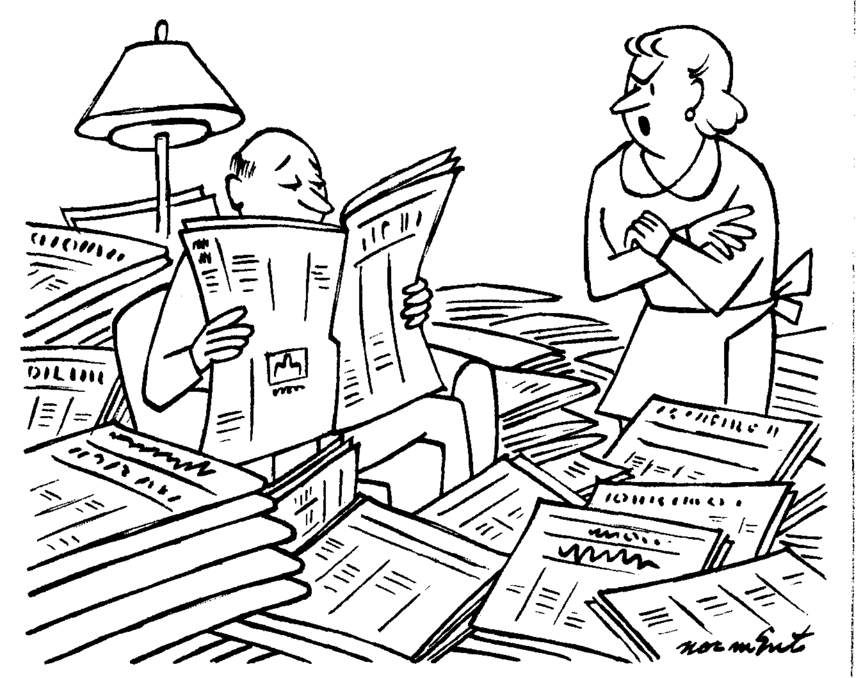
I LOOKED at the wall calendar. "I'm afraid not," I said. "Six weeks from tomorrow the Black Planet is to be in absolute final shape, ready to take off. The crew is to have finished training. But that deadline is only the one we were told to work toward; it doesn't mean the space ship will be launched immediately. No one except the President of the United States knows that date, and until the ship is in outer space, no one can leave the Project—least of all you, who'll be responsible for the fueling. But I still think the Gledshaw Foundation would wait if they were assured that you would be free in a couple of months."

"You just said that no one except the President could guarantee that."

"But it's probable. That's the best I can do. I'm sure our men in Washington are aware of the contribution you've made, and that they will do all they can to help you."

He laughed bitterly. "Are you suggesting they'll show gratitude? Don't be stupid, Ambert! What gratitude was shown after my services at Los Alamos? I should have been director here, not you, Ambert. When I signed up, I assumed as a matter of course that I'd be in charge. My phase of the work is the most involved, the most essential, the most—"

"Damn it, that's *why* you weren't made director! You were needed in



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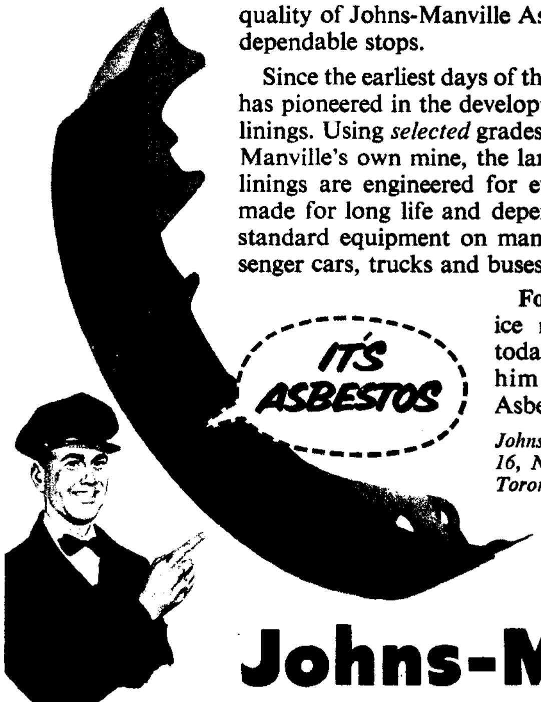

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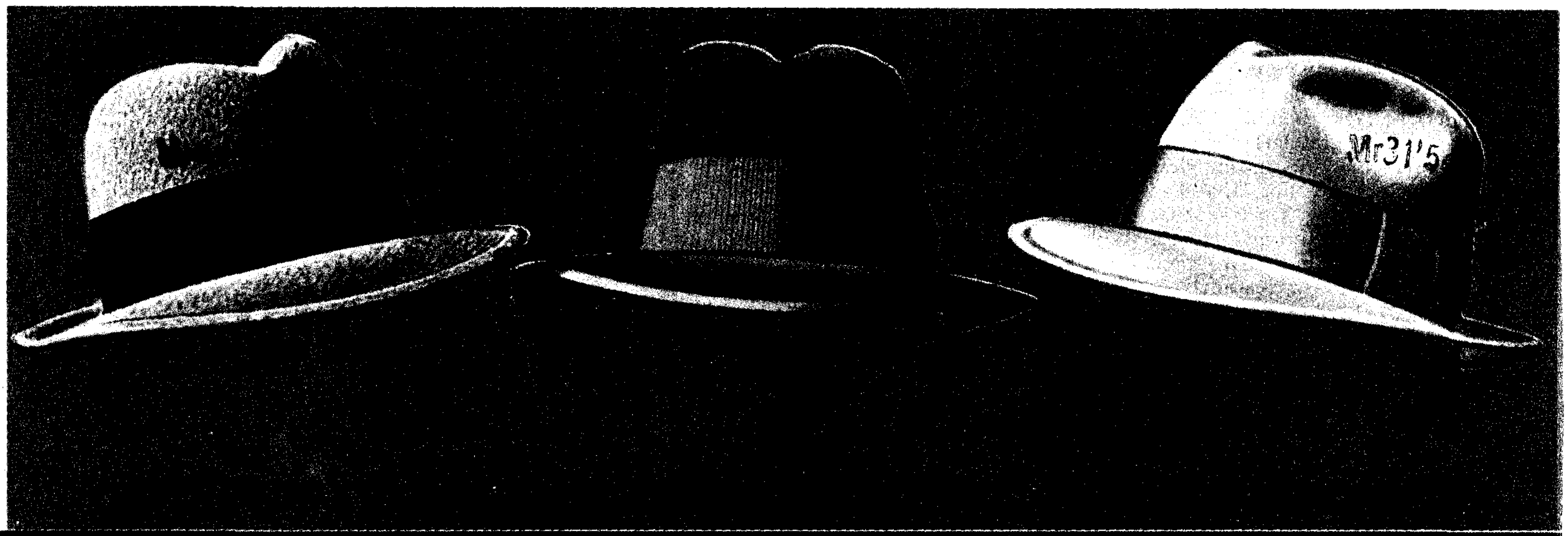

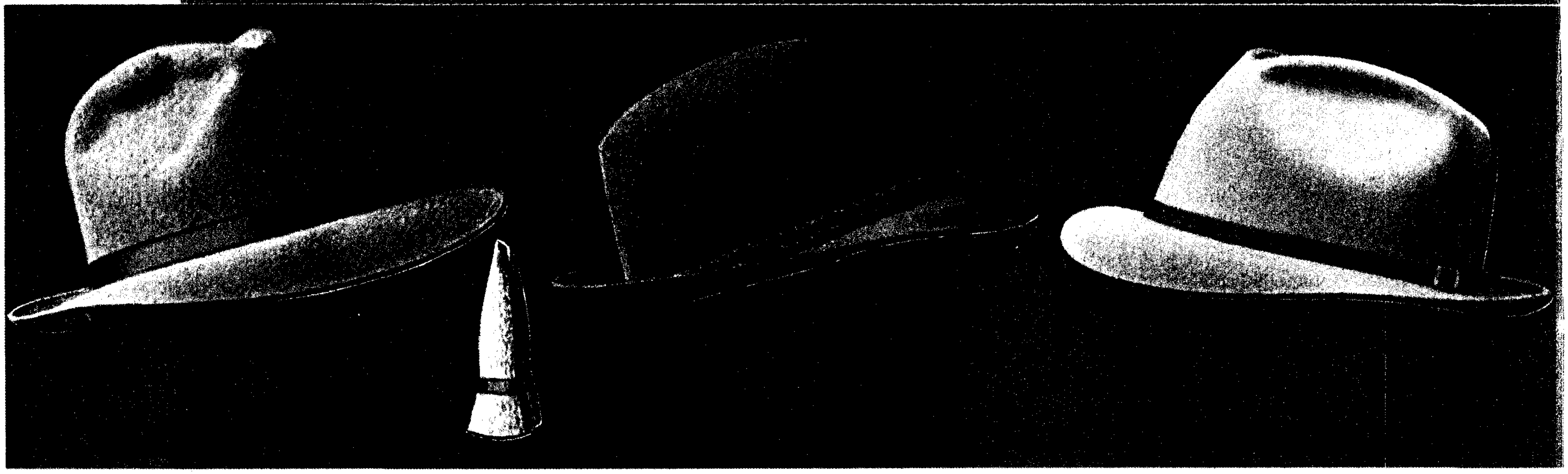

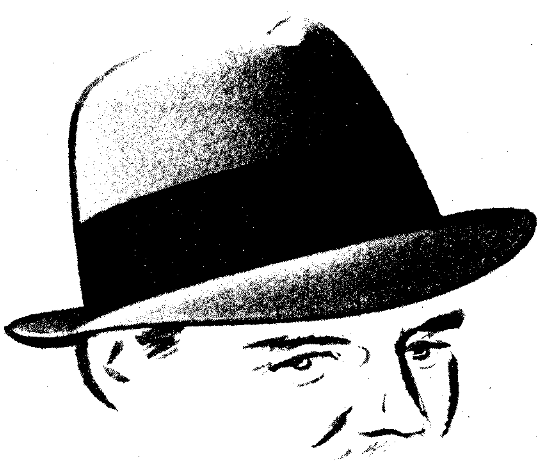

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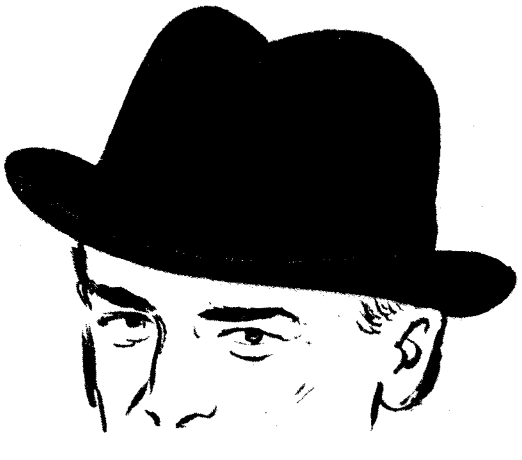

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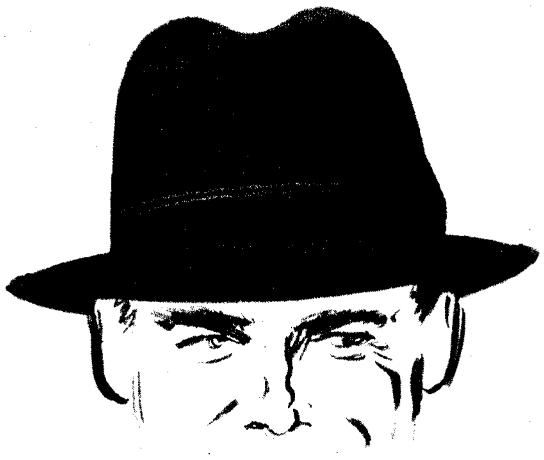

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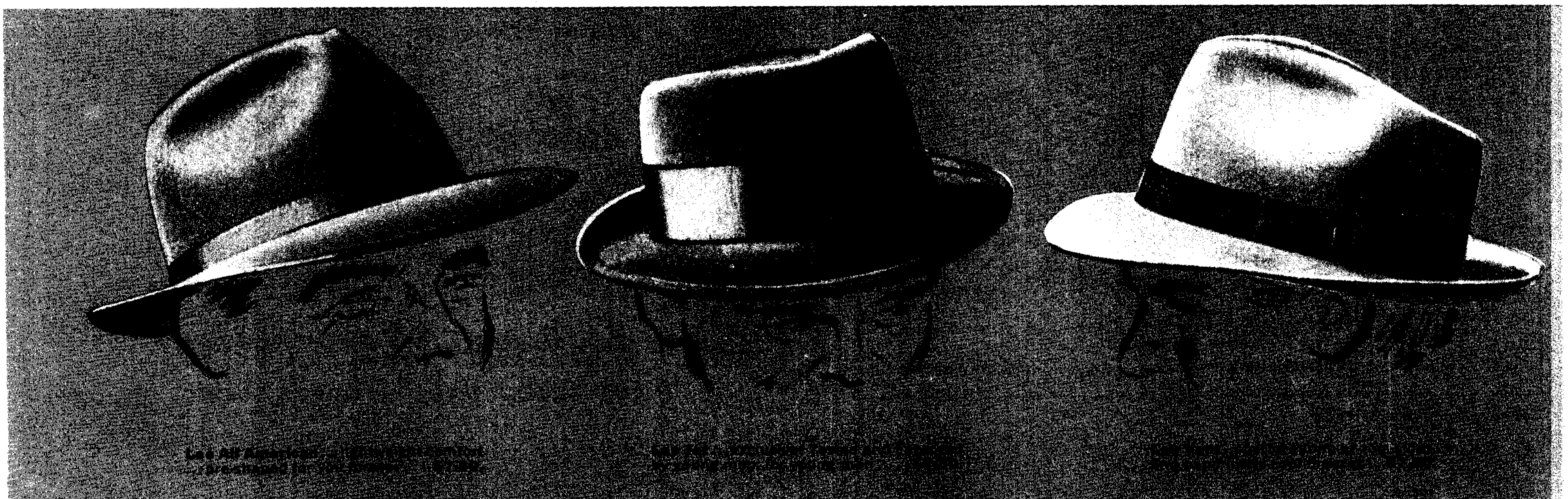

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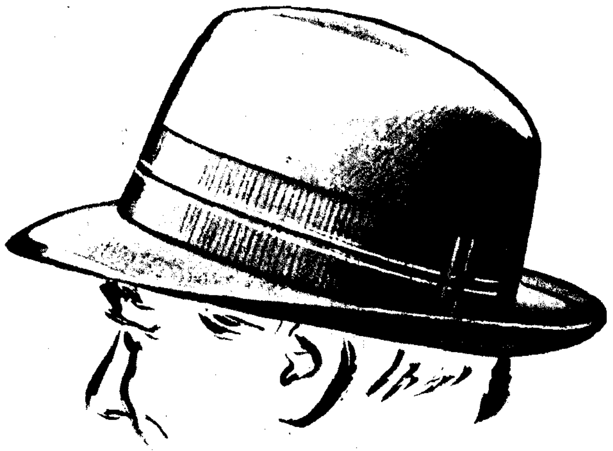

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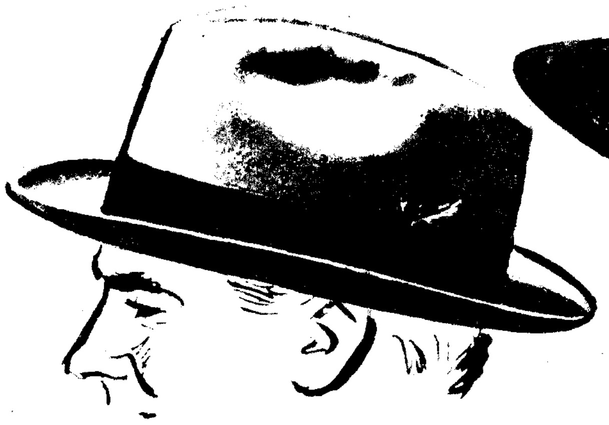
See Lee's new lightweights today—and you'll never wear less than the best... *never wear less than a Lee!*

PREMIERE FASHION

HATS ON THIS PAGE WERE PREVIEWED AT THE WORLD'S FIRST THEATRE-SIZE COLOR TELEVISION SHOW OF SPRING APPAREL FOR MEN.



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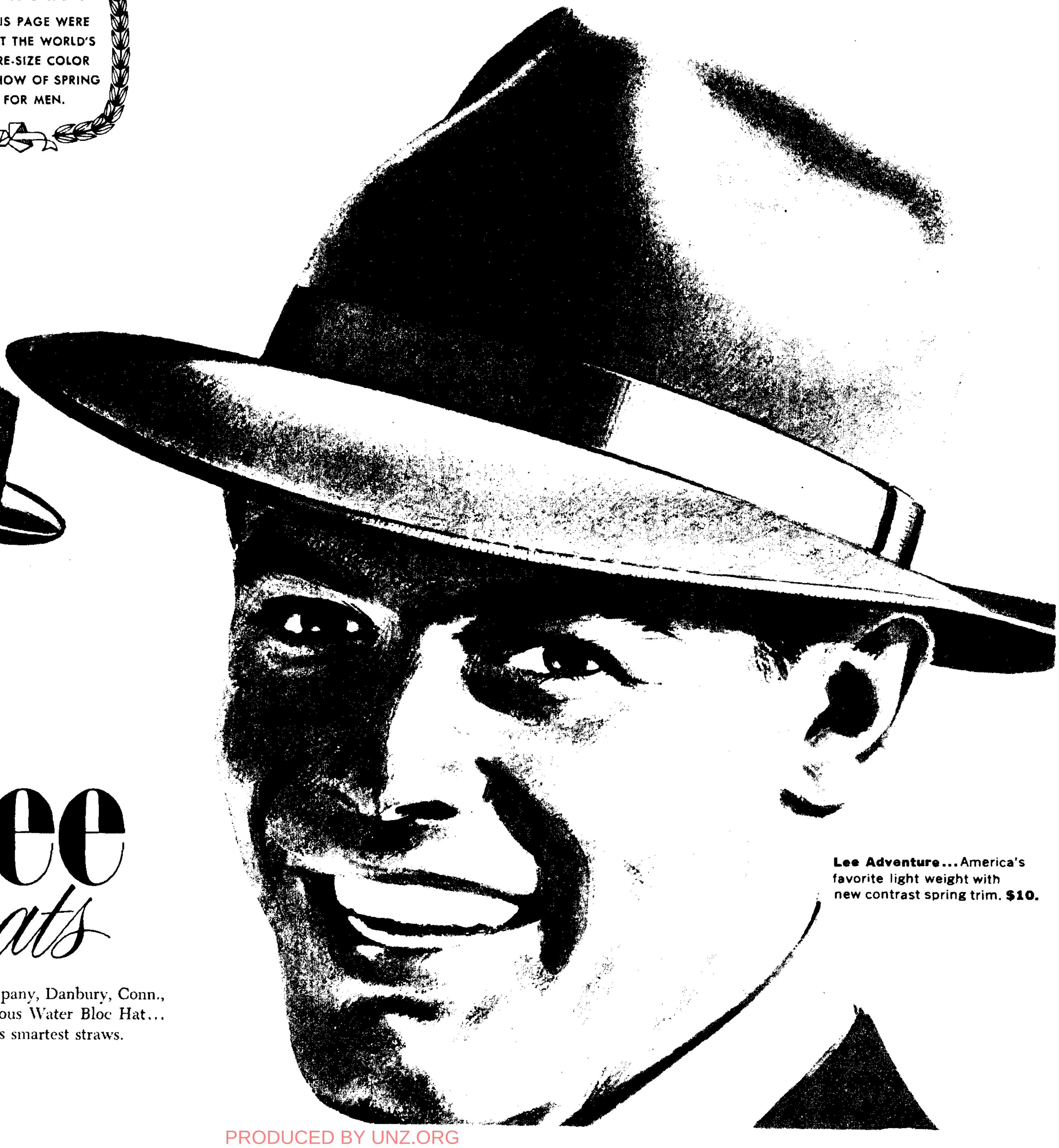

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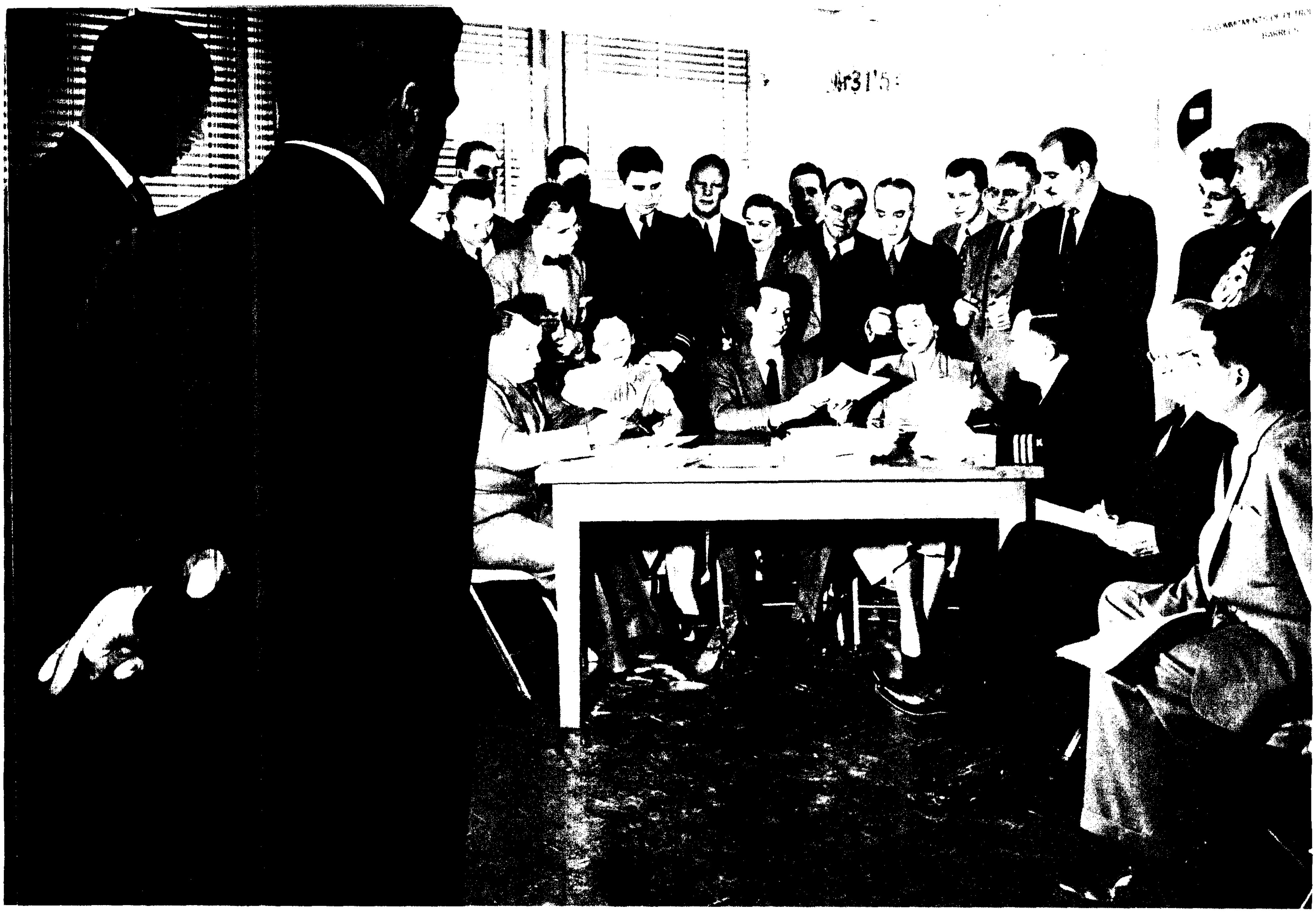

OILMEN SWEAT OUT Washington, D.C. opening of 218 sealed bids for contracts to supply Army, Navy and Air Force installations throughout the East Coast. Man announcing bids is Lyle E. Smith, buyer for Domestic Fuels Branch, Armed Services Petroleum Purchasing Agency. Small oil companies last year received 77% of all regional oil contracts awarded by the military. This kind of competitive bidding among oil companies, large and small, assures Armed Forces of finest oil products at lowest possible prices.

218 OILMEN COMPETE FOR MILITARY CONTRACTS

Keen Bidding Assures Armed Forces of High Quality Oil Products at Lowest Possible Cost to Taxpayers

The Armed Services Petroleum Purchasing Agency reports that a recent invitation for bids on military contracts was answered by 218 oil companies.

Military spokesmen point out that highly competitive bidding by hundreds of oil companies—large and small—makes it possible every year to buy the finest oil products *at the lowest possible cost to U.S. taxpayers.*

These facts may be news to those who think the oil industry is made up of only a few large companies. But this is just an everyday example of the way the keen competition among America's oilmen pays off for everybody in the U. S.

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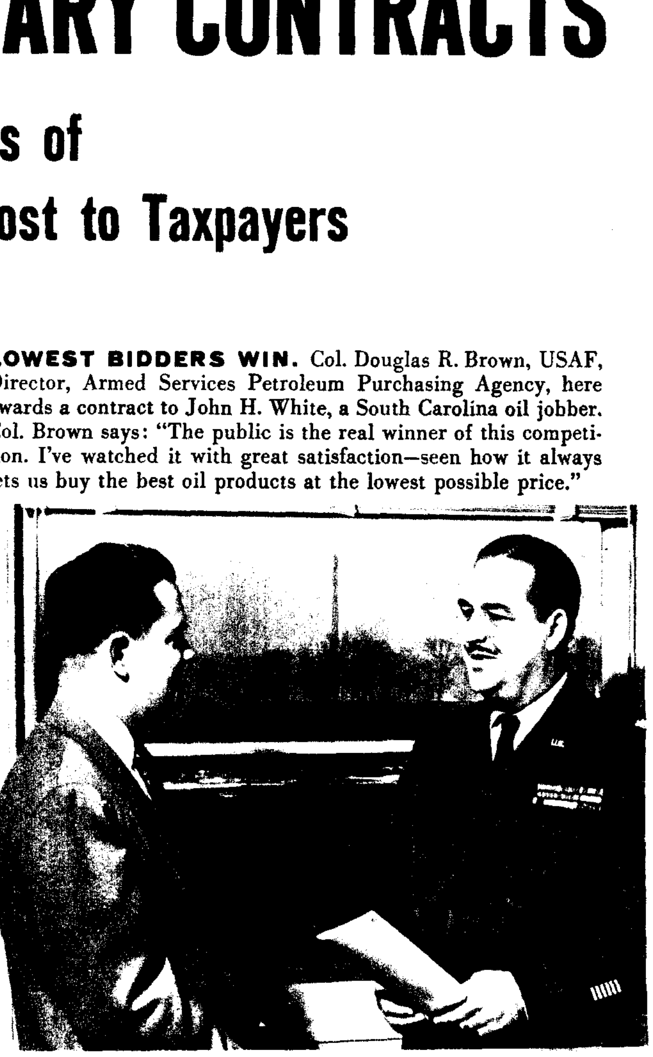
Every day you and your family benefit from the competition among America's oil businesses.

LOWEST BIDDERS WIN. Col. Douglas R. Brown, USAF, Director, Armed Services Petroleum Purchasing Agency, here awards a contract to John H. White, a South Carolina oil jobber. Col. Brown says: "The public is the real winner of this competition. I've watched it with great satisfaction—seen how it always lets us buy the best oil products at the lowest possible price."



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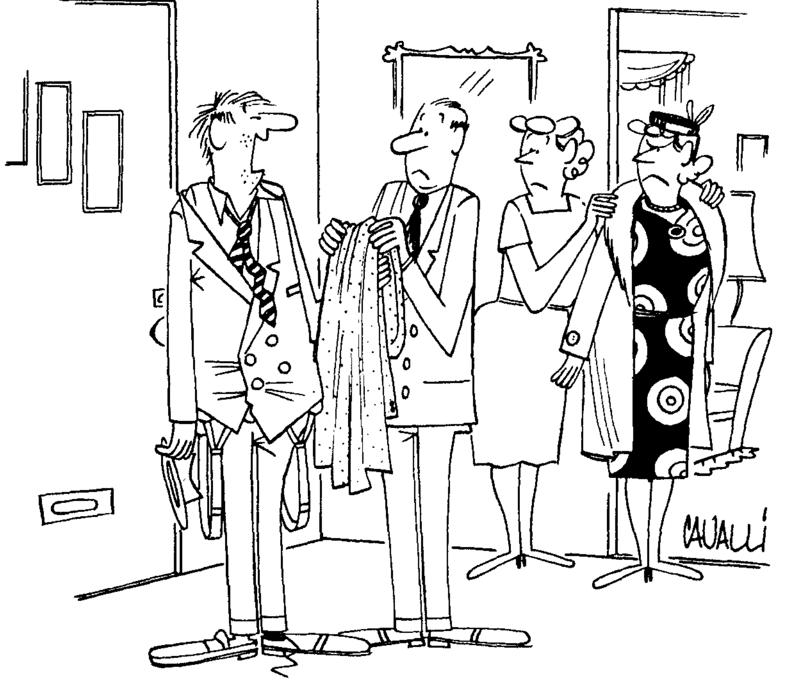


COLLIER'S "I won a bet with Helen that I could shave and get all dressed in just the time it took her to get her make-up on" DICK CAVALLI

the laboratory. Do you think I've enjoyed messing around in paper work and personnel problems while you and Duval and Hernandez and Basich have been having the time of your lives with the best equipment in the world at your disposal?"

"Don't be ridiculous. They picked you as director because they wanted someone who'd accept their stupid orders without question. I'd have seen to it that the men who designed and built the ship had something to say about how it was used. There'd have been a scientist as its commander, not a cardboard soldier. I've been forced to watch you sell the scientific integrity of every man on this project to the powers of destruction!"

"Osborn," I said, "you've been harping on that theme for the last eight months, but I remember those years after Los Alamos very distinctly. A lot of us had volunteered our time and money then to stump this country and Europe in an effort to make people see the necessity of peace. But you weren't with us. You were getting fat writing books that advocated the very machine we've built—a machine that can conquer the world. You didn't start worrying about your scientific integrity until you realized someone else was going to operate the machine. If five minutes from now you were made the ship's commander, you'd turn militarist immediately."

I went to the bookshelf and took out one of his own books, Conquest from Space, and flung it on the floor at his feet. "That's a fourteenth edition. Do you recognize it, or don't you let your left hand know what your right hand's writing?"

He glanced at the book and brushed it aside with his foot. "The present situation is this—my work here is finished. My assistants can take care of what's left. I was virtually finished a year ago, and since that time the emphasis has all been on methods of maintaining life within the space ship. So I find myself a prisoner. Some men might like to idle away their time in such comfortable surroundings, but I'm more concerned with my duty to myself—to remain free."

He got up, straightened his shoulders, and said, "You're afraid to send a recommendation to Humphrey, so I'll have to speak to him myself. Then I'll talk to you again. It's clear that you don't want to help me, and I'm not going to plead. You've authorized a million-dollar expenditure on Tom Hernandez' hopeless experiment, but for me you refuse even to write a strong recommendation. Well, we'll see what happens." He stalked out, closing the door firmly behind him.

SUSAN left Marjorie at the Project nursery that afternoon; then she, Louis and I set off for the hills on horseback, with our guards, Leo Roach and Elmer Curry, bringing up the rear. Overhead the sky was clear, but to the west a fog bank from the sea lay along the top of the divide. Once away from the Project center, the land was primitive—low, craggy mountains with patches of forest in the sheltered hollows. We headed for a little canyon we'd discovered in our early days at the Project; a spring there kept the grass green the year round, and the oaks and sycamores gave relief from the semidesert appearance of the surrounding country.

After I had spent an hour hunting fossils with Louis, he went down the canyon on a ramble with Elmer, and I went back to Susan and Leo. But in a few minutes they were back, Louis with a long face and carrying a dead bat. He had thrown a rock at it and hit it in mid-air, and now he was grieved because he'd been under the impression that it was impossible to hit a flying bat with a stone.

I thought to distract him by giving him a natural-history lesson based on the carcass. While doing this I noticed on its fur several grains of a white substance that was moist and claylike to the touch. I looked at it under the magnifying glass from the rock kit and tested it with some vinegar Susan had brought along. The stuff was a calcareous clay and gave off tiny bubbles of carbon dioxide when I dosed it with vinegar. Louis saw nothing interesting in this and carried the bat's body off for burial, but I was excited. This species of bat should have been spending its days hanging head down from a tree twig; instead it had apparently flown out of a limestone cavern not long before Louis had hit it.

I asked Louis to show me where he'd first seen the bat and then I tramped around the vicinity a while, examining the exposed rock along the side of the canyon in an effort to determine the direction and slope of the stratified layers. The day was drawing to a close and no more bats appeared in the canyon, so I rejoined Susan and we packed up. Then we rode to the rim of the canyon, where I had a good view of the surrounding country.

IT WAS late now, and I hadn't long to wait before I saw against the pale western fog bank a tiny speck which, because of its erratic movement, I knew was a bat. With a pocket compass I got a direction and then led the party off at a trot along the edge of the canyon. I estimated a distance of a hundred yards before I stopped again and waited until another bat arose against the sky in the distance. Once more I took a compass reading and then calculated a rough triangulation.

"Don't you think we ought to start home?" Susan said.

But I was too interested to start home. I told the others to stay where they were and started off at a gallop across the rough terrain toward the apex of my triangle, hoping the measurements were close enough so that, once I got there, I could see where the bat had come from.

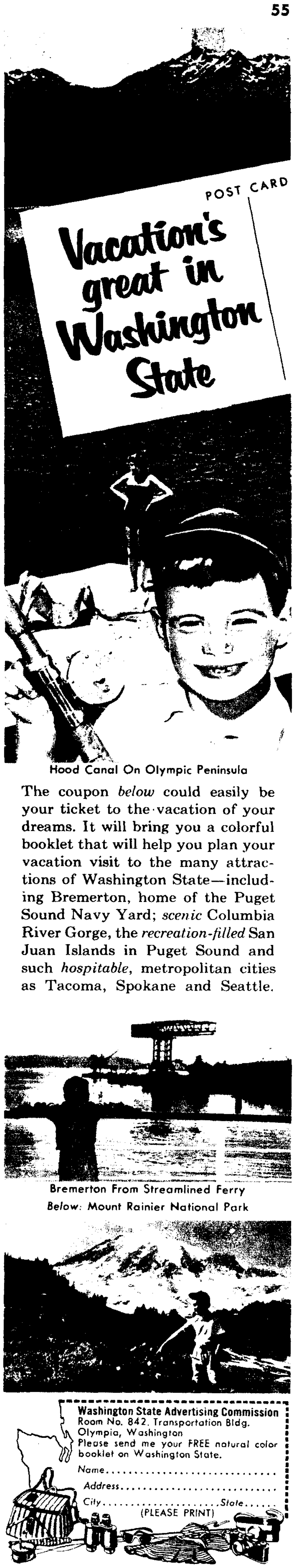
What I finally found was a typical pothole, a sink in the earth, but much deeper than I had expected. What had appeared from a distance to be bushes were actually the tops of good-sized oaks growing from the bottom of the depression. I climbed down the funnel-shaped slope into a thick dusk and was surprised to find the bottom completely dry. Whatever water ran into the sinkhole was somehow drained away.

Nature is very adroit at hiding her secrets. I stumbled around in the gloom poking into every crevice and tapping all the exposed rocks with my hammer, hoping to get a hollow sound in response—all without success until one series of tappings was answered by the distant squeak of a bat. I increased my blows and heard more squeaks, which led me back to a crevice I'd already examined three times.

It appeared to be no more than a split in the rocks filled with some kind of thornbush and low cactus, but now I stomped the cactus down and looked into the crevice. I was gratified by a whiff of cool, damp air and a series of squeaks much louder than before.

I pulled out the flashlight I'd brought along and crawled farther into the hole. It angled downward at a gentle slant for some ten or twelve feet, and then I came to a sharp break where the slate bottom had apparently caved in. I turned on my light. The bats were all I could see at first, because when I turned on the light, several dropped from their resting places on the ceiling and began darting at my head.

I moved the light away from my head and discovered I was on a ledge. It was as though I were peering from a high window down into a huge vault. The floor was at least fifteen feet below me and there was no way of getting down, so I had to content myself with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lying on the slate ledge and observing what I could with my flashlight.

At first I thought the bat chamber was the total extent of the cavern, but then at its far end I saw where the floor sloped steeply downward, and there my flashlight beam probed into a deep abyss where I saw the glitter of stalagmites. Curious as I was to continue my exploration, there was no way to get to the floor of the cave, and so I was forced to go back.

I'd almost reached the exit when I heard Elmer, the guard, outside. "Dr. Ambert!" he was shouting. "Dr. Ambert! Where are you?"

I hadn't the least inclination to tell him. For the first time in five years no one in the world knew precisely where I was or what I was doing, and the pleasure this isolation gave me can hardly be imagined. This was my cave, and I was damned if I was going to tell the guards about it.

WHEN I squeezed back out of the crevice, the bushes closed behind me and the entrance was as invisible as ever. I clambered up the side of the sinkhole and emerged about twenty paces from where Elmer was frantically looking for me.

"Dr. Ambert!" he said. "What happened? I was afraid you'd had an accident."

"Sorry, Elmer. I slipped and fell. I guess I'm pretty much of a mess." My clothes were dirty and torn.

"It's all right now, sir. But if I should lose you, I don't know what I'd do."

We rode home in the dusk, Elmer and Louis going on ahead and Leo bringing up the rear. When Susan was certain everyone was out of earshot, she said, "All right, where were you? You scared me too."

"A cave," I told her. "I've found a cavern. A magnificent place if I can ever find time to explore it."

"You certainly sound delighted."

"I am. Nothing in years has pleased me so much. Here, while we're on the verge of sending a ship to explore outer space, the earth has suddenly opened a door to regions no man has ever seen." The thought made me laugh. "Matthews is going in the direction of heaven, but the moment I get the opportunity I'm making an exploration of hell."

"I hope that isn't prophetic," Susan said. "But if the cavern is your hell, at least I can go with you."

"You can if you'll figure a way so that no one else will know about it."

"So you plan to keep it a secret?"

"Only until I have had a first look at the place. And when I take you there, of course I want it a secret. How long has it been since we've been alone—just you and I?"

"Too long," she said and gave me a look so charged with emotion that I pulled close to her and kissed her. "We're not alone yet," she said. "But we'll be sort of alone after the children are in bed."

But as soon as we got the children in bed, the damned telephone rang. It was Tom Hernandez. "Phil!" he shouted. "I've been calling for an hour. You have to come. Right now!"

I kissed Susan and left. Elmer joined me at the ground floor. . . .

Tom's expression was half apprehension and half wild elation when he met me at the door of the laboratory. He literally dragged me across the room and pointed at a solitary object resting on the surface of a steel-topped table.

This object was utterly unsignificant in appearance. It was a sphere about the size of a number-two garden pea, dull gray in color and possessing a very low metallic luster. Tom let me look at it a moment before he said, "That's the alien substance I found in the uranium pile." His voice trembled from excitement and I wondered if he hadn't cracked up from overwork.

"Wait a minute, Tom," I said uneasily. "You can't have analyzed your uranium pile yet. It would take weeks."

He kept staring in fascination at the little pellet on the table. "I didn't have to analyze it. Hank Kuka helped me and we took the pile down in sections, testing for nothing except specific gravity. We handled five tons and found nothing at all until we cleared the last section out of the vault, and this"—he pointed at the object on the table—"was left. In exactly that form."

"Well, what is it?" I said with annoyance.

He sighed. "What is it indeed? Go ahead—touch it, feel it, pick it up."

His behavior was so odd that I could only stare at him. He mistook my concern. "There's no radioactivity. I've tested for that. It's completely inert. Pick it up."

I grasped the small gray pellet with my fingers. To my astonishment I couldn't budge it. "It's made a union with the metal of the tabletop," I said. "Got a chisel handy? I'll jar it loose."

"Sure," he said, and he smiled. "Go right ahead and chisel." I placed the blade of the chisel against the tabletop at the base of the small sphere and gave the chisel a tap with the hammer. The sensation was precisely the same one I've experienced when I'm out rock hunting and try to drive a chisel into the face of a stone mountain. I could feel a tremendous resistance. In a mountain, that was natural, but with an object this small, the sensation was positively eerie.

ANNOYED at the grin on Tom's face, I tapped harder and then gave the chisel some really solid blows. To my relief the object moved. It rolled with tantalizing slowness about half a turn and lay still again. Quickly I seized it and tried to lift it.

"It must be a powerful magnet of some kind," I said. "Won't let go of the steel tabletop."

"Then why didn't it attract your chisel? That's steel too." As he spoke, Tom handed me a dish of iron filings and watched as I sprinkled them over the tiny sphere. Nothing happened. The iron filings fell like dust. I bent close to the table and blew them away, and then I noticed that where the object had rested previously there was a small but nonetheless definite indentation in the sheet steel of the tabletop. Tom watched me expectantly.

"Have you weighed it?" I said.

He nodded. "Measured and weighed it. Hank Kuka helped me move it. Its total volume is slightly more than a cubic centimeter and it weighs approximately two hundred pounds. That's better than a ton to the cubic inch."

"Why approximately? Won't your balance give you an exact weight?"

"Sure," he said, "but after you weigh it a few times, you'll say approximately too. We weighed it very carefully, and we couldn't believe it, so we weighed it again. The second time it weighed slightly more, and that made us try a third time. Still more. I thought I was going crazy, so I called you."

"How about its size? Have you measured that more than once?"

"That was our first idea—that it was growing. But no. It gets no bigger, just heavier."

There was no point in further speculation until we learned more about the substance on the table. Anything with such density as this stuff possessed could be expected to have other queer properties. Its density is difficult to illustrate by ordinary comparisons. Lead, for example, is generally considered a heavy metal, and one cubic foot of it weighs some 700 pounds. But a quick calculation with the figures Tom gave me showed that a cubic foot of his new element—if it was an element—would weigh five and one-half *million* pounds! The bit we had on the table was only one sixteenth of a cubic inch, and it had dented the steel tabletop simply by resting upon it.

But aside from its weight, what were its other properties?

"At least we can give it a name," I said. "How about Hernandium?"

"No, thanks," Tom said. "Let's call it Magellanium, after the Project." So we called it that.

We gave it every quick test we knew. The lump of Magellanium resisted all acids, even though its low luster gave it a metallic appearance. It refused to form a compound with any other element, not even carbon, under any of the conditions we created.

It was nonmagnetic and wouldn't conduct electricity. Under a high-powered microscope its surface failed to disclose any striations or irregularities. In fact, I found nothing distinguishing until a heavy truck passing on the street outside jarred the foundations of the building. It was not a jar you could feel, but I heard the truck while looking through the microscope, and at the same instant a shimmering wave passed over the object I was examining. It endured only a fraction of a second.

"Tom!" I shouted. "I think it's a liquid. Pound the table. Give it a few solid blows while I see what happens."

Tom did as I asked and with each blow of his fist the same wave of multi-colored light appeared in the microscope. I let him observe while I pounded.

"That could also explain the spherical form," Tom said. "A drop of any liquid with a high surface tension would form into a ball—like mercury." He paused, thinking about this, and then went on: "Has it occurred to you that what we may have here is a single gigantic atom of some new element? The force holding the protons of an atom together can be treated as surface tension too. My positron bombardment may have filled up all the interstices with neutrinos."

"There's no doubt but what your positrons had something to do with producing it, because that's the only new factor you introduced into your experiment. But I won't say yet that this is a single atom or even a single molecule."

"But the incredible weight!"

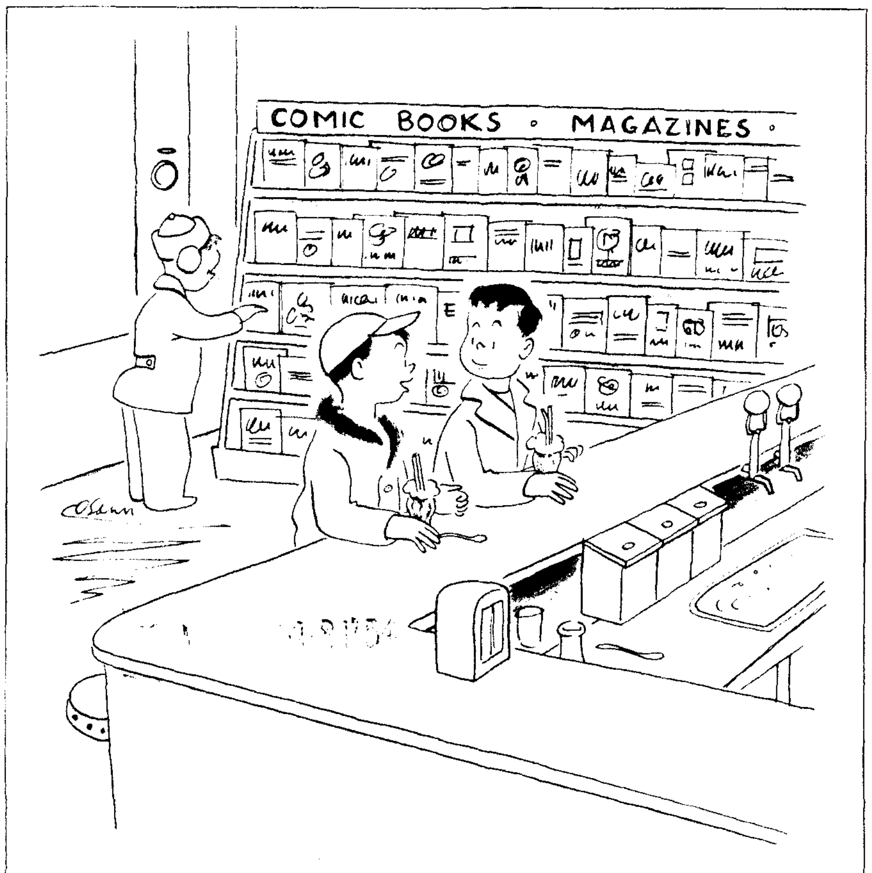
ALWAYS it came back to that. In spite of its other peculiar properties, or lack of properties, the weight was the single quality differentiating it most sharply from any known substance. Tom and Hank Kuka had weighed the object just before I arrived; now Tom and I weighed it again, carrying it to the balance in a basket he'd rigged out of a steel crucible. The spectacle of two strong men straining to transport so insignificant an object was ridiculous.

Tom looked at the balance arm and said softly, "Phil, look! Now it shows a decrease in weight. Did you ever see anything like that!"

It was only a little after ten o'clock but Tom had been up for nearly forty-eight hours and I'd been up since three thirty that morning, so I suggested that we get some rest and tackle the problem again in the morning. He sadly agreed. So we lowered our sample of Magellanium, still in its steel crucible, into a lead casket which was ordinarily used for storing radioactive elements. Then we bolted down the lid.

"A little sleep may help us solve the problem," I said.

"I'm not sure," Tom said. "Some-



COLLIER'S "I could never get along on my allowance if my baby sitters didn't bribe me to behave" KATE OSANN

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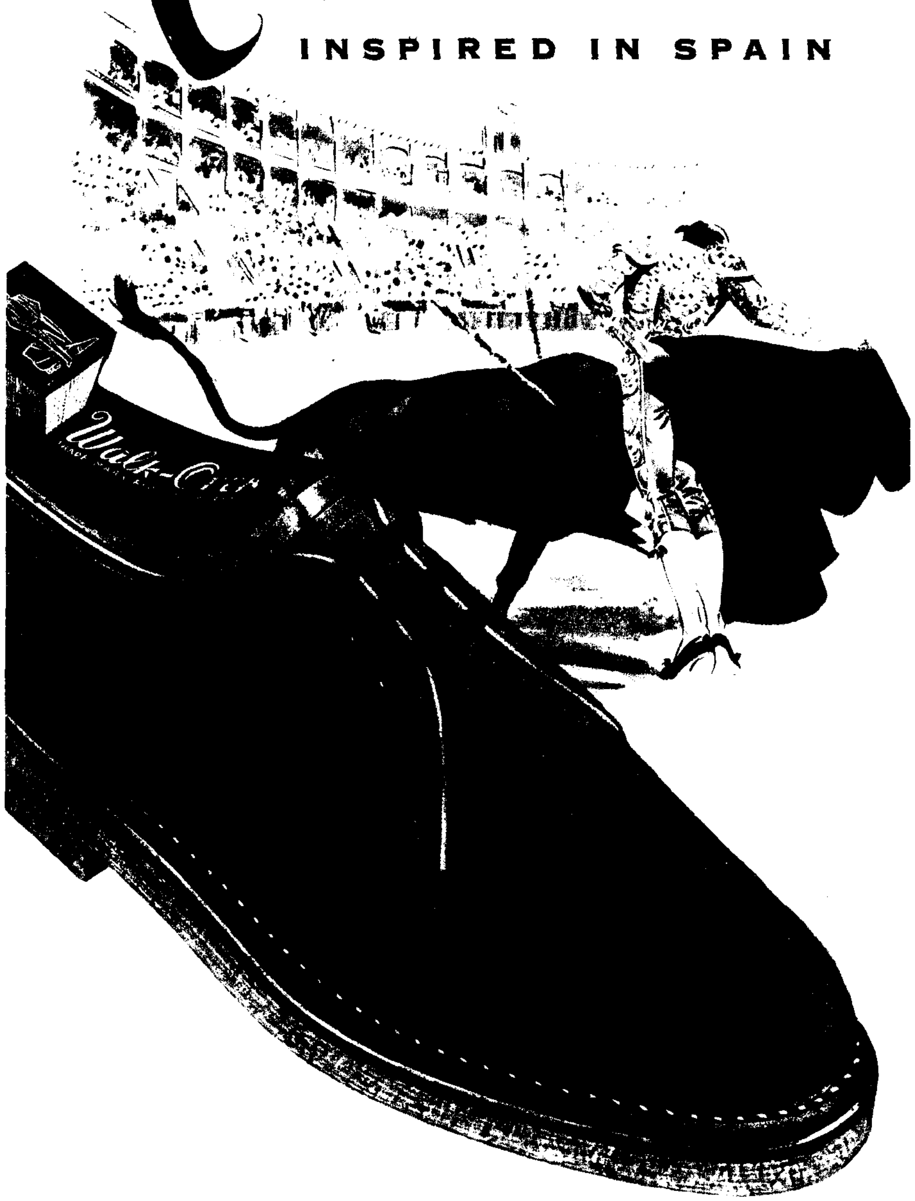

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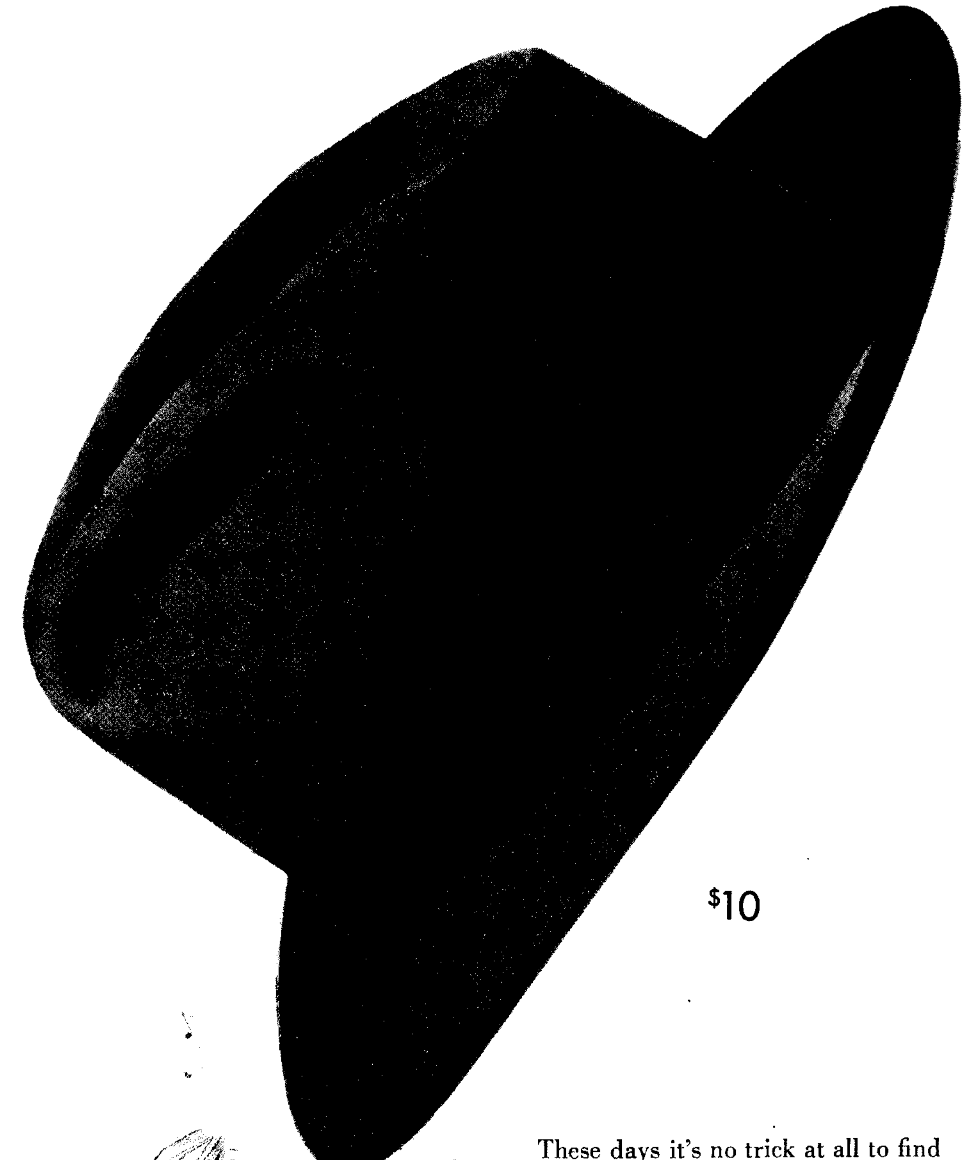

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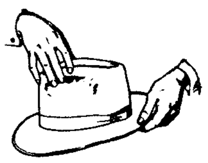

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times when you're faced with a problem it's a mistake ever to leave it until it's solved." Then he looked across the room at the lead casket and smiled. "One phase of this pleases me. It will be such a pleasure showing the Magellanium to Osborn. That's why I wish I knew more about it first."

We left Q Building together and walked across to the laboratory commissary for a nightcap. There wasn't much of a crowd when we arrived and we found a quiet table and ordered drinks—vodka for Tom and bourbon for me. Tom finished his drink first and said good night. I stayed a while, relaxing after a long, exciting day.

I looked around the room then and saw Aaron Matthews sitting with Gail at a table not far from mine. They didn't see me. Obviously they weren't seeing anyone except each other. Aaron's face was pale and his gestures betrayed a nervous tension new to him. Gail was in no better state. She'd smile brightly at him, and then the smile would suddenly fade to an expression of hopeless adoration and her cheeks would color. They had all the symptoms of a couple who were on the brink of a passionate love affair and were trying hard to resist it.

I looked away. There was something about watching these two people, with their intense passion for each other, that was embarrassing. Had Aaron and Gail been destined to reach a permanent and satisfying solution to their present suffering, the situation would have been comic; but knowing Aaron was soon to leave the earth for good, I couldn't help feeling the sight of them was tragic.

LATER, Gail told Susan and me that Aaron had taken her to see the Black Planet that evening. For security reasons, their visit had been secret. When she left Q Building that evening, she had gone to a small transformer shed that stood beside the road from the valley. She waited out of sight until she heard a jeep coming up the road. When the jeep drew near the building and stopped, she heard Aaron call softly, "Gail?"

She came out then. "Aaron, it's all right, isn't it? You won't get into trouble?"

His low laugh reassured her. "Get in." He made a U turn and started back down to the valley.

"Darling," she said, "I know my wanting to see inside the ship seems silly to you, but I want to be able to close my eyes and see you as you'll be. Don't mind if I sound foolish. I'm excited and afraid, and—I love you, Aaron." She moved close to him, and pressed her cheek to his shoulder.

"Don't worry about this, Gail. I've broken very few regulations in my life. In fact, this is the first time I've ever done so deliberately, and it isn't so very important—the regulation, I mean. If you want to see where I'll be, I'll show you. It will give me a memory too, you know."

They drove down the road, past the sentry gate—with Gail kneeling on the floor—and then in under the belly of the Black Planet, where the concrete supports stood like the columns of an ancient temple all around them. Aaron led her among the pale columns to the base of the long steel stairway leading up to the ship's entrance. "Up we go, quickly." Reaching the platform at the top, she climbed up into a square room. Aaron followed and pulled down on a lever near the door. There was a sharp hiss of air and the thick door slid shut. In the dusk she leaned trembling against him.

"We'll have to skip the lower tier," he said. "Part of the crew is at work in the chartroom. This way." His hand gripped hers and she followed him into a dim corridor and then into a cubicle where a ladder ascended through a narrow shaft. "We can get the elevator on the second tier. On this tier it's right in front of the chartroom."

THE secrecy increased Gail's excitement because she knew it wasn't regulations he was worried about. He wanted her visit for his personal secret.

"We won't use this as a ladder in space," he said. "This is next to the core where the centrifugal force will be least. We'll just sort of float along it using the rungs for handholds."

But it was a ladder now. Gail went up it fast enough, but her legs felt weak when she reached the landing on the second tier. She looked down when she heard Aaron call to one of his crew, "It's only Matthews, Sid. I'm going up. Remain at ease." Then he climbed up to where she was.

"Now that we're up here, we can inspect the ship as we please. Shall we start here or at the top?"

"Anywhere," she said. She moved close to him and stood on tiptoe to brush her lips across his cheek.

"Not here in the shaft," he said, and led her into a large dim compartment. He touched a switch and immediately one wall glowed with a soft radiance. She glanced about and suddenly felt she had lost her sense of balance. On the wall in front of her stood furniture, thrusting out at right angles to the floor upon which she stood. She clutched Aaron's arm for support.

"We're standing on a wall," he said. "When we're in space, that will be the floor over there. Everything's bolted into place." She felt almost weightless now, standing on a wall and seeing the furniture hanging in front of her.

"Isn't there any place that's level in relation to the earth?"

"Only the first and sixth tiers. We'll go up to the sixth." They walked on across the wall and then out into another corridor where she felt on an even keel again. Aaron stopped before the elevator panel and pressed a button. "In space this will be a shuttle from one end of the ship to the other."

They got into the elevator and went up to the sixth tier. The furniture was on the floor here. This would be the crew's quarters during the ascent and altered after they arrived in space. Huge windows overhead were blacked out by the bullet-shaped head that rested on top of the ship, but eventually this would be an observation room, as would a similar room on the first tier.

In the wall that would eventually be the floor, a bubble of clear plastic protruded outward. Gail stood before it and found she was looking out over the Project. Never before had she realized how high the Black Planet stood above the ground. She looked out over the buildings, the hills surrounding the valley, and into a clear night sky.

It will be something like this, she thought, except that men will be kneeling around this window instead of standing in front of it. They'll all be looking down. No matter how the Black Planet turns, they'll always be looking down. The earth will be a giant ball and the moon will be visible much more of the time than it is now. A bigger moon and brighter stars. And the sun—why, it will nearly always be daylight except when the earth makes an

CHAS. SKILES

COLLIER'S "The two singles will be all right if they're within whispering distance" CHARLES SKILES

eclipse. There will be daylight and a dark sky with the stars and moon and all the planets and the sun visible at the same time, and a group of men here—doing what? They'll be watching the silent earth through their instruments. They'll be all-powerful; they'll let nothing start on earth that can threaten peace. A sub is spotted in the Pacific. The turn of a dial, the clocking of progress on the radar screen, the missile and target come together, and the ship is destroyed. A city, an army, a nation. The men in this ship will bring about the long enforced peace—of fear.

SHE turned away from the bubble and flung herself against Aaron, suddenly crying. "It's not real! I don't care what the plans are; they won't work. They can't. That isn't the way humans are. Men weren't meant to live in fear!"

He held her close. "But it will be best for everyone. Aren't men going to get what they've always wanted—the end of conflict?"

"No," she cried. "They want an end to senseless conflict, but not an end to freedom!" Then she controlled herself, aware that they were closer now than ever before, aware that she must not spoil this moment by challenging the life that was to claim him. She said quietly, "We're all alone, Aaron. Think what could happen if the ship were ready to go—if the fuel was in the tanks, the food was stored, and the ventilation system was working."

"It is working in this tier," he said. "The air we're breathing now is the air we'll be using on the flight."

"Then at least I'll leave a breath of myself with you. But think, Aaron, this is a complete world in itself. It doesn't belong to the earth even as much as the moon does, for the moon can't get away or change its orbit. But the Black Planet can be as free as the men who operate it choose to make it."

"No, Gail. It can't be free. Its power will take it only to the free-flight zone."

"I was dreaming," she said. "But if the tanks were fueled and the food stored—what's the margin of safety—twenty years? Twenty years together? If you should pull the lever while you and I are alone here? With just the two of us, wouldn't the supplies last a lifetime? And it would be all our world! The whole universe—and you and I."

"Gail! Even dreaming—"

"It's a better dream than the dream of circling the earth with your load of bombs! That isn't human. It's the dead end of everything. It won't happen! There was a spirit that inspired the building of this ship, but that spirit didn't mean the ship to be used to police and patrol mankind!" She had grown angry as she spoke, and now Aaron seized her wrists, not roughly, and pulled her down on one of the ascent cots.

Under his calm, loving gaze, her anger left her, and she flung her arms around him. She kissed him passionately, knowing that her own feelings were much more powerful than his but suddenly not caring how much she showed them if only she could break down his reserve. She felt his grasp tighten on her shoulders, and there was a new tenderness in the touch of his hands, a trembling huskiness in his whisper: "Gail, I—I didn't know. I didn't dare let myself feel this way."

"We must go, Aaron. Please, please, forgive me! No, darling, I love you. I'll love you forever, but we must go. Don't you understand why? No, please take me home. Please, Aaron, please!"

He held her close to him, pressing her body against his, as though unable to grant her plea. She tore herself away, ran out into the corridor, and pushed the button for the elevator. Aaron joined her, miserable and silent.

When they had gone down the long stairway into the night, he helped her into the jeep, mutely apologetic, and then he started back along the road the way they'd come.

But they couldn't bear to part yet. They had aroused each other to the point where the touch of a hand had all the electric quality of an intimate caress. Gail finally suggested that they go have coffee or a whisky at the commissary.

AFTER Gail had told me of their visit to the Black Planet, I was more puzzled than ever by her behavior in this love affair. Feeling as she and Aaron did, why hadn't they gone to Gail's apartment where they could have had all the privacy they wanted? Without her being deliberately conscious of it, I was sure that Gail didn't want to cure Aaron of the suffocating desire she'd inspired. She wanted to keep him in her power. She was trying to force Aaron into something. I didn't like the situation at all. —DAVID DUNCAN

(This is the first of four parts)

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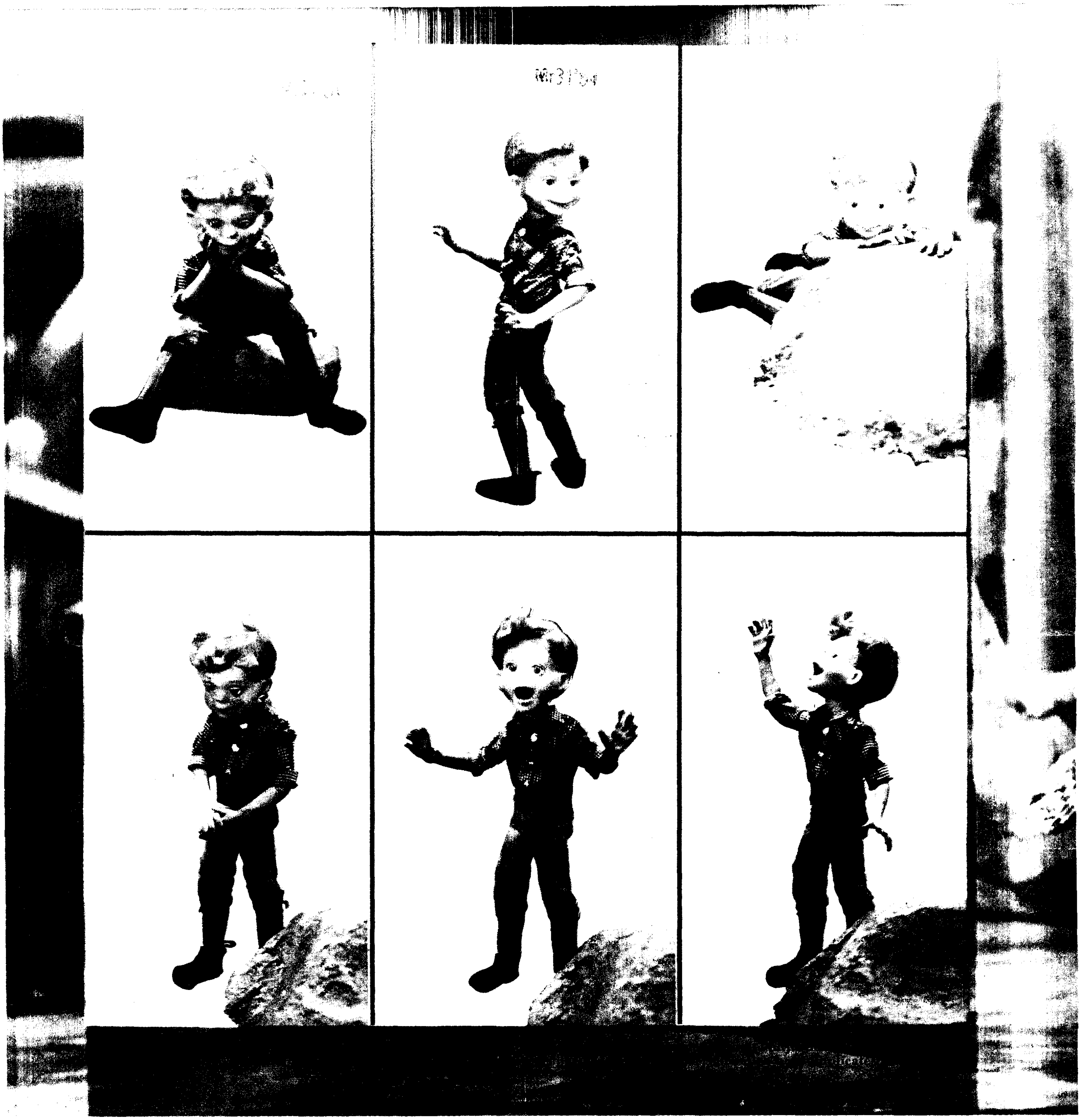
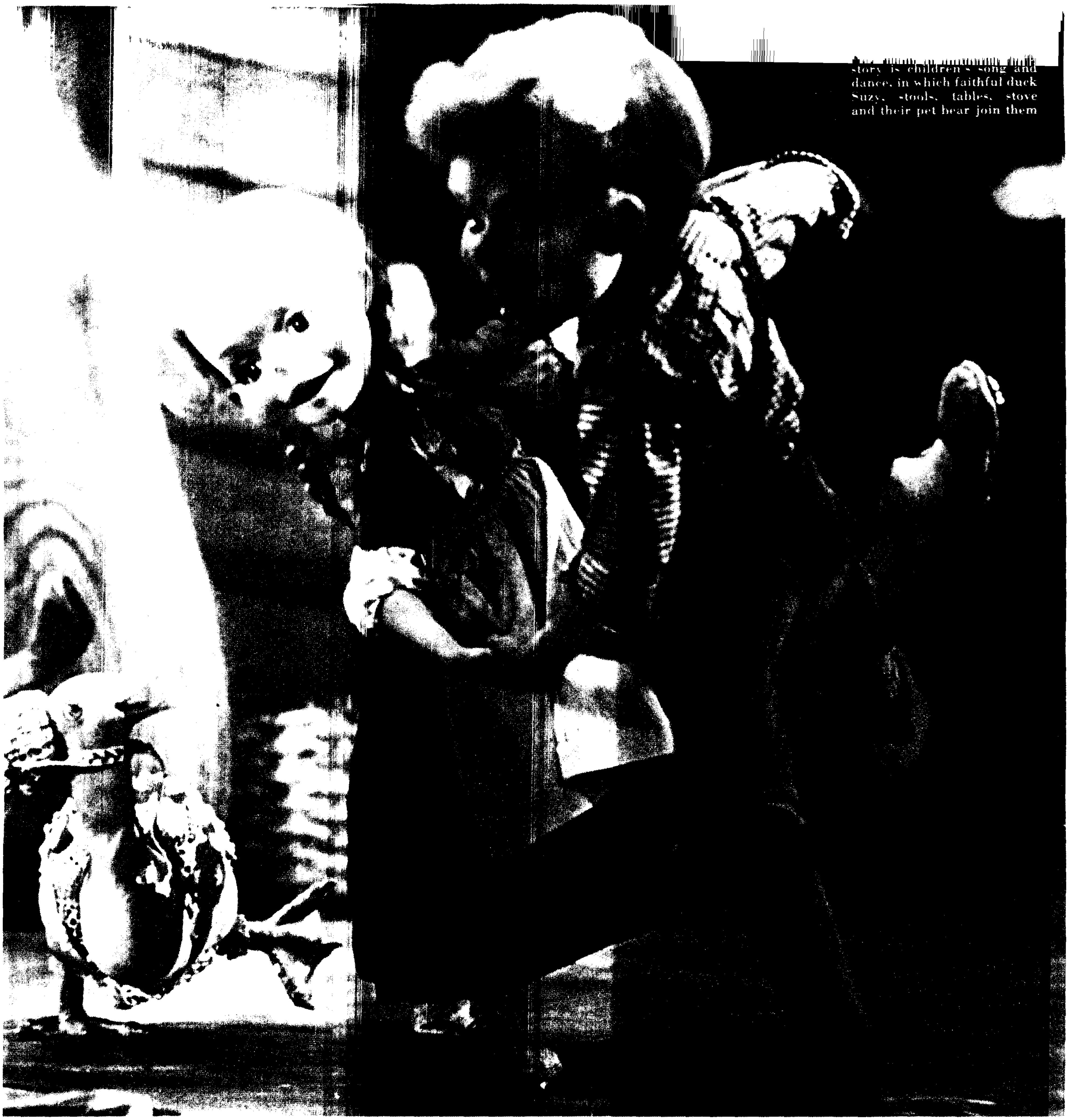


COLLIER'S
COLOR CAMERA

SUPER PUPPETS



story is children's song and dance, in which faithful duck Suzy, stools, tables, stove and their pet bear join them

UPPETS, like people, have been basically the same for many hundreds of years. But a lot of scientific progress has rubbed off on them along the way. Punch and Judy are in fast company today. Take Kinemins. These dolls are stars and featured players in a forthcoming film version of the musical fairy tale Hansel and Gretel. One third life-size, Kinemins have jointed aluminum and steel skeletons, feet magnetized for balance, elaborate head mechanisms and a synthetic rubber covering uncomfortably like real flesh.

The new puppet-actors are a refinement of current animated-figure techniques. For Hansel and Gretel they are being photographed in a stop-action process much like cartoon animation, against a series of three-dimensional sets.

Kinemins are the product of a half-million dollars and 15 years of dogged research by theatrical producer and onetime agent Michael Myerberg (The Skin of Our Teeth, Lute Song). Myerberg, who feels live actors are limited in characterization because audiences always recognize them as personalities, says, "The super marionette will add a new dimension to theatrical expression."

Toward that goal, over a period of 18 months, Myerberg and 50 artists and technicians have been putting Hansel and Gretel together, frame by frame, in an old assembly hall in downtown New York City. The script, based on Grimm's original story and Humperdinck's opera about a poor broommaker's children who run afoul of a witch, is by Irish poet Padraic Colum. Dialogue and song are dubbed by leading stage voices, backed by a 60-piece symphony and the Apollo Boys Choir.

The full-length Technicolor fantasy will be released sometime this summer. Critics are likely to cheer its inventiveness and artistry. But, as for a new dimension, Gretel hasn't yet got the edge on Ava Gardner. —EVELYN HARVEY

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY LAURA BEAUJON

NICK the GREEK—

AT FOUR o'clock one morning, a monstrous atomic test explosion rattled Las Vegas windows and drowned acres of expensive neon in an awesome flash of light. Nobody paid any attention; it was only the scientists at the Nevada testing grounds fiddling with the trigger of the universe again.

Half an hour later, however, all Las Vegas was aroused by an event of really electrifying interest. In the 30 minutes following the explosion, the original Nick the Greek, the highest-rolling professional free-lance gambler in the history of the United States, dropped $90,000 in a crap game.

When this news got around town, squads of tourists headed at once for the Flamingo Hotel, where the game was in progress. Even hardened natives, people who could not have been dragged out at that hour by fire, war or the promise of salvation, began to arrive at the scene of the historic action in tieless, carpet-slippered, baggy-eyed condition. Before the baleful mushroom cloud to the north had entirely drifted away, the Flamingo casino was jammed by a rapt and craning crowd.

At the center of the crowd stood the history maker himself—a tall, serene-appearing, tastefully dressed man with a slight droop, or table bend, to his shoulders. Under a smoky beam of light, he looked a good deal like a figure in a waxworks. His broad forehead gleamed palely under curly, graying hair; his dark eyes gazed out over the crowd, seeming neither to wink nor to see, as though his mind were out for the evening. In the tricky light, the deep lines and hollows of his face gave him an expression of faint weariness and faint amusement. Nothing about him moved except the manicured fingers of his right hand, rapidly riffling a little pile of chips.

As his losses mounted from $90,000 to $120,000, Nick the Greek began to bet sums that equaled two years of the average man's salary. Most of the spectators watched this action in strain and fascination, but there was one plump, housewifely-looking woman whose mind seemed to be on other things. Just as the premier gambler was laying $10,000 in chips on the don't-pass line, she tugged vigorously at his sleeve.

"Psssst!" she whispered, rolling an eye at the other gamblers. "Which one is Nick the Greek?"

There are times a gentleman should not be interrupted. Slowly, as though recalling his mind from mathematical distances, Nick the Greek turned to gaze down upon the woman.

"Madam," he said, quietly but firmly, "there is no Nick the Greek."

"No Nick the Greek?" exclaimed the woman, aghast. "Why, he's the most famous gambler in the world!" She stood off and sized him up, eyes narrowing. "What's *your* name?" she inquired suspiciously.

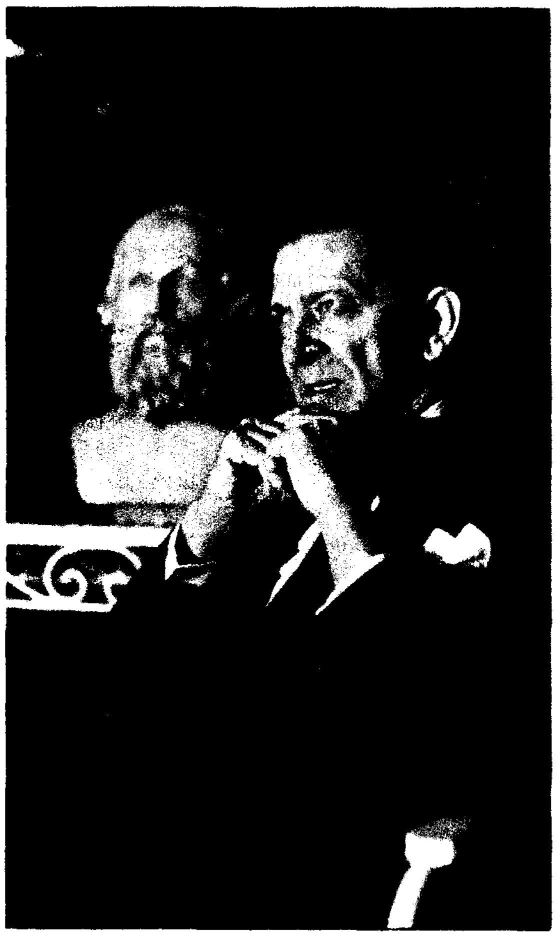
"Nicholas Andrea Dandolos," replied Nick the

Famed for his losses—in 42 years more than $500,000,000 has passed through his hands—Nick is shown at Las Vegas playing faro bank, a game he likes because the house has no edge

Fabulous King of the Gamblers

By RICHARD DONOVAN and HANK GREENSPUN

Here for the first time is the colorful story of a living legend, a mystery man who's won and lost millions in a spirited duel with the law of chance —often for huge stakes. Take the time a player accused him of quitting while ahead. Nick offered the deck. "High card," he said, "for $550,000"



Nick's the only known gambler with a college degree in philosophy. It helps when he loses. "Stars and their satellites, people and their bundles," he reasons, "they come and go . . ."

Greek simply. "A foe of fustian and hallucination —at your service."

Although he delivered these lines with theatrical sweep, Nick the Greek lapsed into a somber mood after the woman had moved off. It made no difference that his luck turned, so that he won back most of his losses in the two hours before the game broke up. The woman had touched one of his sorest spots. She had called him famous.

Nick the Greek deplores fame. "In my profession," he says, "fame is usually followed by a jail sentence." Nevertheless, fame is what he has, and in hair-raising abundance. Every year, thousands of visitors to Las Vegas bend every effort to have a look at him. "We pay $40,000 a week for floor shows," says one casino owner, "but Nick is still the best draw in town." At the beginning of the 1953 summer season, a Las Vegas newspaper polled more than 100 out-of-state tourists on the question: "Which of southern Nevada's great natural wonders do you want most to see?" The results of the poll had to be hushed up. Nick the Greek ran eight votes ahead of Hoover Dam.

In the gambling world, Nick the Greek's celebrity is such that his slightest move may have coast-to-coast repercussions. A couple of years ago, for example, he was dancing with Ava Gardner at the Hotel Last Frontier in Las Vegas. He was in impeccable evening dress except for one brown-and white shoe which he had absent-mindedly neglected to change while dressing for the evening.

Columnist Starts a New Fashion Trend

Three days later, New York columnist Ed Sullivan revealed that Nick the Greek's luck had been running so bad he had taken to wearing one black and one brown-and-white shoe to break the spell. A few days after that, half the habitual horse players at Belmont appeared in one black and one brown-and-white shoe.

"A disgusting display of primitive superstition," Nick the Greek says.

As a man who has spent two thirds of his sixty-one years trying to make head or tail of the human race, Nick the Greek is inclined to look upon his fame as a form of superstition. On this point, however, he is in error. In 42 years of everyday action, which is the gambler's name for gambling, unimaginable sums of cash, probably exceeding $500,000,000, have passed through his hands. Of this grand total, more than $50,000,000 has stayed with him long enough for him to count it and put it in a safe-deposit box. When word got around that Nick the Greek had cleared more money in his lifetime than most banks, it was only natural that he should be canonized as the top money gambler in this nation of gamblers, which last year alone wagered away an estimated $20,000,000,000, or approximately $5,000,000,000 more than the cost of the Korean war.

Cash alone has not brought Nick the Greek to his present eminence, of course. He is the spiritual mentor of every serious two-dollar bettor. He seems to throw money, that respected life-and-death proposition, to the wind. He is the spirit of chance. "When Mr. Nick walks in our place," said one veteran pit boss at Las Vegas' Desert Inn recently, "the house gets ready for big action."

A Lifetime of "Reversals of Position"

Few, if any, men have had such wild diversification in their economic lives. A few months ago Nick the Greek was wealthy; today he is busted; tomorrow he will undoubtedly be wealthy again. In fact, he has been alternately wealthy or busted 73 times in his life, by scrupulous count. He finds these rapid reversals of position extremely invigorating, and any opposition to them unreasonable.

"Evolution and dissolution is the law of the universe," he said a while ago. "Stars and their satellites, people and their bundles—they come and go. It's a good law: freshens things up; makes everybody young again, so to speak.

"But do you know," Nick the Greek added wonderingly, "I've seen people who committed suicide after being tapped out only once. Imagine! Reactionaries in the face of the universal law! Set like flint against any little change!"

Unlike most other high rollers, Nick the Greek owes his fame not to his great winnings but to his great losses—a natural phenomenon, perhaps, since he was expected to win all the time. He has walked into a high-class floating crap game in New York with $1,600,000 and walked out 12 days later wearing a bemused expression, having dropped the largest bundle in the shortest time in the history of crap shooting. He has won a little, too, of course. He has walked into a Hot Springs stud poker game with $20,000 and emerged seven hours later with $550,000. With one exception, this score, or winning, is very probably the largest ever made by one man in one session of any kind of poker. The exception is gambler Arnold Rothstein's $750,000-plus score in a New York stud game in which he won $605,000 in a single pot. Nick the Greek lost the pot.

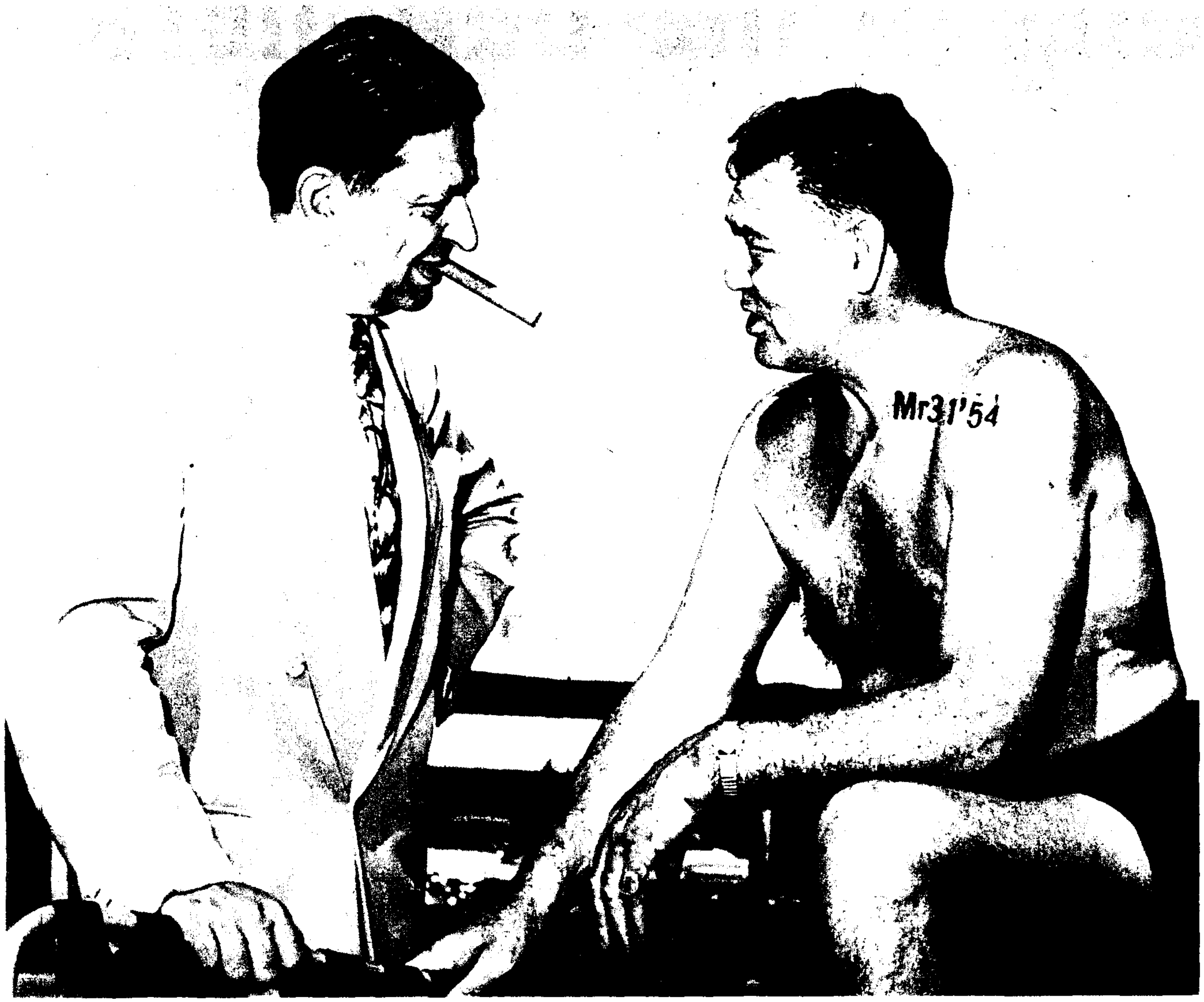
In the celebrated Hot Springs game, Nick the Greek, a man who considers a sneeze a vulgar display of emotion at a card table, played with the cool efficiency and the indifference to loss that have

Nick the Greek Gives the Odds

"Faro bank is the safest gamble for an amateur, since it's almost a dead-even shot against the house. Next is dice; the player can keep the odds against him down to 1.03 to 1. The odds stacked against the player in twenty-one are about 1.06 to 1. But the toughest popular game for a player to buck is roulette: even when he bets on the safest possibility —the red or the black—a player gives the house a 1.11-to-1 edge"

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JOHN FLOREA

Fiscally, Nick has gone from prince to pauper 73 times. He finds it stimulating



DESERT SEA NEWS PHOTO

Nick at Las Vegas with Jack Dempsey, one of his many friends among the world's celebrities

made him a legend. He faced one opponent, a notoriously arrogant multimillionaire New York corporation lawyer, in a hotel room crowded with eager kibitzers. After agreeing that the game would end when one or the other player had lost $20,000, Nick the Greek settled down to his business, which was (despite the niceties of gambler fiction) to pauperize the other man utterly, so that he would have to borrow the money to phone for more money.

The lawyer won all the early hands. Emboldened, he inquired in the most condescending tones whether his opponent would care to make a little side bet of $80,000 on the outcome. The bet was made. As Nick the Greek continued to lose, however, the kibitzers, who had been waiting until they saw a sure thing, also began to offer Nick side bets. Cheerfully, as though they were doing him a favor, he took them all, to a total of $450,000.

After an hour and forty-five minutes of play, he was down to $3,400 and seemed certain to go under. But then the cards began to fall his way. Pressing his luck, betting always faster and higher, he took the perspiring lawyer for 37 out of 40 hands in the next 75 minutes, to win $450,000 in side bets, $100,000 from the lawyer and the game.

As Nick the Greek was about to leave the room, the lawyer asked him a question that stopped all sound and movement around him. "Do you always run as soon as you win a score?" he inquired loftily.

For reply, Nick the Greek returned to the table, shuffled the cards and laid them in front of the lawyer.

"Pull one," he said. "High card takes $550,000."

He waited three minutes in heavy silence for the lawyer to make his move, but that gentleman seemed immobilized. The ashen attorney was still staring helplessly at the deck as Nick walked out.

Over the years, wind of such actions as the Hot Springs game has naturally made Nick the Greek a target for rumor.

It is generally believed, for example, that he once won the Woolworth Building. This is nonsense. He once won half a city block in downtown Los Angeles, but not the Woolworth Building. It is also believed that he once played faro bank for ten days and nights without sleep. He has played faro only eight days and nights without sleep.

In appearance, Nick the Greek is widely supposed by people who have never seen him to be swarthy, thick-bodied, jut-jawed, loud, crudely aggressive and given to pin-stripe suits cut to accommodate shoulder holsters. Some authorities hold that he headquarters in a richly ornamented mosque in Turkey, surrounded by reedy music, incense, rich food and rubbery belly dancers of the Levant; others say he operates out of a Chicago hotel, at the center of bands of hoodlums, touts, adventuresses, fixed cops and so on; still others contend that he lives alone in an 18-room suite in a Las Vegas hotel, emerging only at night, cold-eyed, wise to everything, flanked by bodyguards.

The only trouble with all this powerful folklore is Nick the Greek himself. At the center of all the noise and speculation stands a sensitive and courtly six-foot man with a cultivated, rather professorial air, humanitarian instincts, a sharp, sometimes caustic wit and a talent for conversational counterpunching. In jangling Las Vegas, he lives like a relative ascetic in a small, middle-priced ($10-a-day) room in the Hotel Last Frontier. There is very little that is his in the room—no books, pictures, appliances or bric-a-brac. When he feels the need for reading or retreat, he is driven to the Beverly Wilshire Hotel, in Beverly Hills, California, where he keeps a trunkful of books in the basement. He does not find it necessary to own jewelry, a car, a watch, a fountain pen, a billfold or even a gun.

"So long as I own a controlling interest in my own mind," he says, "I'm satisfied."

In the shifting and frequently violent semiunderworld of the professional gambler, that uneasy jungle lying between the mobster and the law, Nick the Greek is a towering enigma. For one thing, he has never been heisted or arrested. In the world he inhabited, gamblers were always being robbed, beaten, kidnaped, killed or hauled in for what they had on them or what they knew. Nick, however, has walked gingerly but safely, between all fronts, untouched by gangland or the police. His one brush with the law took place in Los Angeles. He got a ticket for jaywalking there.

His Philosophy Degree Has Its Uses

His immunity to violence and incarceration are only two reasons why Nick the Greek mystifies other gamblers. He also holds a bachelor's degree in philosophy from the Greek Evangelical College at Smyrna, Turkey. No other professional gambler of record was ever so encumbered.

Among sports, it is widely believed that education has affected his mind. While everybody else is reading the Racing Form, Nick the Greek reads Plato's Dialogues and the works of Aristotle—a practice that has caused him to be called the "Aristotle of the don't-pass line."

Basically, Nick the Greek is a kind of strolling metaphysician, astray among crapshooters. Gambling may be his profession, but philosophy is his staff. His eye never seems to close upon the world, which he has come to regard as a kind of forest of greased poles up which mankind is frantically scrambling with the seat of its pants on fire.

"Nobody gets to the top," he says, contentedly. "Nobody gets any exclusive laurels. Serenity is the reward of intelligence. It is also the reward of stupidity. I've seen the peace of angels written on the faces of heads as empty as basketballs."

As a commentator with an unusual angle of view on humanity, Nick the Greek has never wanted for listeners. Women find him particularly absorbing. Although he has never married, research indicates that he has been the ranking escort of whole choruses of Broadway, Hollywood and Las Vegas beauties, not to mention ladies of the social register and the arts, sciences and professions.

"I've never gambled with women," he says. "It's unmanly. Women are the keel and the adornment of the race. They should not be warred against nor engaged in practical conversation, which brings out their intellectual side. I have rarely met an intellectual woman who wasn't a little ostentatious about it."

Nick the Greek regards strutting, pompous men as "essentially conservationists, husbanding ignorance to pass on to future generations." Time and again, he has lost money to inferior players for the privilege of watching them cheat him. "There ought to be an amusement tax on cunning," he says.

His position on manual labor is that it is ridiculous. "I am a follower of Socrates," he says. "Socrates never lifted a pick, but he leveled a thousand walls between man and man."

On one occasion, however, some passing high rollers were astounded to see Nick the Greek furiously digging a sewer ditch in a Chicago street. He had been walking to his hotel in evening clothes after an all-night action when he saw a thin old man feebly shoveling earth from the ditch. Apparently affronted by the sight of a fellow human being still cornered by physical work in his winter years, Nick jumped in and finished the job himself.

"There was nothing sentimental about it," he

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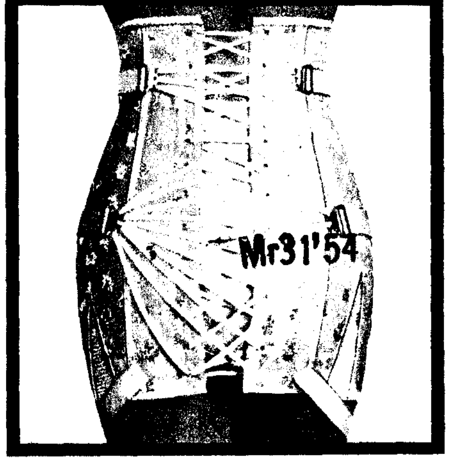

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denied heatedly, later on. "I was merely trying to beat the principle of manual labor to death with a shovel."

While he is tolerant of many things, Nick the Greek will make no separate peace with bumbling. "I would rather have a waiter spill soup on me deliberately than accidentally," he says. "I can come to an understanding with the deliberate man, but the bumbler I have always to fear."

A few months ago, a New York publisher besought Nick the Greek to set down his life story in a book. "If you told everything, you would have a best seller," the publisher said. "Not at all," Nick the Greek corrected him. "I would have a subpoena."

His friends in the writing profession insist that such a mass of literary riches as himself must have a few old manuscripts hidden away somewhere.

"I have never written anything longer than a telegram," he assures them. "I am not sufficiently advanced in the art of deception for sustained composition."

However much he avoids writing and writers (this is the first time he has ever permitted anyone to write about him), Nick the Greek nevertheless probes himself and others like the most diligent of novelists in quest of a theme. "Searching the average mind is like frisking a seal," he reports. Despite this finding, the human mind still fascinates and repels the learned gambler. "That tangle of ganglia has pried into the secrets of the sun," he complains, "but all that has come of it is a bomb." To a Las Vegas chorine who once questioned his intentions in quoting her passages from Shakespeare's Rape of Lucrece, he observed impatiently: "Your mind is like a filter on a cigarette; all it catches are impurities."

Analysis of a Gambler's Mind

Nick the Greek's own mind, which has been described as a cross between a business machine, a passion flower and an ice cube, has served him well. On occasion, however, he has expected a little too much of it.

A few years ago, for example, he undressed and climbed into bed at the Beverly Wilshire Hotel at 11:00 A.M., after 48 hours of poker playing. He had a date to meet a man in the lobby half an hour later. Reasoning that, as always, he could arise clearheaded after only minutes of sleep, he dozed off. He was awakened by his caller telephoning impatiently from the lobby. Astonished at having overslept, he leaped from bed, threw on some clothes and hurried down the hallway. Ringing the elevator bell and gazing absently into a full-length wall mirror, he beheld himself entirely unclad except for shoes, socks and a black Homburg hat. "I would have consulted a psychiatrist that afternoon," he says, "but I was afraid of compounding the confusion."

As a relatively sturdy oak, Nick the Greek naturally attracts clinging vines.

"I'm just working up to die," a downhearted roulette dealer wailed to him recently.

"Excellent!" Nick the Greek exclaimed, beaming. "Death is a sound sleep undisturbed by foolish dreams."

"Death is a chute to hell," groaned the dealer.

"Nothing of the kind," said Nick the Greek. "Hell dies with you."

In the gambling world, thought and conversation are specialized, which is to say that they are confined mostly to a discussion of the odds on table play. This situation has made Nick the Greek, who, for all his philosophy, cannot drag himself from the green cloth, one of the world's loneliest men.

"Most of the people I know think aesthetics is something that puts you to sleep before an operation," he says.

Such remarks have caused some of Nick the Greek's associates to become a little critical of him. "You're such a headshrinker, how come you're always with a new doll all the time?" Isidor (Big Juice) Murphy, the retired tout, inquired testily a while ago.

"There is a philosophy in the flesh," Nick the Greek replied.

The most puzzling aspect of Nick the Greek, so far as other gamblers are concerned, is his attitude toward money. At the gambling table, cash is his instrument and his reward—he goes after it with a cold, compulsive drive awesome to behold. Away from the tables, however, he seems to lose all interest in it. He may forget to pay a taxi driver, or he may give him $20. He may walk around with thousands of dollars in large bills stuffed in various pockets, dropping a few here and there in reaching for his handkerchief or a cigar.

"To Nick, money isn't something you save or buy things with," says Sid Wyman, an old and high-rolling friend. "I think he'd give it up altogether if he didn't need it for gambling. He must have sent a couple of hundred thousand to the cleaners in his time."

That's true. In New York, on one occasion, Nick left $100,000 in cash in the pocket of an overcoat which he hung with dozens of other overcoats in the dark entrance to a basement crap game. Remembering it after hours, he strolled out and found the coat with the money in it.

"It was 30-to-one even the coat wouldn't have been there," he says.

Mourning a Lost Opportunity

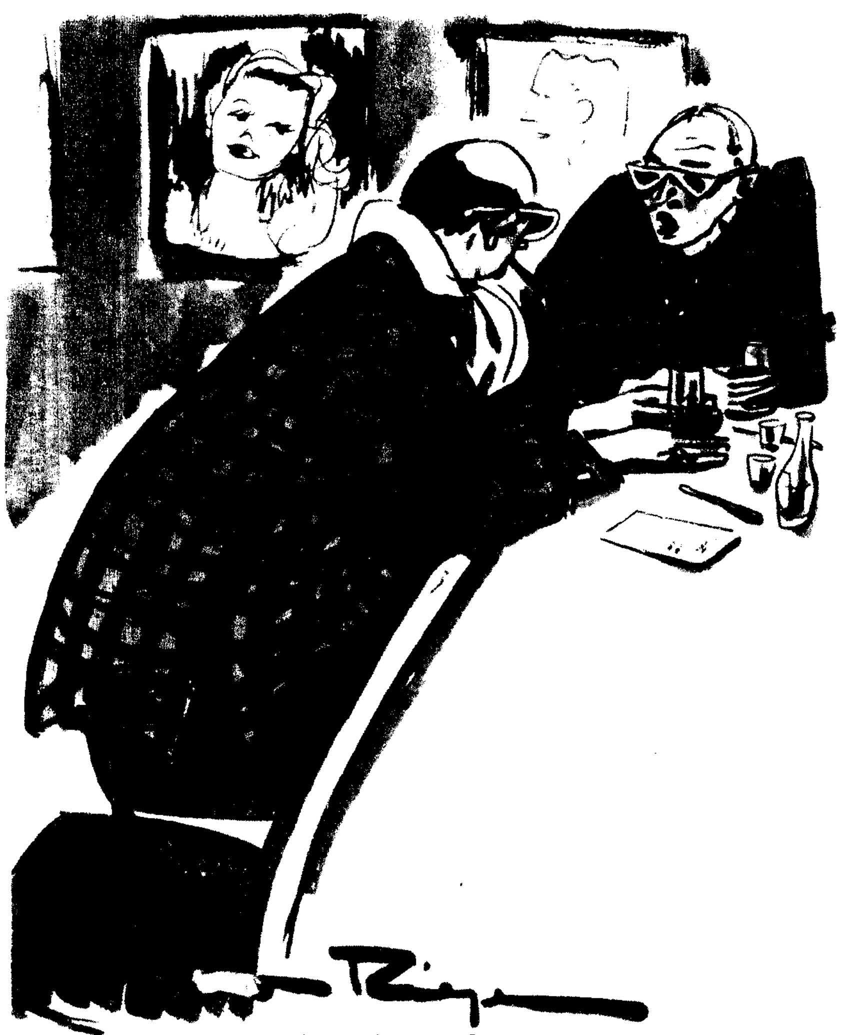
When news of this recovery circulated up and down Broadway, there was gloom throughout the gambling fraternity. Even Nick the Greek, who had been taking the $100,000 to Arnold Rothstein to pay a gambling debt, felt rather bad about it.

"It was a terrible opportunity for those boys to miss," he says.

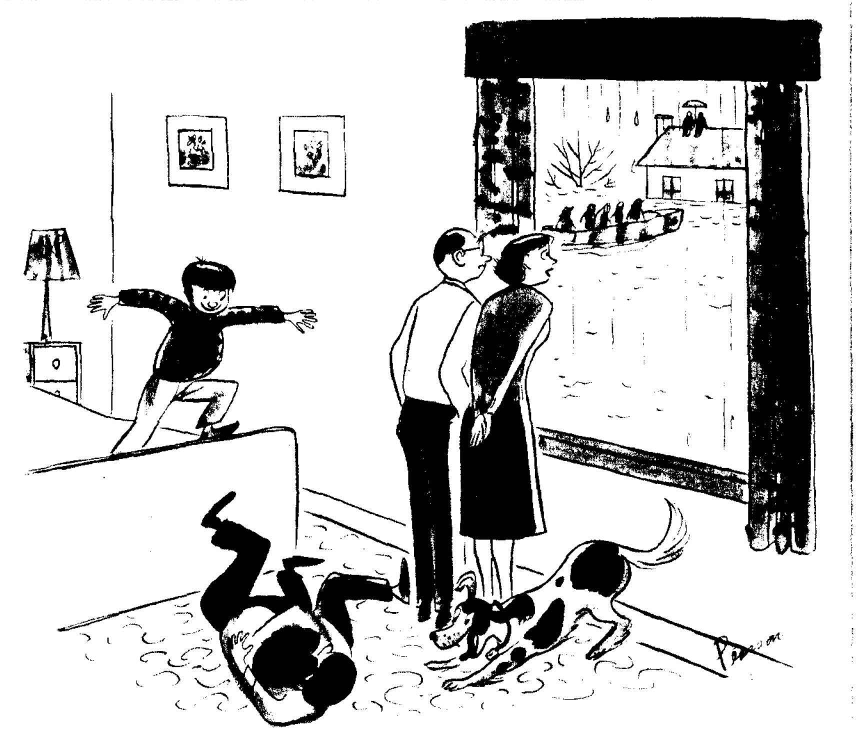
On other occasions, he has left $90,000 in one suit he sent out to be cleaned, $40,000 in the upper right-hand pocket of a vest he took to a tailor, and $80,000 in the band of a hat he left in a restaurant. He recovered all this cash.

"Ever since it was first invented," says Nick the Greek, "money has been made a substitute for everything, even character. I'm sorry we have to use it in gambling. It has caused more trouble than clocks."

Nick the Greek is opposed to timepieces. He does not care what time it is. He eats when hungry and retires or gets up at any hour of the day or night. He rarely sleeps more than four hours at a time, and he cannot be said to have had an average day in the last 45 years.



COLLIER'S "That Academy Award she got went to her head . . . now, she thinks she can act" WILLIAM VON RIEGEN



COLLIER'S "Oh dear, I guess this means their school will be closed today" CHARLES PEARSON

His average days usually run from two to eight days.

A recent 24 hours in Nick the Greek's life may be cited for illustration. This period began around 11:00 A.M., in Las Vegas, when he arose, looked out his hotel window at the blazing desert heat, called room service for a tall orange juice and coffee, ran a bath, sat in it drinking the orange juice, dressed, made a phone call and peeked out into the hallway to see how many alms seekers or people with business propositions were waiting for him.

There was only one man, an inventor. He wanted Nick the Greek to put $30,000,000 into a machine that would end all wars by paralyzing the motor centers in people's brains as far away as Omsk. While Nick was talking to the inventor, a lovely young blonde girl arrived in a convertible and whisked him off to the Flamingo. He stepped out there, and she drove off.

In the lobby of the Flamingo, he was set upon by a huge, red-faced, muscular woman in cotton stockings who seized him by both arms and gazed piercingly into his eyes. This woman, an outrider for an evangelical sect, had been waiting hours for him. She wanted him to take the stump, coast-to-coast, against gambling.

It was probably this woman who started the day off wrong. In any event, Nick ran into Gus Greenbaum in the Flamingo casino. Mr. Greenbaum is not only a part owner of that hotel but also one of the few remaining top-level high rollers left from gambling's golden age, which was about twenty-six years ago, during the bootleg bonanza. Nick and Gus started playing the ancient Turkish dice game of *barbuti* (in which 3,5,6 and 5-6 win for the shooter, and 1,2 and 4 lose for him). By 9:00 P.M., Nick the Greek had lost $112,000, and had had to fight a crowd of kibitzers for elbow room to continue the action.

At nine o'clock, the game broke up. While he was waiting for the blonde girl to arrive in the convertible, he received a phone call from Texas. It was from Blondie Hall, a friend in the oil business. Hall said he felt restless. He asked Nick the Greek to flip a nickel for $10,000.

"I'm in action," Nick the Greek complained, fumbling in his pocket. "I haven't got a nickel."

Hall said he'd flip. He called heads. "You win, Nick," he said. "I'll send you a check."

"Fine, Blondie," Nick the Greek said. "It was nice talking to you."

They both hung up.

An Accident at the Vegas Club

A few minutes later, the girl arrived and drove him downtown to the Las Vegas Club. En route, he had a chicken sandwich and coffee at a drive-in. At the Vegas Club, he lost $96,000 more at regular craps, backed off for a breather, tripped over a guard rope and broke his arm. At that point, Nick the Greek's composure was ruffled somewhat. He had to break off the action to go to a Las Vegas hospital and have the arm set. That done, he cast off the doctors who wanted to put him to bed and returned to the Vegas Club, where he shot craps five more hours, winning back $60,000. (He usually plays on credit. At the end of this action he owed the Vegas $36,000, which he paid within a stipulated time.)

At sunup, he called the girl, who drove him to the Last Frontier. En route, she remarked that he looked a little pale and advised him to get some sun. He agreed. After she had gone, he sat for 13 minutes in a hotel patio chair, taking the newly risen sun. Feeling greatly refreshed, he rose, called a taxi and returned to the Flamingo in the hope that Gus Greenbaum might still be there. He was. They shot U.S. craps until 10:30 A.M., and came out about even. At 10:45, Greenbaum began to yawn and complain of a tired feeling. Nick the Greek recommended Benzedrine, but Greenbaum felt lack of sleep might be at the bottom of his trouble. Muttering at human frailty, Nick the Greek returned to the Last

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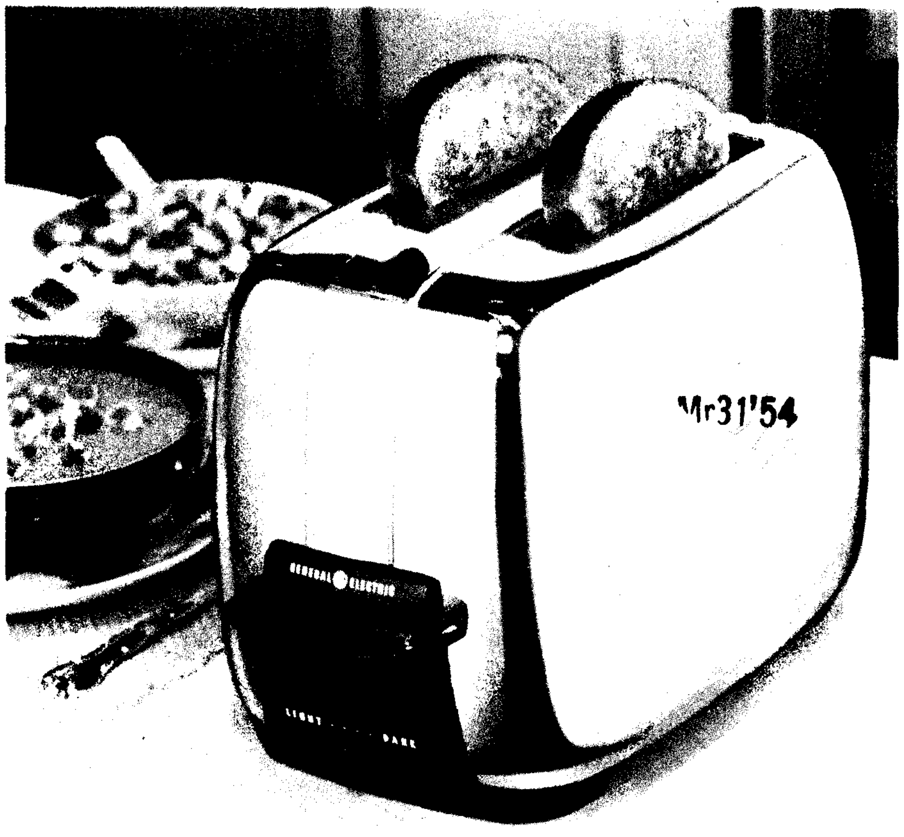

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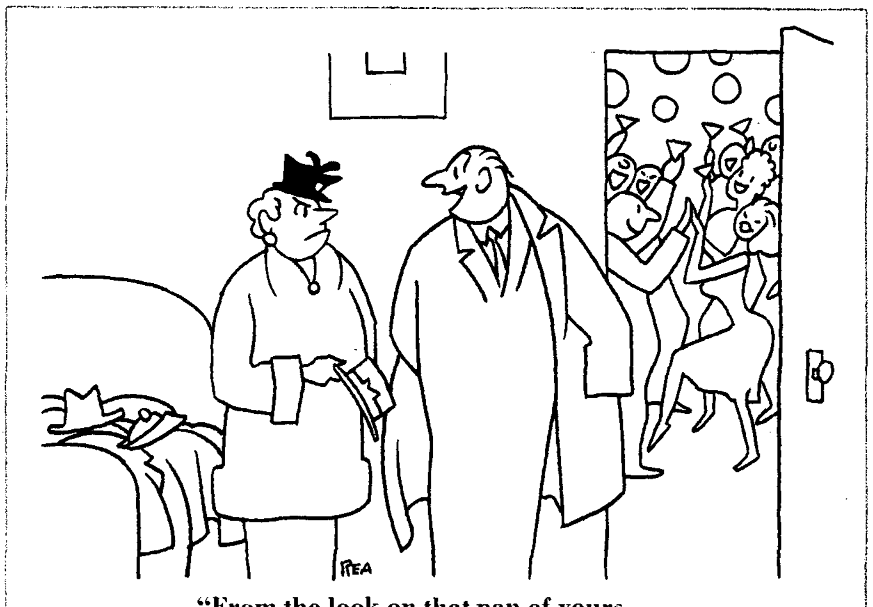

COLLIER'S "From the look on that pan of yours, I must have had a real swell time!" GARDNER REA

Frontier and himself prepared for bed. Since he had been up only 24 hours, however, he lay pop-eyed awake.

"I finally had to resort to chemistry," he recalls, with disgust. "It took a sleeping tablet to put me under. I hadn't had time to build up a natural fatigue."

When Nick the Greek goes into action, his air is much like that of a seasoned executive beginning a day at the office. He may exchange a pleasantry or two with the dealer, but a nod usually suffices. Once settled at a dice or faro-bank table, he usually stays there, refusing to interrupt play for food or other necessities, a practice that has given rise to the belief that he has no kidneys. His ability to rise alert and sure-footed after having subsisted on fruit juice, milk and an occasional chicken sandwich and numberless cigars for four days and nights of steady play is a continuing wonder to his friends, who look on all men as more or less the same basic piece of machinery. Nick the Greek, however, is a physical phenomenon: at age sixty-one his pulse is 68; his blood pressure 132; his general body tone that of a man of forty, or under. This tone he attributes to mental calm and exercise, of which he gets a good deal on long, lonely walks after midnight.

How He Feels About the Slots

To exercise the frontal lobes of his brain, Nick the Greek plays a good deal of faro bank, an exceedingly complex frontier card game in which players bet the house on every turn of a card. He avoids roulette and twenty-one (blackjack) on the ground that the house percentage is too heavy in these games. As for slot machines, he considers them just one more burden on the poor.

His favorite game is craps. When he settles down for an evening with the cubes, he begins by asking the box man, who is in charge of the game, to raise the town-wide limit of $200-a-roll to $400. If the house agrees, he inevitably places a $400 bet on the don't-pass line (betting against the shooter) and backs it up by taking another $400 worth of odds. He bets the don't-pass because he says the house has only a 1.39 percentage bulge on him that way. If he bet the pass line, or with the shooter, the house would have a percentage edge of 1.40 and a fraction, and that wouldn't be reasonable, to Nick's way of thinking. He bets the odds, which are too involved to explain here, because they are a dead-even gamble, the only one on the dice table.

As he warms to his work, he chews meditatively on a cigar. Since his eye is not on the quick killing but on the long pull, considering the $400 limit, he passes up his turn to throw the dice, rests his chin on his hand and closes his eyes during rolls, following the action by ear and by an extra sense he is said to possess. ("If Nick had $800 down and I made a wrong call," says an old-time stick man at the El Rancho Vegas, "he'd know it even if he was in the gents' room.") If he wins and is playing on house money, he will press the limit, but if he loses early he may ease his bets until his luck changes, although he denies any belief in luck.

"The dice don't know who's throwing them," he says.

Nick the Greek considers $400-limit craps a mere prelude to action, of course. But while he is playing, some high-rolling oilman or professional gambler with whom he can make side bets ranging up to really interesting amounts, like $5,000 a pass, may appear. One of those games so fascinating to kibitzers may ensue, adding to Nick's legend and his discomfiture.

Although he likes dice, Nick's genius is for cards. He is probably the greatest stud-poker player who ever lived, having won over $6,400,000 at that game. Since one card is dealt face down and four face up in every hand, stud is a relatively wide-open game, pitting player against player and making the exercise of courage, intelligence and intuition count heavily, as they do not in most other games, where the action is mechanical and bets are against the house.

Nick the Greek excels at stud because he can pretty well guess his opponents' hands by a glance at the cards around him, because he can read assurance, doubt or fear in the flicker of a bluffer's eyelid and because he is actually not afraid to follow a hunch down to his last nickel.

"The next greatest thrill to playing

and winning is playing and losing," Nick the Greek says. "The main thing is to play."

When he has no better than a ten showing, and when there is just one opponent left in a hand and that opponent has a king showing and has just raised him $50,000 on the strength of it—that is the moment of pure exhilaration for Nick the Greek. It is the moment that separates the man who cares about the game, and is therefore a gambler, from the man who cares about money, and is therefore not a gambler. Daring, memory and judgment are called into full play.

The Man Who Said He'd Faint

In New Orleans at one such time, with only $2,500 involved in a stud-poker pot, a man said that if Nick the Greek called the bet he would faint. "Curiosity was killing me," Nick the Greek says. "I called; sure enough, he fainted." At the end of a New York crap game on another occasion, Nick the Greek rolled a local stockbroker (one die, one roll, high number) for $380,000. The broker rolled a three. After refusing to allow the man to concede, Nick the Greek proceeded to roll a two. He did not faint.

Because he never seems to run out of money no matter how much he loses, the wildest speculation has arisen about the sources of Nick the Greek's money supply. On the best authority, his capital has been said to come from (1) a small group of rich Greeks; (2) a large group of poor Greeks; (3) a wealthy New York widow no one has ever seen; (4) various out-of-state mobsters. Nick the Greek insists he has never played any money but his own.

Had he once failed to meet a marker and thus forfeited his credit, which is the indispensable tool of his trade, Nick would have been listed throughout his profession as economically dead, and conjecture would have ceased. But he has never failed.

Although he gambles mostly for the kick in it, Nick the Greek, like any true gambler, will not go for just any bet. That would give him a feeling of being adrift. He moves best when he feels he has the edge, or a little the best of it, percentagewise. Price is another name for the edge, or the odds. If the price is right, the true gambler is rarely able to let a bet go by.

During a conversation in a New York club some years ago, Dollar John—senior member of a fine old New York gambling family consisting of himself and his brothers, Half-Dollar John and Two-Bit John—happened to say he thought Alaska very large. Since there was a Texan in the group, the remark was not allowed to pass. Apparently nettled, Dollar John then said Alaska was bigger than Texas and New England together, and that he was prepared to bet on it.

Naturally, this attitude brought in

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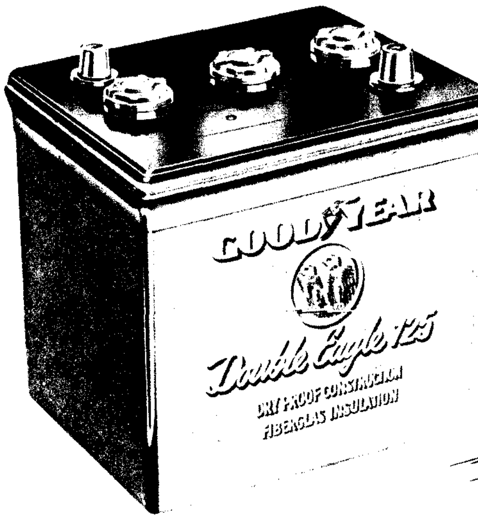

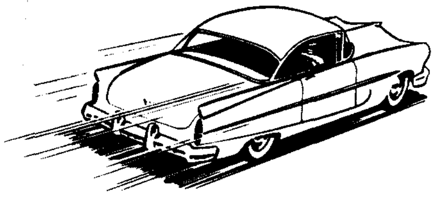

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other interested persons. Nick the Greek remained aloof, however, on the private ground that Dollar John had probably been looking in geographies at some recent time. In fact, he would lay eight-to-five on it. But when Dollar John, throwing caution to the wind, suddenly offered to bet that Alaska was bigger than not only Texas and New England, but Pennsylvania and California as well, that mystical border, irresistible to genuine high rollers, was passed. The price was now right.

"I lost $10,000 in this hustle," Nick the Greek recalls miserably. "There was nothing else to do, considering the odds he was giving."

An Offer That's Never Taken

His knowledge of all the labyrinthine ways of gambling has earned Nick the Greek a reputation as a world authority on the subject. At least twice a month, he is called long-distance by gamblers here and abroad to settle some fine point on which a bet hangs. His decisions on such calls have always been final. Should an objection arise, Nick the Greek has a standing offer to bet the objector twice the amount involved that his judgment is correct. He has had no takers.

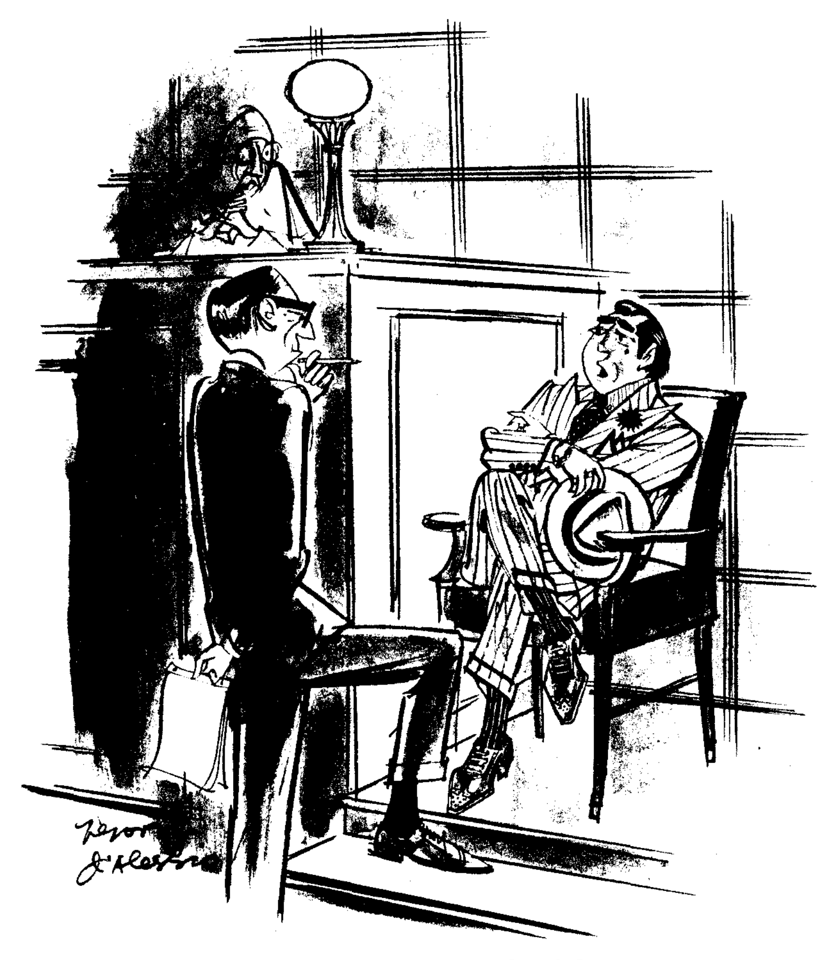
His position as a world arbiter has brought Nick the Greek the admiration not only of Las Vegas' club and casino operators, but of many of the ex-underworld figures who have settled on the town's periphery to relax in the sun. This latter admiration always makes Nick the Greek uneasy, for it brings back memories.

As Chicago's leading gambler in the 1920s, Nick the Greek was distressed to find himself widely admired throughout gangland for his all-out brand of action, his urbane appearance, his remote, intellectual air and the fact that he would have nothing to do, in a business way, with hoodlums. Contact with the world of shooting enterprise was unavoidable for big-time gamblers of the era because the kings and varlets of the underworld were as attracted to table action as were various businessmen, heirs-about-town and manufacturers. But to be admired, even from afar, by such enterprisers as Legs Diamond, Dutch Schultz, Dion O'Bannion and Al Capone, among others—to know many of their secrets, to win some of their money and to feel occasionally the wind of mob bullets seeking other targets than himself . . . all this was a strain.

On one occasion, at least, the esteem of Chicago's underworld was too much for Nick the Greek.

"Around Christmas in 1925," he says, "the manufacturer of a prohibition whisky that was known to the trade as the Cicero Incinerator sent me a bodyguard named Honest Abe for a present. I'd never had a bodyguard and didn't want one, but since Abe was one of those speechless triggermen who had never shot anybody in anger, only for business reasons, I didn't want to insult him in haste.

"Well," says Nick the Greek, "Abe's attitude was that there were just the two of us against the world. He slept in the sitting room of my hotel suite. He went along on my romantic engagements on the theory that 'All broads is decoys.' When he started frisking people who called on me at the hotel, however, our association declined. Finally,

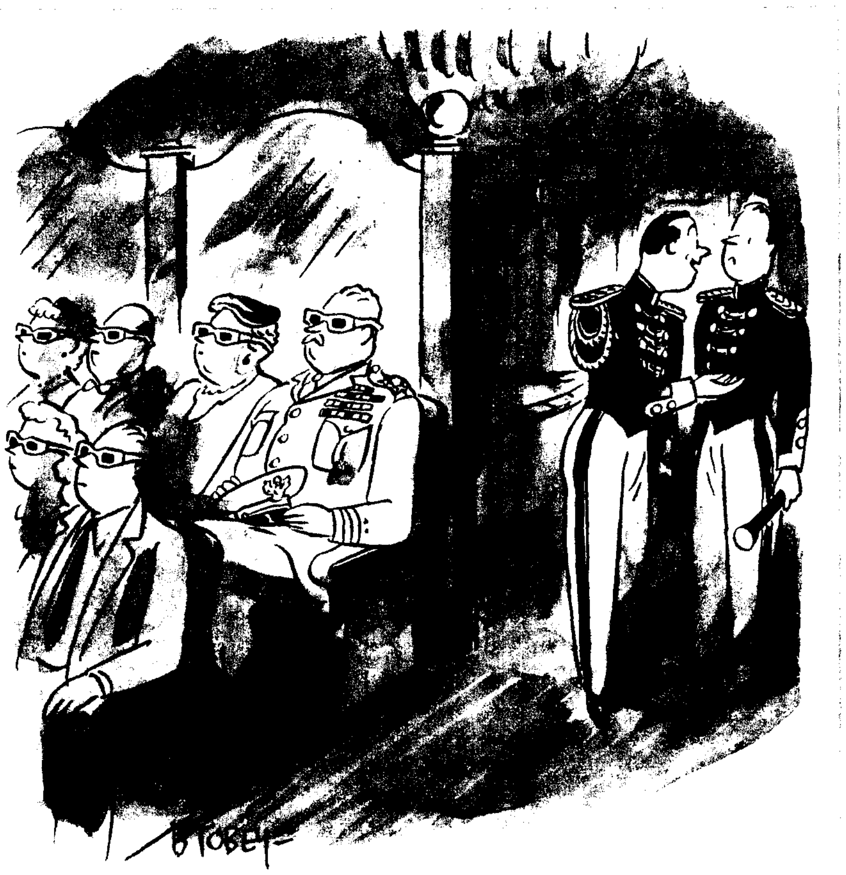


"I guess it *was* a car backfirin', but I didn't pay no attention to it at the time. I thought it was pistol shots"

COLLIER'S

GREGORY D'ALESSIO

on't know who's throwing them . . ."



COLLIER'S "Okay—pay me. He flinched at the flying tomahawk . . ." BARNEY TOBEY

when I heard that he wanted to do something nice for me, I took my life in my hands and showed him the door.

"I had to do it," Nick the Greek concludes, bleakly. "I was positive that the only nice thing Abe could think of would be to kill somebody."

By 1925, Nick the Greek had given away in excess of $1,000,000 and was celebrated among grifters and others as a one-man relief agency. Since then, he has given away more than $4,000,000 more. Almost every morning for 30 years, from 10 to 20 people lined up in hallways outside his various hotel rooms seeking alms, which they usually got in amounts ranging from $10 to $1,000 and up, depending on the story. The volume of his daily mail is still prodigious.

"You are a man who takes chances with millions of dollars," many of these letters begin. "How would you like to take a chance on a human being?"

In the Role of Benefactor

It is a superfluous question. Nick the Greek has paid more than 600 hospital bills, ranging from $60 to $10,000, in his lifetime. (His own total hospital bill is $265.) Most of the bills were for people he did not know. He has sent 28 children of friends through college, helped 300 people get started in businesses from which he never profited, even by getting his investment back, and distributed more than $500,000 among organized charitable institutions. In general, day-to-day touches, Nick the Greek has given away an estimated $2,000,000.

Most of these donations have been anonymous, but occasionally he has given money away in person. While he was walking to a Las Vegas restaurant recently, a man he knew hailed him and said he needed a little playing money to get back on his feet. Nick the Greek sent him to the nearby Horseshoe Club, arranged $1,000 credit by phone and went on to the restaurant.

After the soup, the Horseshoe called to say that the man had run through the $1,000. "Give him two more," said Nick the Greek. By the time his dinner was over, the man had lost $12,000. By 2:00 A.M., when Nick the Greek finally shut the credit off, the man had run his losses to $52,000.

"I couldn't drop him just because he started running bad," Nick the Greek argues. "He might have lost his confidence."

Nick the Greek never mentions his charities, and when they are mentioned to him, he denies them vehemently. "What am I?" he says, malevolently. "My brother's keeper?"

Another activity he stoutly denies is his bird watching.

"The only kind of bird I like is guinea hen," he snaps. "Under glass."

However, in New York, in the 1920s, Nick the Greek was probably the only habitual bird watcher between Forty-second and Fifty-second Streets on Broadway. Many mornings, as the tender dawn broke over Lindy's Restaurant, he would go forth, either afoot or in the chauffeured Rolls-Royce sedan given him by Arnold Rothstein ("With love to a great loser"), to watch the city birds awake. The playboys, touts, show girls, newspapermen, millionaires, detectives, hoodlums, sporting ladies and others among the restaurant's late-watch clientele presumed he was making book on the birds. But they never asked.

Nobody questioned Nick the Greek very much. Although he was always courteous and affable, he had a certain deep reserve that cooled curiosity. But the curiosity persisted. Everybody else came from somewhere—Rubber Nose McMannus was from Chicago, Solid

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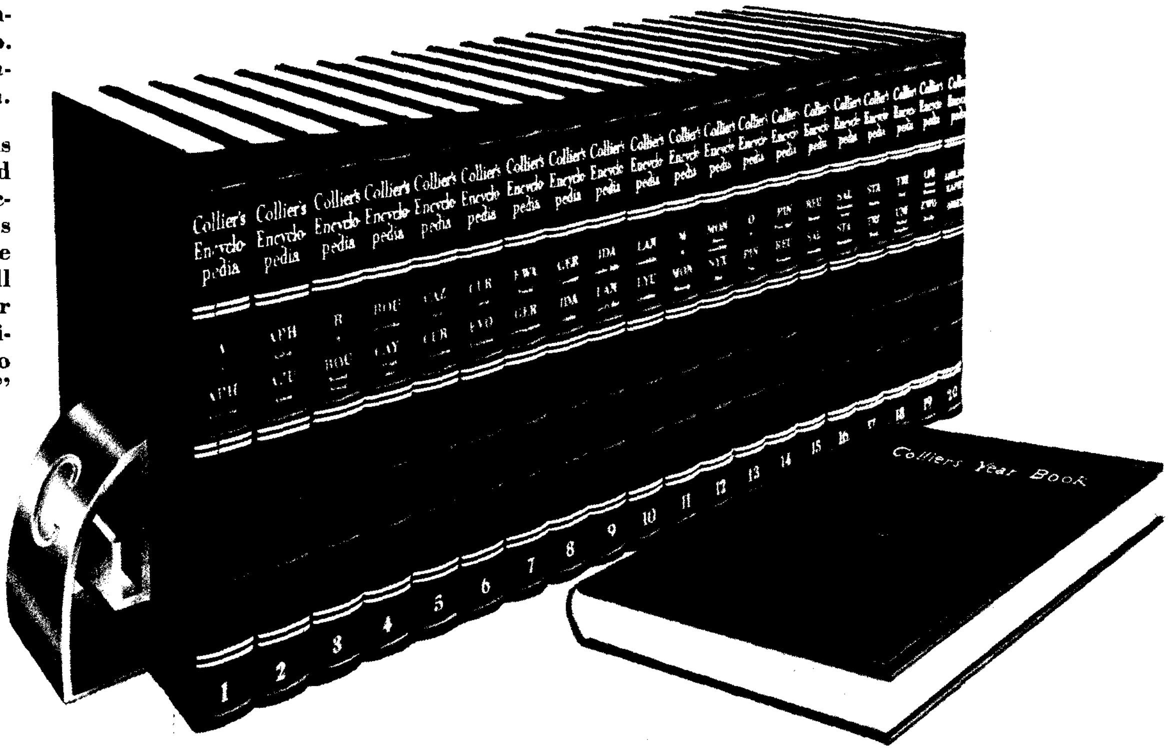

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He has given away an estimated $5,000,000-plus

Gold Jones from Frisco, Sherlock Feldman from St. Louis. Nick the Greek, however, seemed to have emerged full-blown out of nowhere.

This impression stemmed, in all likelihood, from the fact that Nicholas Dandolos came to the United States from Smyrna, Turkey, which is the equivalent of nowhere on Halsted Street, Chicago, or on Broadway. He had arrived in Smyrna at age eight from Rethymnon, Crete, where he was born into the family of a rug merchant of comfortable means. In Smyrna, a city then some 70 per cent Grecian in population, he had been taken under the wing of his godfather, a merchant and shipowner of great wealth. This man sent him to Smyrna's Baxter School, which was partly staffed by Englishmen, dressed him like an Eton boy, made his pockets jingle and filled his head with the notion that he was destined for diplomacy, the arts, or some such gentleman's employment.

Nick was, from all record, an exceedingly smart little fellow who learned mathematics, history, French, English, Turkish and something of German and Russian, besides Greek, with astonishing ease. As he grew into his middle teens, and began to take to the lamp more and more with his books of poetry and philosophy, his godfather, a practical, if doting man, began to have fears about just what he might turn out to be.

His mother had even graver fears. On one occasion, he confessed to her that he had bribed the eunuch attached to the house of a great Turk in Smyrna to let him into the Turk's harem when he was out of town one night. This expedition, which makes Nick the Greek very probably the only man now alive in the United States who has ever ventured into this magic, vanished territory, almost ended disastrously when the Turk returned after midnight on a tip from another eunuch.

"Where is the black soul?" Nick the Greek heard the Turk thundering through the halls of his great house.

Nick the Greek did not rush out crying, "Here I am."

Instead, he bounded out a low window, landed running, sprinted through a nearby Turkish cemetery, colliding blindly with headstones here and there, and finally arrived home in a state of hideous dishevelment, quaking with fear.

"I am a student," Nick the Greek explained to his mother, when he had calmed down. "I was only making a field trip to study the barbarians of our society."

On another occasion, when Nick the Greek's mother caught him playing cards with a number of schoolboy plungers under an olive tree, she felt her greatest fear. Thereafter, whenever she was in search of the worst of epithets to chasten him, she called him a gambler.

After Nick had been graduated from the Greek Evangelical College with his A.B. in philosophy, his godfather suggested a few polishing years at Oxford. But at the age of eighteen, he had, he says, a burning desire to see the United States. Since travel was considered essential to the education of young gentlemen, his family agreed to let him go, even though he was not yet married, and his godfather supplied an allowance of $150 a week, plus traveling expenses. Some weeks later, Nicholas Dandolos arrived at the home of family friends in Chicago, took a look around, was exhilarated by what he saw and began to wonder what he should do to maintain himself respectably in the New World.

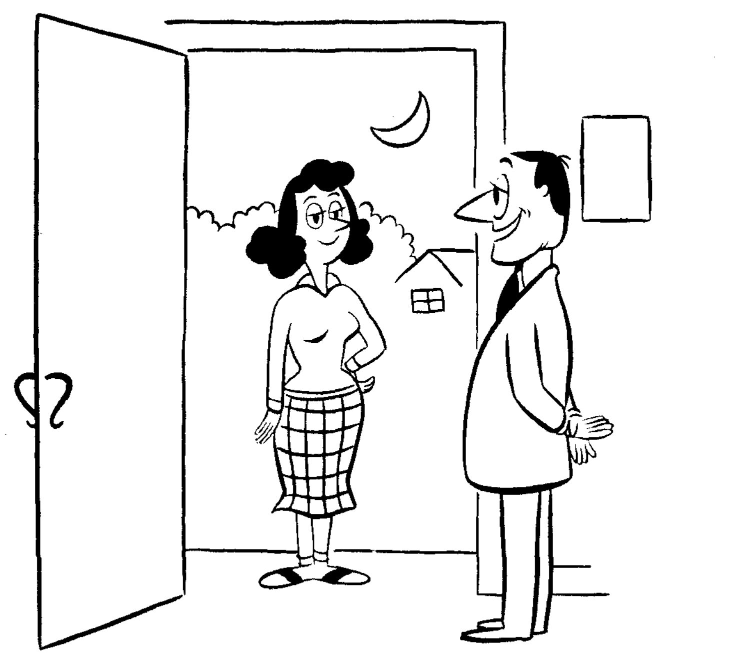
Love Story With a Sad Ending

The answer came in a roundabout way. At a party one evening, he met a young girl of Grecian descent who attracted him a great deal. In a short time they were engaged, and a short time after that, they quarreled. Brooding, young Mr. Dandolos went to Canada, where he traveled about, sight-seeing and waiting for the girl to apologize by mail. While in Montreal, he received a message that the girl had died unexpectedly.

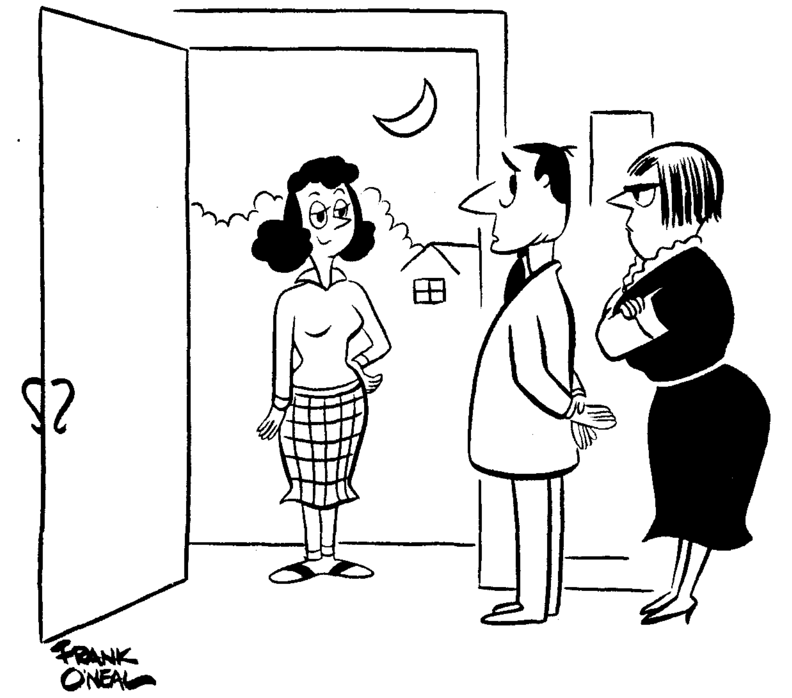
This news, he says, threw him into such despair that he lost hold of life for a while, remaining drunk in Montreal for almost four months, and wandering around without aim when he was able to walk. During this time in abeyance, he began to go to the track at Montreal, betting wildly, without benefit of information. With the madman's touch, he picked winner after winner, often not bothering to stay the day out or to pick up his winnings. Throughout this period, he says, gambling was the one pursuit that distracted his mind and kept him going. However that may be, when it was over he found he had an occupation.

In the following year as a Canadian horse player, Nicholas Dandolos won $1,200,000 tax free. Returning to Chicago at the age of twenty, robust in health and pocketbook, with his spirit pretty well restored and all the many roads of the world open to him, he stood on a street corner one day and pondered what road he would take.

He took the one that has been called both high and low.



"Come in, baby—



COLLIER'S **—sitter!"** FRANK O'NEAL

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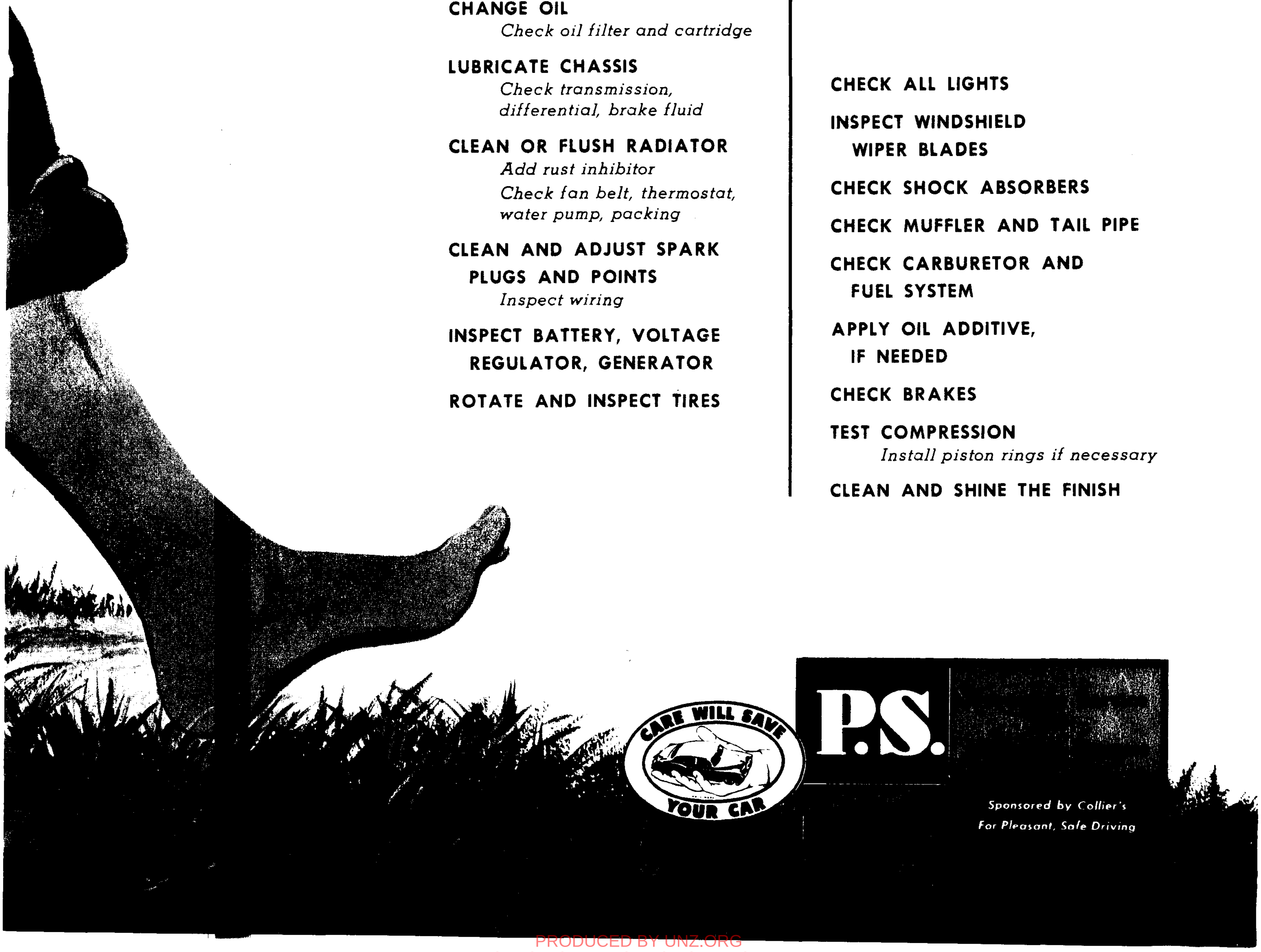

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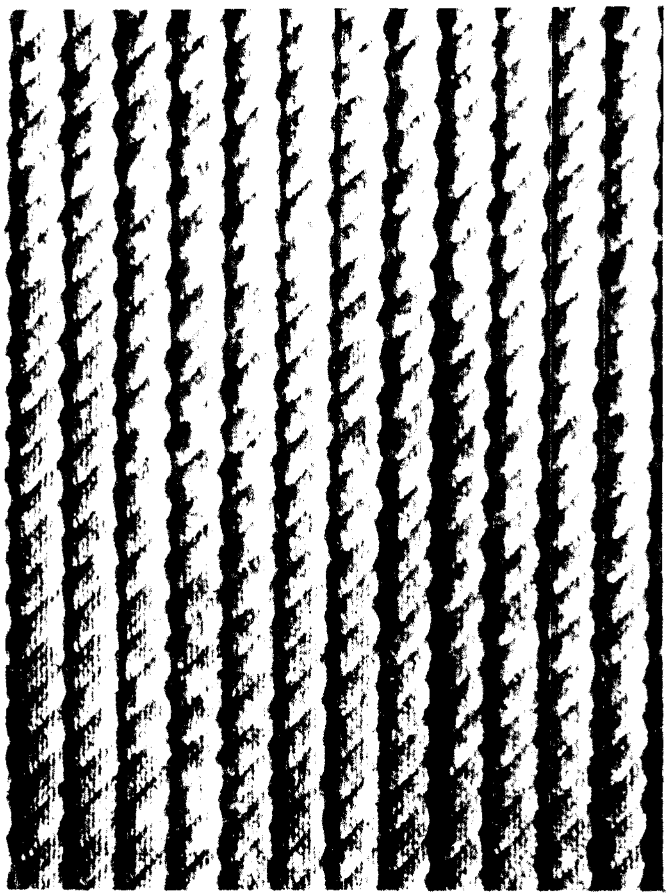
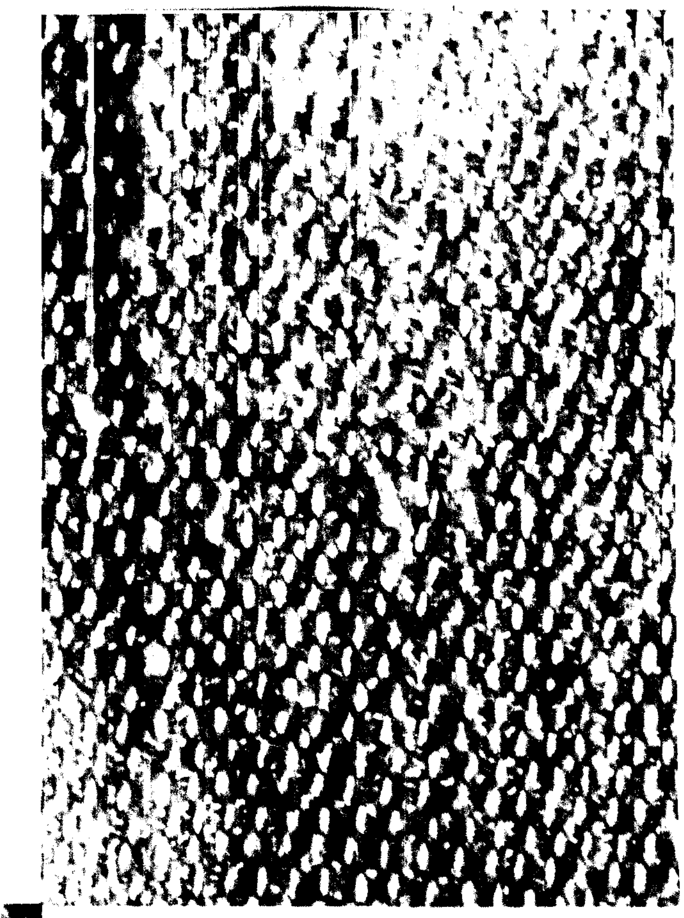
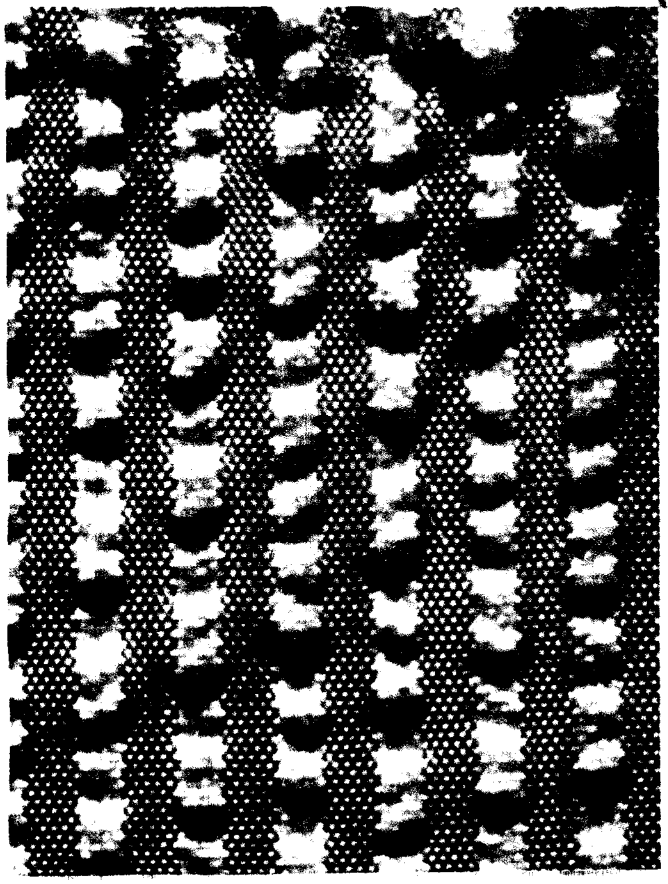


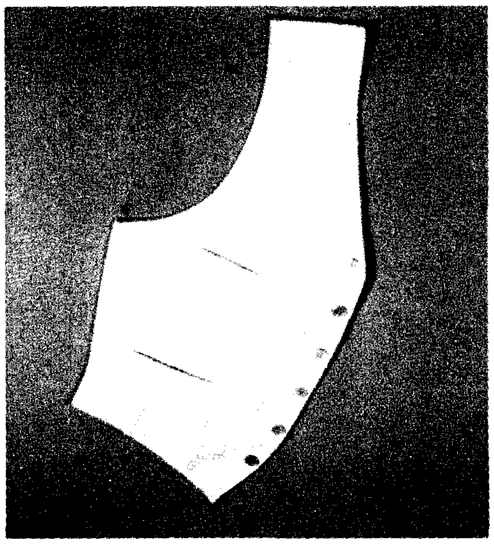
Silk Shantung gives slip-ons rough look. Left: Rope effect is permanently pressed into cotton used in sport shirts. Right: Nubby silk is also used in sport clothes



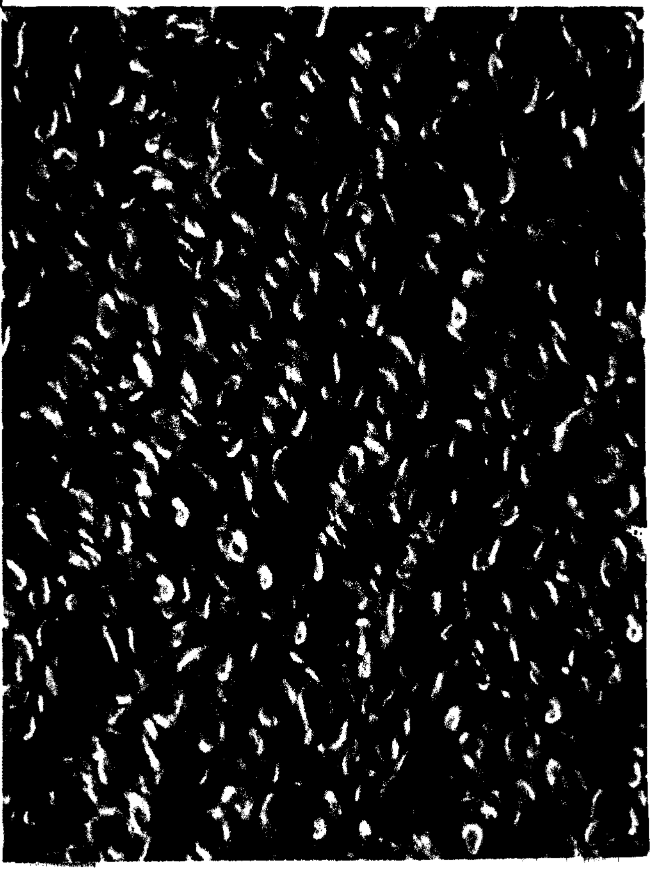
At Detroit Country Club, Dick Brodhead (left), airline executive, wears slacks made of faded denim. Bob Carrington, a WXYZ-TV actor-announcer, chooses a pair of linen walking shorts. With them he wears light sport jacket of cotton cord

Jack Schafer, a speedboat enthusiast and president of a big Detroit bakery, has cotton Shantung shirt and Panama cloth shorts. With him is his wife Elizabeth. Left: This rough, light wool is used for jackets and other moderate-season wear

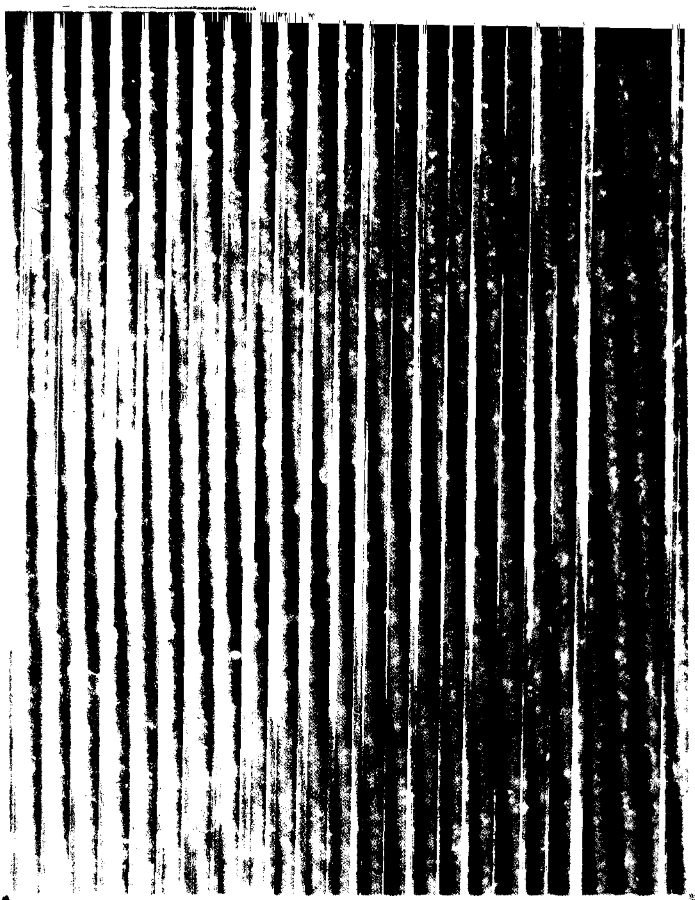




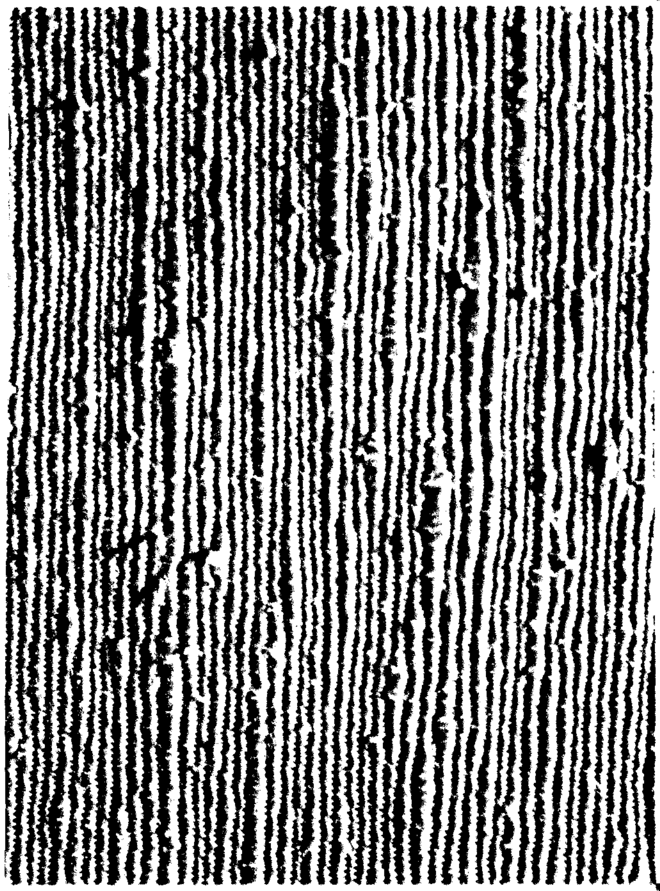
Fancy vest is made of rough linen. Left: Close-up shows the texture of seersucker. Right: Terry cloth comes in many colors and is an accepted fabric for beach wear

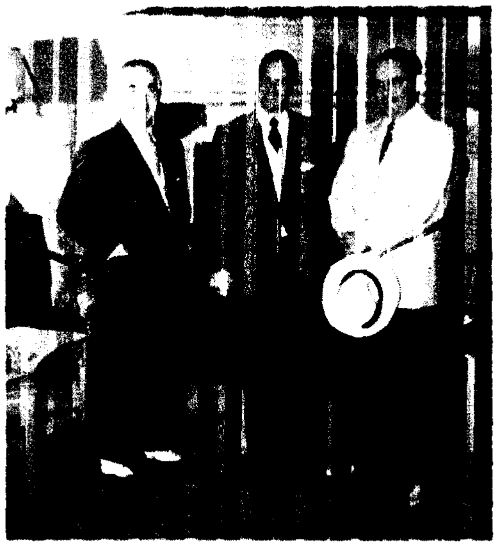


Hat of rough, dark straw has the stylish nubby feel. Below: Tussah cloth, made from rayon, acetate and silk, gives the new look to this season's sport clothes



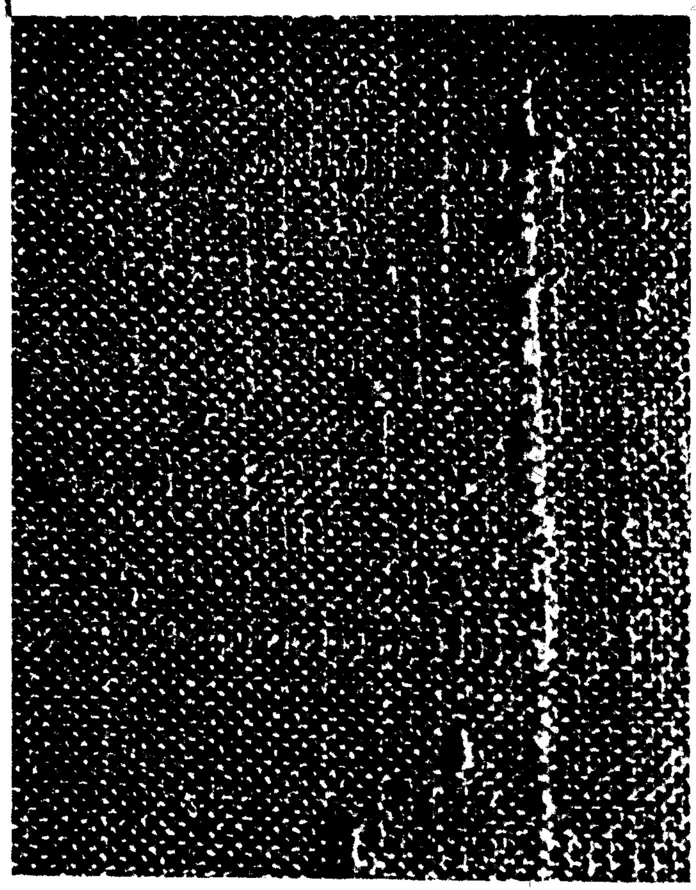
Wool socks are smart and nubby. Left: Camera reveals three-dimensional effect of cotton corduroy, which is especially popular now in men's jackets and slacks





Simon D. Den Uyl (left) wears a charcoal suit of nubby silk, while Herbert W. Hart (center) features wool sport jacket with flannel slacks. With two businessmen is Mark Beltaire, columnist for The Detroit Free Press, wearing a rough linen jacket

Attractive nubby tie was hand-woven of Italian silk. Right: Silk Shantung is proving an increasingly popular fabric for lightweight spring and summer suits



NATTY IN NUBBY

MEN will be able to get in the rough this spring and summer—and come out with a smooth look. Men's-wear designers and manufacturers are making everything from hats to shoes in nubby materials. Name the garment or accessory, and it's available.

But rough as the fabrics and other materials are, they leave the wearer with a smooth, natty and definitely fashionable look. How stylish may be judged from the nubby-garbed Detroiters shown on these pages.

Oddly enough, these fabrics with surface appeal are not particularly new. Silk Shantung, cotton plissé, piqués and terry cloth, for example, have been around a long time, but only recently have been widely used in men's shirts, slacks, shorts and so on.

Here on the checkerboard you can jump from the Detroiters we found in the rough to some items of clothing that follow the trend, and finally to the fabrics themselves as seen by our camera. ▲▲▲

Mr31'54

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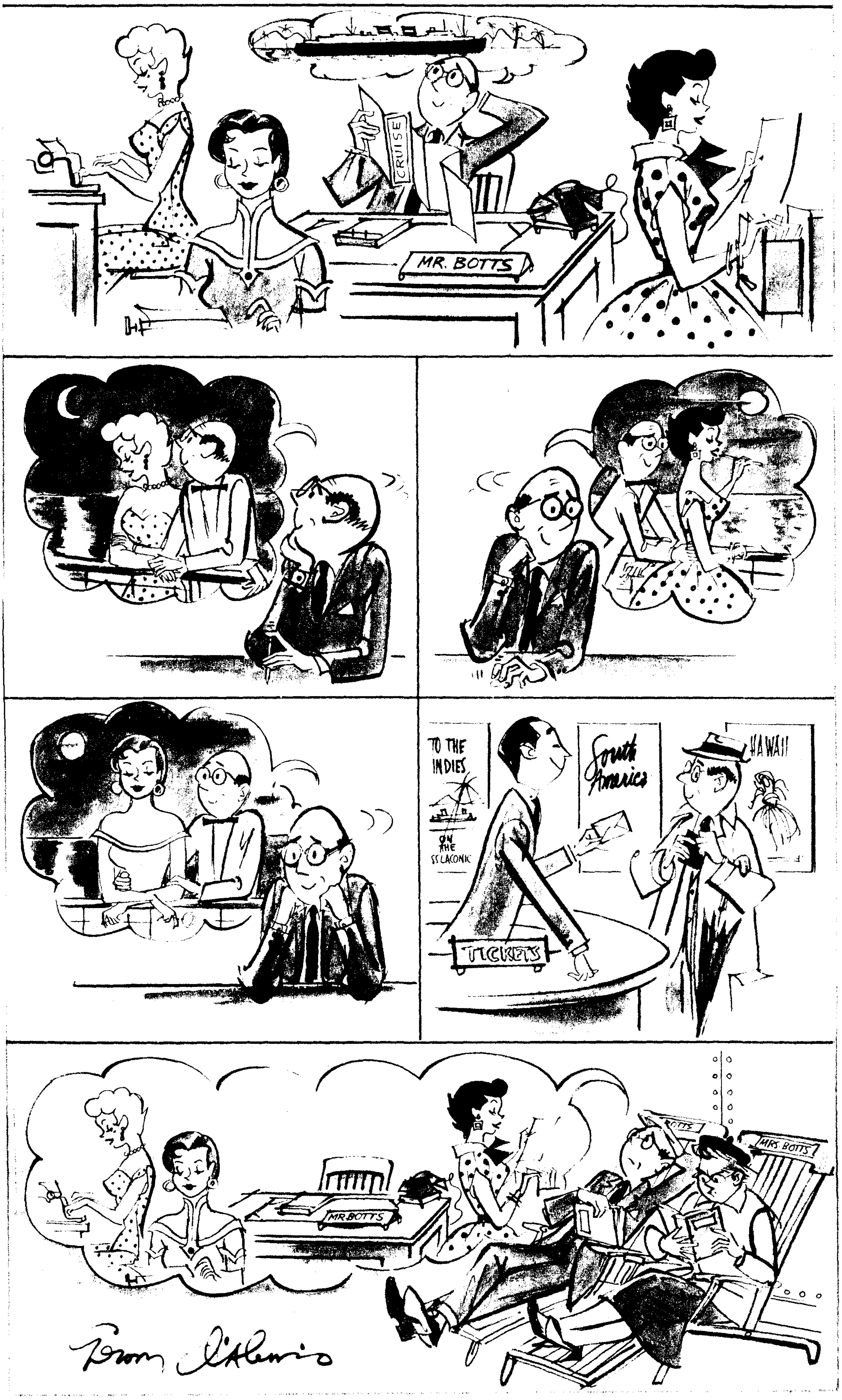
DREAM CRUISE

By GREGORY D'ALESSIO


CRUISE
MR. BOTTS
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ON THE SS LACONIC
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HAWAII
TICKETS
BOTTS
MRS. BOTTS
MR BOTTS
Greg D'Alessio

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P. Ballantine & Sons, Newark, N. J.

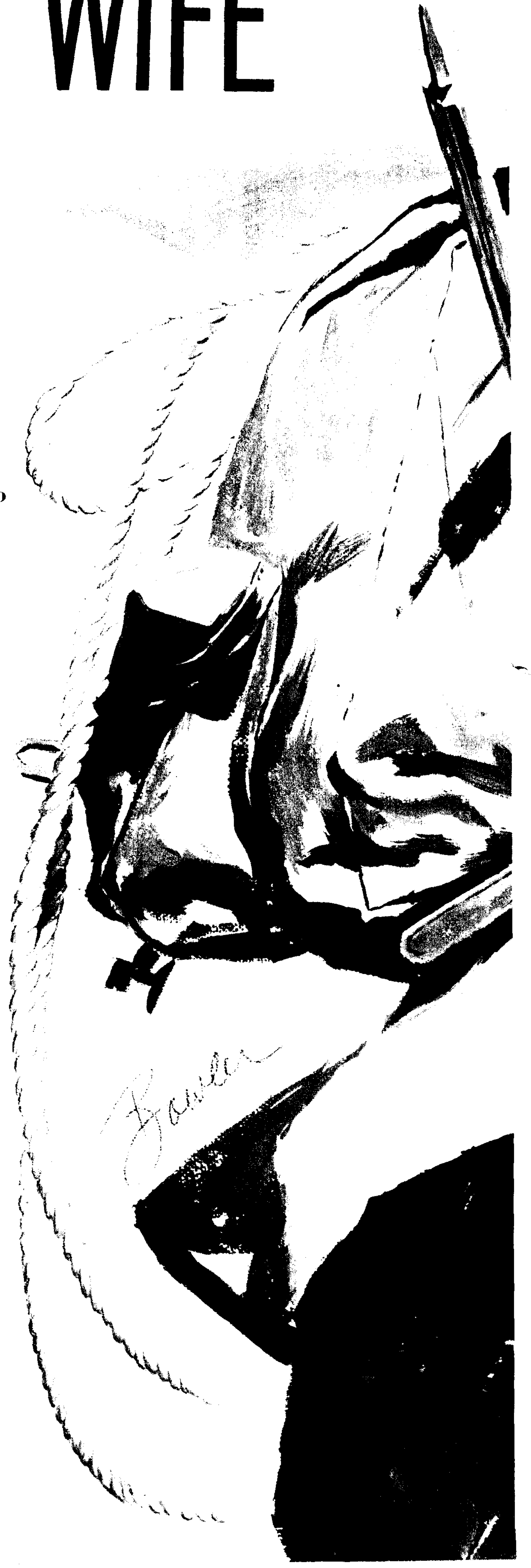
"m-m-m, the wonderful flavor that chill can't kill!"

PURITY BODY FLAVOR

TERRIFIED WIFE

By ARTHUR GORDON

Karen Ashurst had no choice to make; there was only one way that she could regain her husband's love. She went up onto the glacier with him, not knowing what might happen



I AM always glad to get back to Paris, and I was particularly glad this last time. I had been in the Sahara for six weeks with a crew of French geologists, doing a series of articles on oil hunters. It had been six weeks of blazing sun and burning sand, tinned water, no news and not very clean Arabs. But now I was in Paris again.

Along the boulevards, the chestnut trees were showing green. The sidewalk cafés were crowded. The taxis hooted their strident horns. This was Paris—charming, indolent and whimsical. I was enchanted to be there.

I had no particular plans beyond a long, hot bath, a civilized drink and a good dinner. After that—well, something would turn up. And it did.

When I went into the hotel bar at seven thirty, the first person I saw was Tony Ashurst. We had gone to the same school, Tony Ashurst and I, and to the same college. And then, after going our separate ways, we had been thrown together again during the war.

I had always liked him, even though some people said having too much money had spoiled him. I didn't agree. He had the nerve not to work (it takes quite a lot in our society) and he had plenty of physical courage.

Mountaineering was his passion. He had climbed most of the great peaks, including one in Peru that had never been scaled before. But he never talked much about his accomplishments. He was quite shy, really, and sensitive and proud. He looked rather like a Spaniard with his dark hair and sunburned skin and intense eyes, but he was pure Philadelphia.

He was not a big man; he was light and wiry, the way most great climbers are. Usually there was a kind of tension about him, but now, sitting alone at the bar, he looked almost boyishly happy.

"Why, Jim," he said, when I walked up to him, "it's good to see you!"

"It's good to see you too," I said, and hesitated, wondering whether or not to ask about Karen, his wife. I had heard a rumor that their marriage was not going smoothly. I decided not to risk it. "What've you been doing?" I asked, sitting beside him.

He looked faintly surprised. "You mean you haven't seen the papers?"

"Where I've been," I said, "there weren't any papers." I told him about the oil series.

"Then you haven't heard of the Ashurst discovery?"

I shook my head. "It wasn't oil, by any chance?"

He smiled and said, "No, it— Look, I'd like to talk to you, Jim, if you have the time."

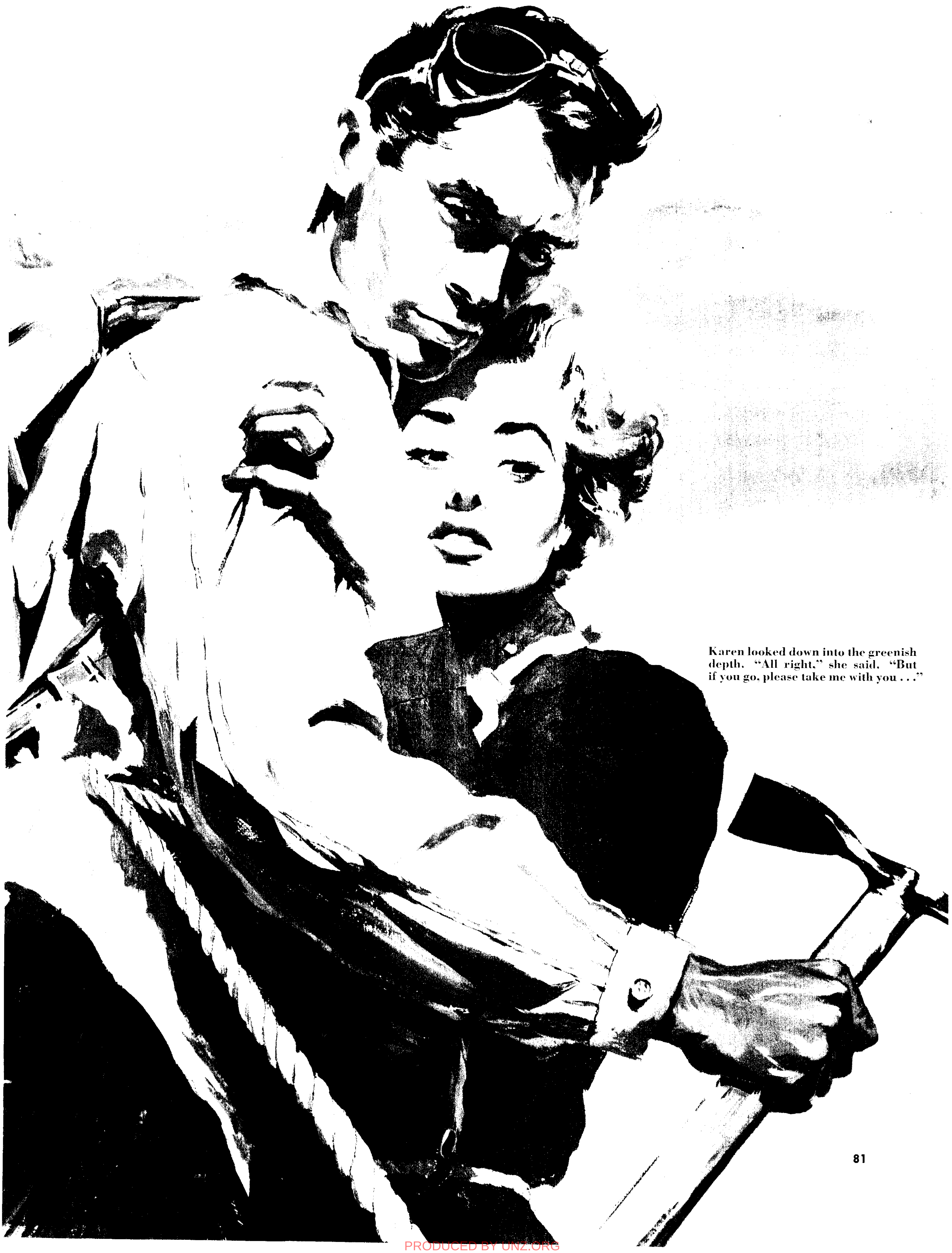
We ordered drinks and went over to a table. Tony looked at me for a moment and then he said, "You know, Jim, you're the first person I've met who didn't begin by *asking* me about this business. Since you know nothing about it, I'd like to try an experiment with you. I'd like to tell the story from the beginning—something I haven't been able to do with anyone else—and see what you make of it."

Our Martinis arrived. I had all the time in the world.

"Go ahead," I said.

After a moment he said, "I feel a little hesitant about this. You'll see why. But even so, I feel like sharing this story with someone, someone I've known for a

ILLUSTRATED BY JOE BOWLER



Karen looked down into the greenish depth. "All right," she said. "But if you go, please take me with you . . ."

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and some people **ask** for what they want
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long time. And you're the first person I've found that I *could* tell it to. Aren't you flattered?" he asked, smiling.

"Very," I said. As a matter of fact, I was.

He squared his shoulders a little, like a diver on a high board. "It really began four years ago," he said, "when Karen and I were married."

I REMEMBER their wedding; it was the social event of the season, a big splashy affair with marquees on the lawn and all the champagne you could drink. It was a spectacular beginning, and for a year or two the marriage went very well. Tony and Karen traveled constantly; they circled the earth on one long honeymoon.

But then their happiness began to alter. It wasn't that they had grown bored with each other physically or anything like that. It was just that every man needs a sense of achievement—even if it comes only from conquering jagged masses of rock—and Karen hated the mountains.

She was afraid of heights and she hated climbing. It terrified her. Tony tried to make her see that being afraid was no disgrace, that fear could be overcome. But it was no use; Karen wanted no part of mountain climbing.

She never tried to stop Tony from going—he was careful to give her credit for that—but whenever he set out alone, it was with a sense of guilt for having left Karen behind. At first he went off on short trips, week-end climbs, but it was no good. Karen wouldn't say a word, but he knew she was upset. She hated to have him go, and this ruined everything. He felt guilty about leaving her, guilty about pursuing the only real interest he had outside of their marriage. It enraged him, this feeling of guilt. He began to resent Karen for it—terribly.

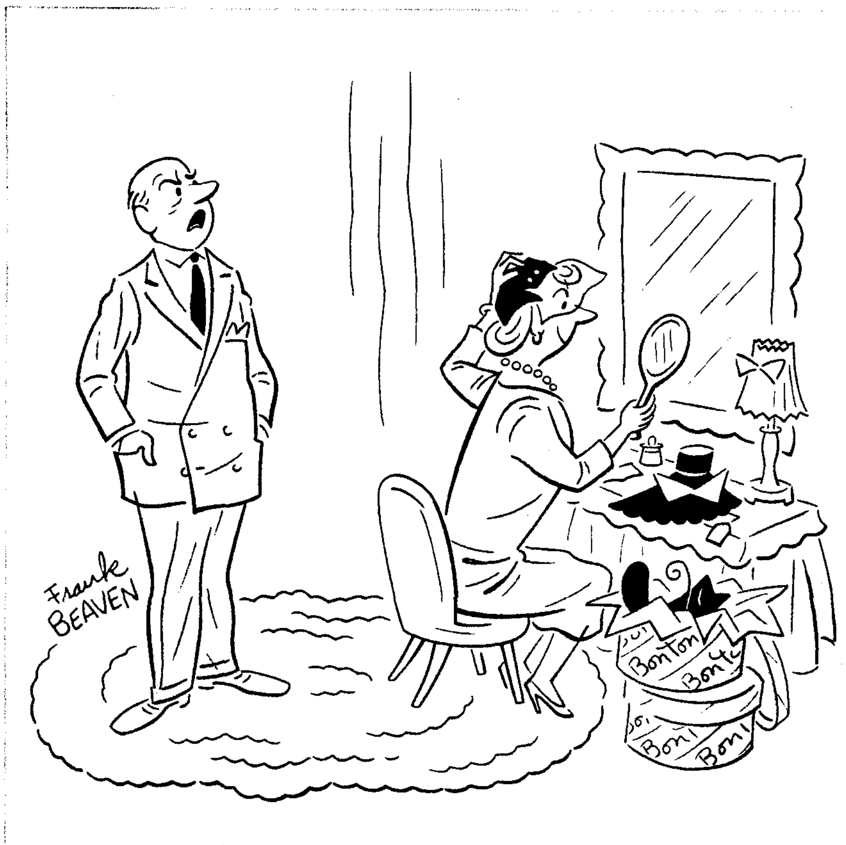
He looked at me with a puzzled expression. "Can you see how that might be?" he asked.

"Nobody likes the person who makes him feel guilty," I said, "or weak."

He nodded. "Last winter, as you know," he said, "I organized that expedition to the Andes. Winter here, of course, is summer down there. I told Karen that I didn't want her with me—I'm not sure yet whether I made that decision to punish Karen or to emancipate myself. I told her she could wait in Philadelphia or London or Paris, but I didn't want her anywhere in South America. I was going to try to be the first man to climb La Dolorosa, and I didn't want any distractions. I put it pretty brutally, the way you always do when you're trying to justify selfishness. She didn't say much, but I knew she was hurt and angry. I almost called the expedition off. But in the end I told myself that that would just be—as you said—a sign of weakness."

Our glasses were empty. Tony signaled the bartender with an almost imperceptible gesture. He did not resume his story until the waiter had come and gone.

"As it turned out," he said finally, "I was away even longer than the three months I had planned. After we climbed La Dolorosa the weather held, and we took a shot at El Capitan. We didn't make it, but"—he grinned—"we came darned close. Next time, maybe . . ." He paused and sipped his drink. "While I was gone, Karen stayed here, in Paris. I came back in June, feeling pretty good about everything. A little penitent, maybe, for having kept her waiting so long, but the trouble was"—he hesitated, not looking at me, and I saw his fingers tighten around the stem of his glass—"she thought she had found someone else."



COLLIER'S

"Yes, I know I can't take it with me. But I'd like to use a little of it myself while I'm here!"

FRANK BEAVEN

I said nothing. I could think of nothing to say.

"She told me herself, the night I got back. She was miserable about it, really. She told me because she was sure that if she didn't, someone we knew would. She said she supposed she had done it to punish me for leaving her. She was awfully sorry, she said; she wasn't even infatuated with this other fellow any more. That was all over, and she was in love with me. She always had been. She—she asked me to forgive her."

It was cool there in the bar, but there were tiny beads of sweat on Tony Ashurst's forehead.

"Heaven knows," he said, "I wanted to—I tried. I told myself I had had this coming. She had been no more faithless to me, in a way, than I had been to her. Karen's a beautiful girl, high-spirited, proud. I could understand it all, rationally. But emotionally"—he shook his head—"I couldn't take it. We weren't man and wife any more; we were like strangers. That went on for months. Then, about three weeks ago, I told her we were through. I said I thought we should get a divorce."

Somewhere across the room a woman was laughing; there was a subdued murmur of conversation.

"The next day," Tony went on, "Karen asked me to take her away—to the mountains. She said we ought to give our marriage one more chance. She thought, I guess, that if she made this—this surrender to my interests, perhaps I could make a concession as well. She hoped I would be able to forgive her. Anyway, we went. I didn't plan to do any real climbing, of course, but I thought if we got up fairly high, around ten or eleven thousand feet, well away from the tourist resorts, we might gain a better perspective of our problem. I thought we'd spend a few days tramping around on the Lac de Glace, the glacier above Stehl."

He paused again. He wasn't filling in the details, but I could see it all, see them setting out with their expensive luggage in their handsome car, giving an impression of wealth and happiness, but actually thoroughly miserable.

Tony rubbed his chin, his eyes not seeing the room or people around us. "Glaciers," he said, "they're really fascinating. They still cover ten per cent of the globe, you know, and there's evidence that they once covered thirty. Down in the south polar regions they say the icecap is two miles thick. The weights and pressures must be fantastic."

I nodded impatiently. I was not interested in glaciers. I wanted to hear what had happened to this man and his wife.

"The Lac de Glace," he said, "is the piedmont type, a large, nearly motionless ice sheet. There's almost no drainage; evaporation balances snowfall. There are some crevasses, of course, but nothing really dangerous. It seemed like a good place to go . . ."

THEY stayed at the only inn Stehl had to offer, a funny old place called the Lion D'Or. Every day they took their lunch and climbed up to the glacier. The weather was superb: the air crystal clear, the sun almost hot. They were polite and considerate to each other. But they were companions, not lovers. The barrier was still there between them.

On the fourth day they picked a place to eat their lunch where a ridge of ice sheltered them from the wind. The view was magnificent. In the distance they could see both Mont Blanc and Monte Rosa. In front of them the glacier sloped down to a deep crevasse ten or twelve yards across. Tony handed his binoculars to his wife. "Take a look," he said.

She raised the glasses to her eyes, but she didn't try to focus them, and suddenly he knew that she wasn't looking at anything. "Tony," she said, lowering the glasses, "it's not going to work, is it?"

He felt miserable. He wanted to tell her that everything was going to be all right, that the past was over and done with. He wanted to take her in his arms and kiss her. But he couldn't, and suddenly Karen dropped the glasses and covered her face with her hands. He reached for the glasses, but it was too late. The binoculars slid down the ice, and disappeared into the crevasse.

KAREN looked up, stricken. "Oh, Tony, how awful!" she said. "I'm terribly sorry."

"That's all right," he told her. "They can be replaced."

"But they were your father's!"

Tony's father had made a ceremony of giving the glasses to him the day he was to climb the Matterhorn for the first time.

He got up, moved carefully to the edge of the crevasse, and looked down. He couldn't see the bottom, but he saw the binoculars lying on a shelf some seventy or eighty feet down. He could hardly believe his luck; he had been sure they were gone for good. He called to Karen that he was going down after them.

"No!" she said, getting up, and all her fear of the mountains was in her voice.

"There's nothing to it," he said. "I'll use the rope—anchor it with the ax."

She came and stood beside him and looked quickly down into the greenish depth. Her face was very pale. "All right," she said. "But if you go, take me with you."

He stared at her. "You want to go down *there?*"

She said, "I want to be with you."

They stood there for perhaps ten seconds, facing each other. "All right," Tony said. "It won't be dangerous if you do what I tell you. And I'll tell you this too—when we come back up, you won't be afraid any more."

"I don't care about that," she said. "All I care about is being with you."

Tony let her down first, slowly, carefully. Karen's fear was terrible, but something kept her from crying out—something stronger than fear.

Fifteen minutes later they were standing together on the shelf where the binoculars had landed. The sunlight, filtering through the translucent ice, had a weird, undersea quality. Tony picked up the binoculars. "Hullo," he said, "what's that?"

Something that looked like a wire was projecting from the ice wall about twenty feet farther ahead. He moved along the ledge, holding Karen's hand, until he came close to it. It wasn't wire. It seemed to be frozen rawhide, and it was attached to something in the ice. He could see it plainly behind the surface; it was a thin yellowish rectangle about the size of a playing card.

Our cocktail glasses were empty again, but Tony did not notice. He was too deep in his story.

"I chipped it out and looked at it, while Karen held onto my arm. At first I thought it was bone; then I decided it was some sort of ivory. But it wasn't the substance that startled me; it was the fact that it was engraved—crudely and beautifully and painstakingly engraved on both sides with hunting scenes. There were men with spears and there were the animals they were hunting. I stood there seventy feet below the surface of the Lac de Glace, and I swear to you, Jim, I felt the hair rise on the back of my neck. Because I had seen those animals before, seen them in the cave drawings of southern France, and at Altamira in Spain. Humpbacked bison, and woolly mammoths with curling tusks, and woolly rhinoceroses. Animals extinct for thousands of years, but painted from life by neolithic man a hundred centuries ago.

"Then I felt Karen's hand tighten on mine. I glanced up, and I saw what she was looking at. They were not six feet above our heads, Jim. It was as if they were encased in transparent plastic, every detail unaltered, undecayed. The woman—she was a girl, really—was lower down, closer to us. Her face was turned away; I couldn't see it. But I could see her dark hair and the skins she was dressed in and the queer crude leggings she wore. I could even see the little pouch that she had tied to one wrist, almost like a modern handbag.

"Her arms were stretched up toward the man. He was reaching down to her; I could see his face plainly, see the look of love and anguish on it. He was lying on his stomach, one arm reaching down toward the girl. He had something in his hand that looked like a short stick; it may turn out to be a stone ax, handle forward. We don't know yet.

"You don't have to be a mountaineer to reconstruct what happened. Perhaps a snow bridge broke; perhaps she dropped her amulet and was trying to recover it. Anyway, she got herself into a place from which she couldn't get back, and he was trying to rescue her, although he must have known that even a whisper might shake loose the tons of snow poised above them. He went down after her and he had almost reached her when the avalanche came and they died together."

TONY ASHURST stopped speaking, and although the hum of conversation went on around us undiminished, I felt as if we were completely alone.

"I knew," he said after a moment, "that we had made a sensational discovery. I knew that the earliest traces of Troy or Babylon were as nothing compared to the antiquity of these two people who had lived in the dawn of time as we know it. But somehow that knowledge didn't impress me much. I didn't think of those two as neolithic cave dwellers miraculously preserved for thousands of years. I thought of them simply as a man and a woman who had loved each other, who had lived and died for each other. They had been dead for scores of centùries, but their love was still alive. I felt humble and ashamed. I turned to Karen and—" He broke off suddenly.

"Yes?" I asked, prompting him.

He was looking past me, and he was smiling. Karen Ashurst was coming toward us. She was wearing a simple black dress with only one ornament, a yellowish rectangle of ivory suspended around her neck from a thin gold chain. She looked more beautiful than I remembered her.

"Why, Jim," she said to me, "what a nice surprise!"

I stood up slowly. I knew, now, what Tony had been trying to tell me, what the Ashurst discovery really was.

She put her hand on her husband's shoulder. "Sorry I'm late, darling. I'm not interrupting something, am I?"

"A story," I said to her. "But you're not interrupting it. You're the happy ending."

I was glad for them; I was very glad. —ARTHUR GORDON

is still the Chief

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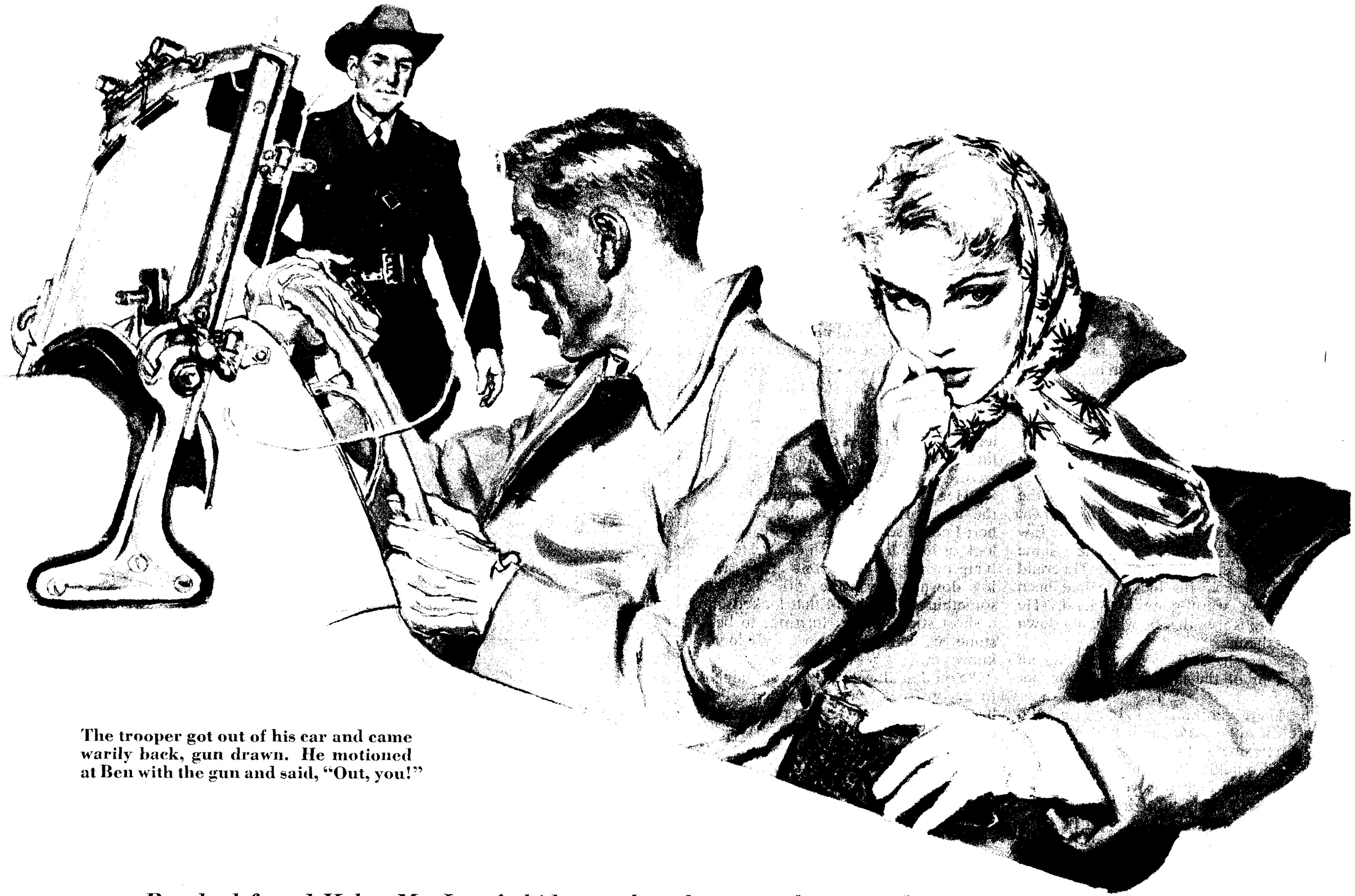
Santa Fe

America's New Railroad



The trooper got out of his car and came warily back, gun drawn. He motioned at Ben with the gun and said, "Out, you!"

Ben had found Helen MacLane's hide-out, but the men who wanted to kill her had followed him. Now he and Helen had to *run*—run for their lives

FLIGHT OF THE TIGER

By JOHN D. MACDONALD

THE LAST OF THREE PARTS

The Story: After Ben Morrow was shot down in the last week of Korean fighting, his self-confidence was shaken; he felt he could never fly again. Months later, Ben was sent back to the States on a thirty-day leave, and he decided he had to visit Helen MacLane, widow of his best friend, Dick MacLane, and then he would go AWOL rather than return to flying duty. However, before he got to see Dick's ex-boss, Mr. Willsie, to get a lead on Helen, two policemen, Davis and Waska, questioned him as to why he was hunting Helen. Then Willsie told Ben how, a month ago, Eric Gorman, a gangster, and his bodyguard, Paul Brath, had come to the apartment Helen shared with a model named Denny Young. They killed Denny in an effort to get something she had stolen from Gorman. As a witness, Helen was given police protection, but when someone took a shot at her, she became frightened and ran away. After Ben left Willsie, a seedy private detective, Davey Lemon, approached him and said he was working for a third party who wanted the police to find Helen before Gorman did, and what did Ben know? Ben refused to co-operate and Lemon ambushed him in a doorway. Later, Ben remembered that Dick had had a secret retreat and through an accountant named Freimak he learned it was near Rhinebeck, New York. On the train the next day, Ben discovered he was being followed. He eluded his pursuers, but then he saw a newspaper that said Helen's body had been found in the Harlem River. He wondered why he was being followed if Helen was dead, but he went on to Rhinebeck anyhow. When he got to the farm where the retreat was located, the owner, John Cassidy, met Ben with a gun and at first refused to believe he had ever known Dick. Then Helen walked in from the next room. The story of her death was a police effort to lure her or Eric Gorman out of hiding. The next morning the accountant Freimak called Ben—he had had a call from a Colonel Brown, and before discovering that the officer was a fake, he had told him where Ben Morrow was.

BEN stepped closer to Helen MacLane. She reached out and grabbed his hand and held on with an icy grip. "They're coming," she said. "They're coming here."

"Let's think this out," John Cassidy said. His voice sounded harsh and strained.

"What good is thinking?" she asked.

"I can drive you into Rhinebeck. We can get you locked up. You'll be safe. Then that Davis can come up and take you back to New York."

"And they'll lock me up there too. And keep me until they find Gorman. I've heard about these cases. It might be a year. And they'd get careless, and somebody would get in. No. I won't do that."

John Cassidy turned to Ben. "Tell her that's what she should do."

"I don't know whether it's what she should do or not. But she can't stay here."

"I'm going to pack," Helen said and ran out.

Cassidy sighed. "I can't do anything with her. A

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES DWYER

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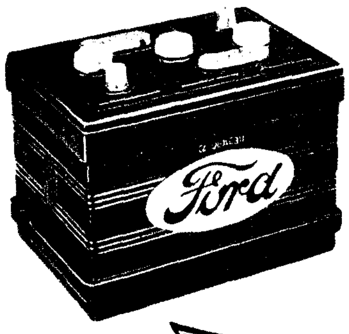

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AERO SHAVE

couple of times I've felt like phoning the police. I know I should have. But what can you do? It's her choice. If a person wants to run . . . Hell, I've never got anywhere running. I tried once. I had to come back. Go with her, will you, Ben? Keep an eye on her. Try to talk her into going back."

"I'll go with her if she'll let me. But how?"

"Take the MG. Don't tell me which direction you're going. I don't want to know. Take it and then put it in a parking lot someplace and mail me the ticket on it."

"Some very unpleasant people might arrive here any minute, Mr. Cassidy."

"I'm not worried about that."

BEN said, "Maybe you ought to phone for police protection. I don't know who it might be. That Lemon person, or the people who've hired him, or Gorman's people. Or Gorman himself and that man of his named Brath."

"I'm not worried. Take the revolver with you."

"Thanks, no."

"Take it. It will equalize some pretty big odds, boy."

"I don't even know if she wants me along."

"I saw her grab your hand. And you're a link with the past, when she wasn't running. She'll want you along, but she won't ask you. I know her. Proud, stubborn—and damn' scared. Lost her confidence in anybody connected with the police."

He lowered his voice on the last few words as they heard Helen coming down the hallway. She had changed with remarkable quickness to a wool suit. She carried her bag and had a light coat over her arm. Her lips had a controlled, bloodless look.

"What are you going to do?" Cassidy asked.

"Please give me a lift into town and I'll get a bus. I can't thank you for all you've— Please just drive me into town, John."

Ben felt oddly shy about speaking. He said, "Mr. Cassidy has offered us the use of the MG. We can leave it in a parking lot somewhere and mail him the stub."

She looked at him. "Us?"

"If you wouldn't mind. A couple is less conspicuous than a girl traveling alone. And—I want to help."

"I don't want to cause anyone any more trouble."

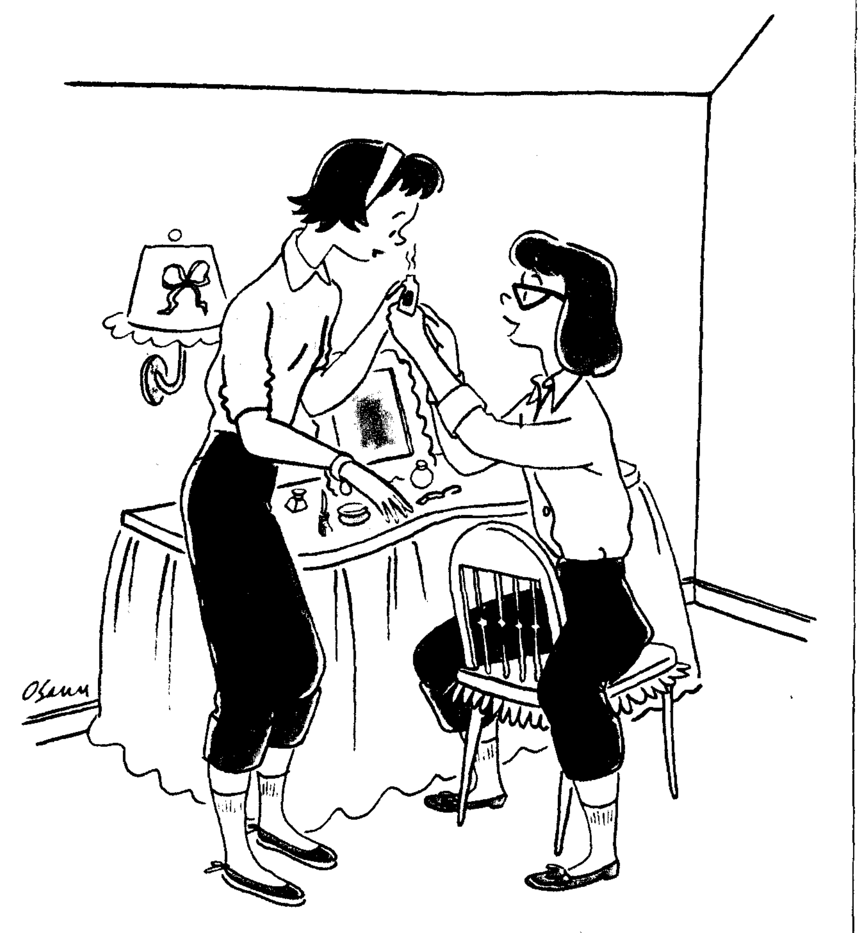
"I'm on leave. Dick was my good friend. I wouldn't feel right about not going along."

She made no attempt to conceal her relief. "I think I'd like to have you along for—part of the way, Ben. But we'd better hurry."

Ben ran up to the cabin. It took him about three minutes to pack. He hadn't shaved, but there was no time for that. He trotted back down, carrying his suitcase. Cassidy's son Mike had the tarp off the MG. It had a luggage compartment in the back. Her suitcase was already in there. He put his in beside it and snapped the lid shut. She was tying a scarf around her hair. She kissed Mrs. Cassidy and they shook hands all around. Mike showed him the controls on the MG, then folded the tarp and put it in the trunk compartment. That reminded Ben of the revolver he had put in his suitcase. He wondered if he should get it, and decided that was too melodramatic. There would be time enough later.

Their departure seemed oddly festive. He thought of how the guys in the group would see it: a sunny day, a sports car, a very lovely blonde, two suitcases in the back end. That Morrow sure got himself a deal, didn't he?

TIZZY



COLLIER'S "I call it Chanel Number 5 & 10" KATE OSANN

"Hurry," she said. "Please."

He drove the car down the long drive. She turned at the crest of the drive and waved, and then they dipped down to the highway. He waited for a gap in traffic, thinking how ironic it would be if one of the oncoming cars contained the men they were trying to avoid. He turned north on Route 9.

"Any special place?" he asked, trying to make a joke of it.

"Just fast and far, Ben."

"Not so fast we get picked up, though."

He could sense by the way she held herself that some of the tension was going out of her. He concentrated on getting used to a small car. The tight steering bothered him for a time. The little car seemed to fit flat against the road, and the smallest turn of the wheel brought a quick startling response. He found he had to steer every moment. Yet there was a good, quick, clean feel about the acceleration. The bucket seats could have been more comfortable, and it was a bit disconcerting to see the pavement rushing by so close. He could see it out of the corner of his left eye; it looked as though he could reach down quite easily and touch it.

She bent down out of the wind and lighted two cigarettes and gave him one of them.

"Thanks," he said. "They're nice people, those Cassidys."

"The best. They adored Dick. They were hurt when I told them we'd used a made-up name. It was a joke of Dick's. He said it appealed to his bigamist tendencies, to be with Mrs. Richards up there, and with Mrs. MacLane back at the apartment."

"These men may give Cassidy a bad time."

"He won't let them."

They had to speak loudly to make themselves heard over the wind. They went through Red Hook, took the Hudson by-pass. Ben made as good time as he dared.

A little after one o'clock he pulled into the parking lot of a roadside restaurant just across the river from Albany. They went in and the hostess gave them a table for two against the back wall.

AFTER they ordered, he said, "It's such a funny way to run. I know what danger you're in, Helen, but I keep getting a holiday feeling."

She wouldn't look directly at him. "I know."

"What are you going to do?"

"I've been thinking about that ever since we left. I've got nearly two hundred dollars, and that's all. I don't dare try to cash a check. I've been thinking about articles and stories I've read. I guess it isn't too hard to get new identification. I could open a small savings account under a new name, get a driver's license under that name, and use the driver's license to get a Social Security card and number. I guess I could become a waitress, or clerk in a store or something."

"And then what?"

"Oh, I don't want to think beyond that, Ben."

"How about your family?"

"What's best for them?" she asked angrily. "To have me dead or jailed or missing? People disappear all the time. I can get settled and then, somehow, I'll get word to them that I'm all right, and not to worry."

He realized she was thinking the same way he had been. He had just twenty-five days of leave remaining

—and then he would have the same problem. Or maybe he should start now, use the twenty-five days to cover his tracks. That way, the trail would be cold when the Air Force started hunting him. And it wouldn't be as lonely if the two of them were running together.

He knew he would have to tell her soon. "How far will we go in the car?" he asked.

"Farther than this, Ben," she said. "Much farther."

"We shouldn't leave it too far away."

"At least as far as Utica or Syracuse, Ben."

"Then how far do we go?"

"That's as far as you have to go. Maybe you could just leave me and take the car back."

"I want to stay with you until you—get settled somewhere."

"No."

"Be practical! A couple is less conspicuous."

She looked tired. "I guess it's pretty obvious that I feel better having you along," she said.

"Then let's leave it that way."

THEY finished eating and left. She insisted on paying her half of the check, and her half of the gas they had to buy. They drove west on Route 20, into the sun, up and down the long rolling hills. At dusk they were well beyond Richfield Springs. He saw a handsome new motel ahead. There was a small restaurant adjoining it.

"This okay?" he asked.

"I guess so."

He parked and went into the office. An elderly pleasant-faced woman came out to the desk. "Would you have two rooms for my sister and myself?"

"Certainly. Want to look at them?"

"I guess not."

"Fill out this card, please. Six dollars apiece."

Helen and Benjamin Salter, he wrote. There was a place for the license number of the car. He had to go out and look at it. Helen stood beside the car. He said in a low voice, "Same first names. The last name is Salter. You're my sister."

"Okay."

The woman showed him where to put the car, and then she showed them their rooms. She smiled at Helen. "Anybody'd know right off you two are brother and sister, Miss Salter."

Ben put the bags in the rooms. They were large and clean. He got the tarp out of the luggage trunk and covered the car. They ate in the small restaurant, and then they walked through the night back to the rooms.

She held out her hand and said, "Good night, Ben. And thanks for not trying to set up some kind of a situation. You're sweet."

"That's a deadly adjective to apply to any guy, Helen."

"Brother and sister. I guess we could be, the way we look."

"But not the way I feel."

"Please."

"I guess that was a sort of automatic reflex. Defense against being called sweet."

"Dick wrote that you were a nice guy, Ben."

"Knowing Dick, I'm sure he wrote more than that."

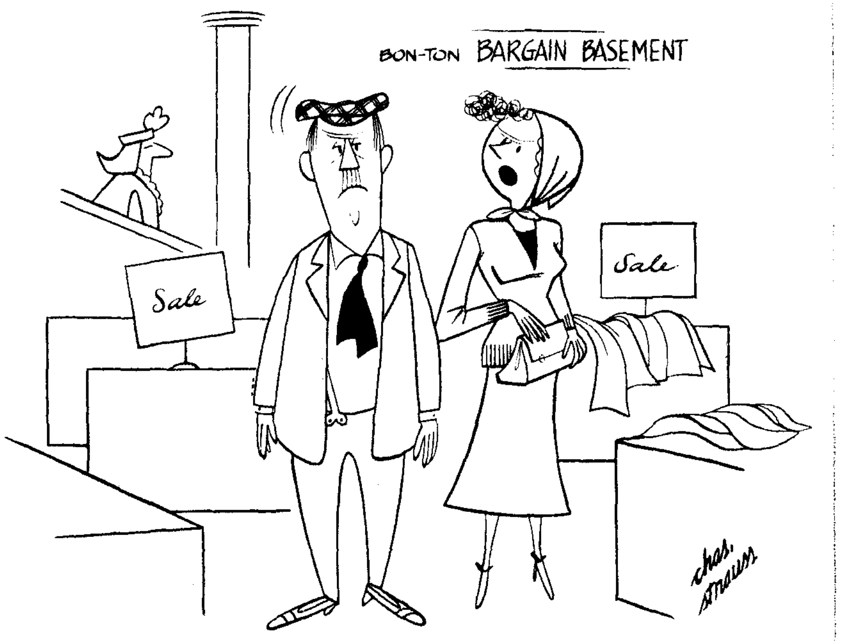
"Yes. I guess I can tell you because he said the same about me. He said you were unformed—that was the word he used, I think. An adult waiting to happen. He used to say that to me, and I never knew what he meant. It used to make me mad. I felt as grown up as anybody. I didn't want to be patted on the head and told I was a good little girl. Now I know more about what he meant. But maybe not enough. Not as much as he knew. He would never have run from anything. Ever."

She stood, her arms folded, leaning against her door. The headlights of the passing cars illumined her face briefly. A night breeze stirred her hair. She yawned. "I'm dead."

"I can sleep too. Up early?"

"Early, Ben."...

He went to bed and fell asleep at once, and woke up with a convulsive start. His watch showed it was only midnight. He tried to settle back into sleep, but it was no good. After a time he sat on the edge of the bed and lighted a cigarette. His mouth felt dry. He got a drink of water. This waiting was like before those first few



COLLIER'S "If you'd had the foresight to overpay your income tax, I could be making good use of the refund" CHARLES STRAUSS

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THE WORLD OVER

DRUGGISTS

missions. You knew you ought to sleep and yet you weren't able to. He adjusted the blinds so he could look out at the highway. An occasional truck roared through the night, its running lights outlining its bulk. There was a curve down the road so that the lights of westbound traffic swept across the front of the court. There were metal tables and chairs out on the dark lawn. He saw the glow of a cigarette out there. When the next west-bound car came along, he looked closely and saw the light on her pale hair. He sat there for a time, and then got up and pulled on his trousers over his pajamas, put on his coat, slid bare feet into his shoes.

He walked slowly across the grass. When he was close he could see her clearly. "Helen."

She gasped and turned sharply. "Ben! You scared me."

"Sorry. Can't you sleep either?"

"No."

They kept their voices low. Dark cars were nuzzled up toward the rooms where the people slept. There was a dim light in the office, another in the restaurant. The stars looked cold and far away.

"I have to tell you something, Helen."

"Yes?"

And so he told her carefully, told her all of it, as though, by being precise and objective, he could learn more about it himself. She listened in silence, asking no questions.

"You see," he said, "I don't know exactly what it was that, well, seemed to break. I thought I was afraid before I was shot down. That's supposed to be standard, isn't it? To be afraid and go ahead and do what you have to do anyway? But I wasn't afraid, really, before that happened. I think Dick was really afraid all the time, but he could make himself do it. I can't. It isn't something you can think about. It's after midnight now. So I've got twenty-four days left. It's no good telling myself that when my leave is over I'll trot down there and report like a good little tiger. That's why I had to find you. We're both running, Helen."

SHE was silent for a long time. And then she put her hand out shyly and touched the back of his hand where it lay on the arm of the metal chair. "I know, Ben. I know exactly what it is. Survival, or something. I want to keep myself alive under any conditions. All those big words are empty words when you're dead. I dream about—what happened to Denny. About the sounds his hands made, and the way she hung limp like a doll, so the other man had to grab her hair to hold her face up. And then that sound the bullet made when they shot at me. As if somebody hit the wall real hard with a little hammer, and it left a little hole in the window with a million cracks around it." When she spoke again, her voice was angry. "What is it to me, anyway? What affair of mine?"

He didn't know what to say to her. He guessed maybe you had to have something valid and good that you could think about advising anyone else.

Thunder began to rumble far down the valley, and the pale glow of lightning flickered below the horizon. The wind changed, and gusts whipped the corner of her robe.

They walked back toward their rooms. At the doorway he turned toward her and she came quickly into his arms. He had a strange feeling that he had held her this way before. She made a small sound in her throat and pressed her forehead against his cheek, and clung to him. The wind whipped her blonde hair against the side of his throat.

He kissed her but there was little meaning in it. It seemed as if what both of them wanted was to hold someone close, to shut out fear and loneliness with a stranger's warmth.

He knew that she would surrender to him without protest, because she was, in her fear, enormously vulnerable. But because it would be achieved through fear, it would be bad and meaningless. And he knew how it would be in the morning: the evasive eyes, the guilt, the ruin of a relationship that seemed good.

He held her shoulders and said softly, "Sleep well, Helen."

He felt her tremble, and then she leaned forward and kissed his cheek and went into her own room without speaking.

For a long time he lay staring up into the darkness. The hard rain came and the thunder banged, and then the storm moved on, and he went to sleep.

AT BREAKFAST they were shy with each other, and talked with false gaiety. They packed and headed west, planning to turn off Route 20 at Cazenovia and head for Syracuse. The morning air was sparkling bright and it made him think how it would be if he were starting off with this girl on such a morning with the whole world the way it used to be—back during the uncomplicated life of Benjamin Morrow. He could think of that other Morrow as a stranger now, and he knew how the other one would have reacted. Such a blonde would have been a prime target, very choice. And that other Morrow would have sneered at the complicated scruples of the Ben Morrow who had talked to the girl about fear last night.

A few miles from the motel he saw a state-trooper car go by him, headed in the opposite direction. He looked in the rear-vision mirror when he heard the squeal of tires and brakes, and he saw the car make a fast U turn on the two-lane road.

Helen looked back too. "After us?"

"I don't know." He felt tense. The sedan came after them fast. When it was behind them the siren made a warning growl.

"Oh, no!" she said.

"I've got to pull over. I'm not sure enough of this car to make a run for it."

HE TURNED into the shoulder. The sedan pulled in ahead of them and the big trooper got out quickly and came warily back, gun drawn. He motioned with the gun. "Out, you!"

Ben tried to smile and said, "Why the artillery?"

"Just get out and turn around. Then bend over and put your hands flat against the car."

Ben obeyed. This was no traffic arrest. The trooper patted his clothing roughly. "Stay right there," he ordered. "Get out, girl."

Ben saw her get out and he saw the hesitancy on the part of the trooper. The trooper solved it by saying, "Come around here and take your coat off. Put your hands over your head and turn all the way around slow." Helen's face was chalky and her lips were trembling.

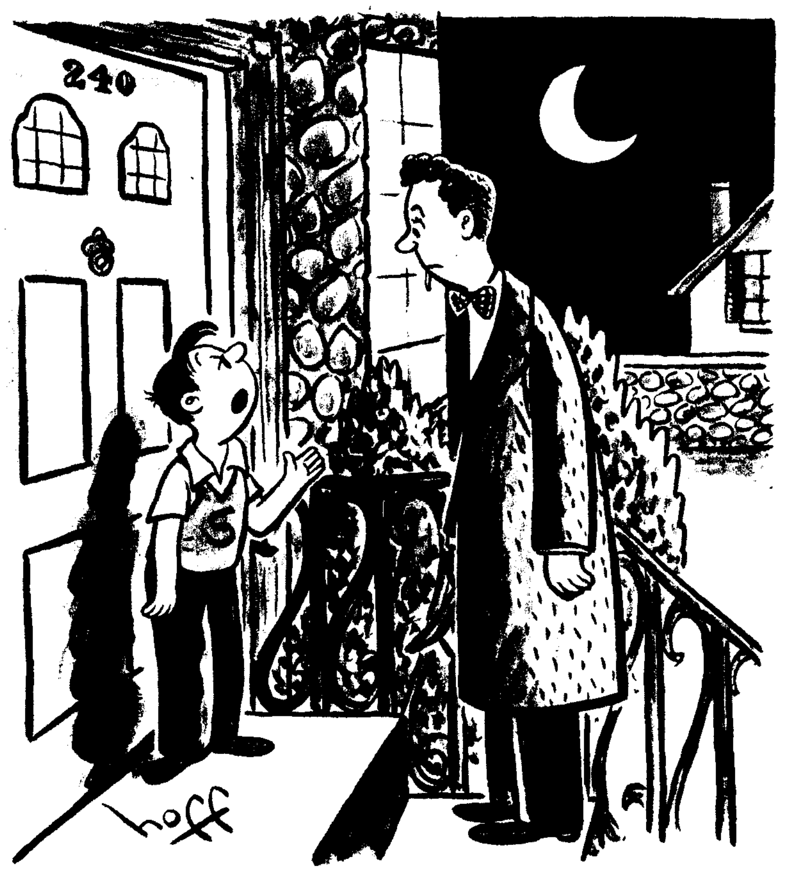
"What's this all about?" Ben demanded, but his voice sounded too thin for anger.

"Just stay where you are." The trooper holstered his revolver, reached into the car, got Helen's purse, snapped it open, fingered the contents, handed it to her.

"Where's the gun?" the trooper said.

Ben glanced around. Passing cars were slowing down to look curiously at them, then speeding up again. If the man knew there was a gun, he was going to find it. "In one of the suitcases in the back end. In the brown one."

Helen hadn't spoken. The trooper opened the luggage trunk and took out both suitcases. He opened Ben's and took out the .38. He spun the cylinder,



COLLIER'S "My sister won't be able to make it. Something drove up at the last minute" SIDNEY HOFF

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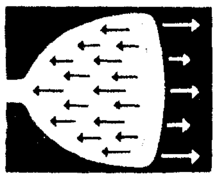

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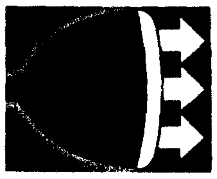

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then shoved the weapon into his coat pocket, shoved the wide-brimmed hat back a bit, his forehead wrinkled in thought.

"You picked a poor car to lift, friend. There aren't many of those around."

"It was lent to us," Helen said.

"Sure, lady. You can straighten up now, friend. Stick your hands out."

"Look, I—"

"Out!" He clapped the handcuffs on Ben's wrists, and the ratchets clicked. He took the keys out of the MG and put them in his pocket. "Okay. Into the car. Get in the back, lady. You get up here with me, friend."

Before he started the car, he placed his call. He gave some meaningless code numbers, called himself Lockman, said somebody would have to come out and get the car when he got in with the keys, and gave the location.

Ben turned in the seat and looked back at Helen. Her eyes were wide. She looked right through him, and her lips moved, but he did not understand the words she formed.

The trooper started up and made another U turn. He said in a conversational tone, "I don't know how far you expected to get. No pro would ever get that stupid."

"The car was lent to us."

"Sure it was. There was this guy and he said take my keys and take this gun and drive off, kids, because I like your looks."

"I know how it sounds, but it was lent to us. By John Cassidy. He lives in Rhinebeck."

"You'll get a chance to prove it."

In ten minutes they turned into the wide driveway of the trooper station. He drove around and parked in back with some other sedans. Two troopers glanced incuriously at Ben and Helen and one of them said, "Jimmy detailed us to pick that car up, Al. I never drove one of those foreign jobs. We matched and I won."

Lockman tossed him the keys. Then he turned and unlocked Ben's handcuffs and took them off. He said, "Go on ahead of me, both of you. Up those steps and through that door."

THERE was a hallway, with a big kitchen off to the right; a smell of coffee came out of it. Lockman walked behind them. They went through a room where several men worked at desks; one end of the room was enclosed in glass, and the man inside was wearing earphones.

"In here," Lockman said, motioning them into a small room. A man in shirt sleeves sat at a small desk, typing. There were oak chairs against the wall. They sat side by side. Lockman went out. Ten minutes passed. A small-boned man with gray hair came in. He had a quick, trim way of moving. He put one foot up on the chair next to Ben, leaned his arm on his knee.

"What's the story?" he asked.

Ben handed over his papers. The man examined them, gave Ben a shrewd glance, and handed them back. "So, Lieutenant?"

"I'm on leave. John Cassidy, of Rhinebeck, loaned us the car. I don't understand all this."

"And this girl?"

"I'm his sister," Helen said.

"You don't have any license for the gun, Lieutenant."

"Do I need one?" Ben asked. "I'm not in uniform, but I'm technically on active duty."

"It isn't a military-issue weapon."

"Does it have to be?"

"I don't know about that. I'll have to check that, Lieutenant. We just got the description of the car and the license number over the teletype. I've placed a call to this Mr. Cassidy. I told them to route it in here."

The telephone rang, as though on signal. The man stepped to the desk. He asked to speak to Mr. Cassidy. He waited a few moments and then said, "Cassidy? Captain Walther, New York State Police. Yes. We picked up the MG. A couple in it. Lieutenant Morrow and his sister. They claim you loaned them the car and the gun. What about it?"

He listened for about thirty seconds, watching the wall over Ben's head as he did. "I see. Yes, of course. No, no trouble."

He hung up and came toward them, smiling. "Semiapologies are in order, I guess. He says it was a misunderstanding. He wants to check with you, so he asked me to hold you until he can get here. He'll be here in a couple of hours. Flying up. Just make yourselves comfortable. There's some magazines there on the table." He smiled again and went out.

A FEW moments later the man who had been typing collected his papers and left the room.

Helen turned to Ben. "That wasn't John he talked to."

"I know."

"John thought he could take care of himself. I'm responsible for whatever happened, Ben. I should never have gone there. I—"

"Take it easy. They didn't trace you. They traced me. It was my fault. Somebody is going to come here and they're going to be carrying John Cassidy's identification, and they're going to try to take us away from here. We've got to get out of here before they arrive."

"I—can't do it that way, Ben. I've involved you too much. I'm going to tell that man who I am. I'm going to tell him everything."

"In some weird way I want you to do that, Helen. But not for me, or because I'm involved. I know I can't face up to what I'm supposed to do, and yet I want you to."

She bit her lip. She said, "There's another reason now. I don't know what they've done to the Cassidys. They took me in. They helped me. It isn't right. It isn't fair. I can't run out on them now."

"I know."

"But I've got so used to running that— Oh, Ben, help me go through with it. I'm so scared!"

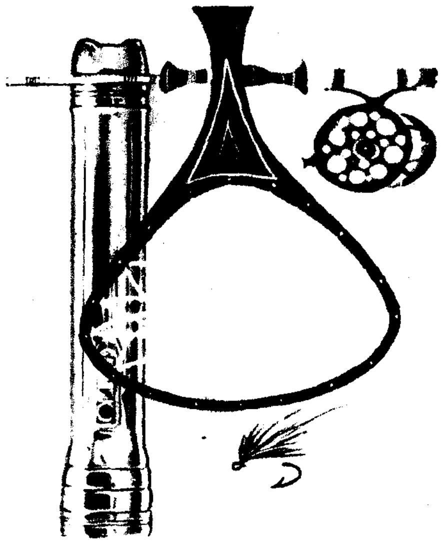
"We're safe here. Let them come to us. When they're inside this station, we can tell everything to Captain Walther. We can trap them here, whoever they are."

The typist came back in. Ben tried to read the magazines. He and Helen smoked too much. Time dragged. . . .

It was a few minutes before noon when Ben heard the faint waspish buzzing of the light-plane engine. He went over to the window. The noise grew louder. A small cabin job, glinting silver in the sunlight, flashed overhead low, and the sound diminished and then became louder again. He heard the alteration in the sound and then for a time it remained at the same pitch, then coughed and was silent.

"They've landed," he said. "Stay right here. Walther'll bring them in."

After a moment they heard footsteps in the hallway, heard Walther say,



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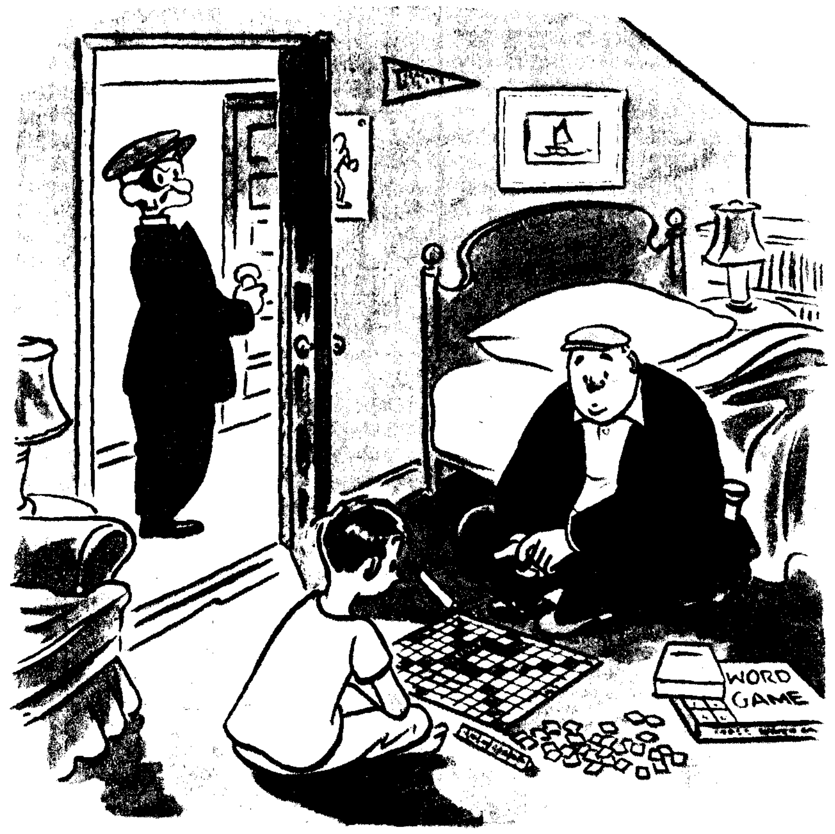

COLLIER'S "Bicycle? B-i-c-y-c-l-e. Why?" LARRY REYNOLDS

"That plane lands on a dime. Bumpy, wasn't it?"

"Not too bad," a voice said. Helen looked at Ben and her eyes grew wide. And then Walther came into the room with John Cassidy. One day had changed him. He didn't move with his previous springy strength. He looked beaten and old.

"Are these your friends?" Walther asked.

"Yes, of course. Could I have a few words alone with them, Captain?"

"Certainly."

The typist got up and left. Ben said, "Just exactly what in the world—"

CASSIDY sat down heavily. He looked at the floor. "All the way I figured what situation I'd find here. I figured you'd have told them here who you are, Helen. I didn't know animals like those men who came to the farm existed. I tried to order them off the place. I should have shot when I had the chance. I only had one chance, and that didn't last long. They've got Mike and Katey, Helen. I can't force you to go back with me. You know that. But if you don't, it's pretty clear to me what they intend to do. And it isn't a bluff. I think they'd enjoy it. I think they're the sort of animals that would enjoy every minute of it. They've been there ever since about twenty minutes after you left. I didn't tell them for a long time where you were. But the first time Mike screamed I had to tell them. You understand, don't you?"

Helen put her hands on his. "I'll go back with you, John."

He looked at her and then looked quickly away as though he were ashamed, his eyes filling with tears. "I know what I'm doing to you," he said.

"It doesn't matter. It doesn't."

"But it might be meaningless. They might—do what they've promised anyway, Helen."

"Ben doesn't have to go back too, does he?"

"They want you, Helen."

Ben felt a shameful relief, knowing he wouldn't *have* to go up in the plane. His hands had begun to sweat when he had first heard the plane. Cassidy said, "Don't say anything to the police, Ben. They might move too fast. They might force those men's hands."

Cassidy stood up. "I'll find Walther and ask him if I can leave the car here for a few days."

Helen turned to Ben. "Thank you for everything you tried to do."

He looked into her eyes. "I'm coming along—for the ride."

"Stay out of it, Ben. Please!"

"Just for the ride, honey. For kicks."

"I won't let you come."

"Then listen to what I tell Walther."

"You wouldn't!"

"Okay, so you haven't any choice. I'm coming along."

She looked at him for a moment and then smiled in a timid way and turned and followed Cassidy. He watched her go, head high and her shoulders back and her stride long and free. There was a gallantry to her that made him feel ashamed and envious. And then he remembered the little silver ship again, and felt as though his teeth would chatter.

Walther was shaking hands with John Cassidy when he and Helen came outside. The three of them left and walked across the wide lawn and through a gate in the pasture fence. A man sat on his heels near the small cabin plane. He wore a sport jacket and a shirt open at the throat.

Helen stopped abruptly and Ben caught up with her and took her hand. "What's wrong?"

"He's the one that held her—Denny. His name is Brath. Paul Brath."

Brath stood up and flipped his cigarette away and said, "Hello, dearie." He had lean hips, and the thick shoulders of a pug. "Nice going, dad," he said to Cassidy. Then he studied Ben Morrow for a moment. "You the fly boy, eh? What's with the white-horse routine?"

"He doesn't have to go," Helen said firmly.

"He didn't, but now he does. I'm in it just as much as the boss, dearie. And I'm getting tired of being out in the boondocks. I heard you tell him my name, and now he's seen me, so he comes along. Pile in, people."

They climbed up into the plane, using the single folding step. The plane could carry five at a pinch, Ben saw. When the four of them had got in, Brath took the wheel. The engine kicked over and he gunned it, then wrenched it into a tight taxi circle. The craft lumbered across the uneven field and he hauled it around again, into the wind. He gunned it and it picked up speed rapidly. Ben shut his fists as tightly as he could. He felt the sweat on his face. The tail lifted and Brath jerked the ship into the air. It wavered, headed directly for the building they had just left, and then Brath made a careless, low-altitude bank across the highway. Ben's hands did not loosen until they had better than a thousand feet of altitude. Brath had a plumber's hands on the wheel, no respect for the aircraft. He bullied the ship. Ben started to get up. Brath said, "Put it back in the seat, fly boy."

"Is this Eric Gorman's ship?" Ben shouted over the engine sound.

Brath sat loose in the seat, smoking a cigarette. "It is—with some new numbers. We had it stashed in the shrubbery up near Malone, handy to the border. Lemon got the information on you and put in a call last night. So we come down. Got to Cassidy's place about nine this morning. Lemon did a good job. He's got a bonus coming—right in the back of the neck." He laughed and said again, "Right in the back of his thick neck."

"Where's Gorman?"

"At Cassidy's place, with Lemon and Cassidy's old lady and the kid."

BEN put his lips close to Helen's ear. "I don't want John to hear this," he said. She nodded. "You heard what he said about my coming along. That means the same treatment for me as for you, Helen. Figure it out. And the same for Cassidy and his wife and the boy."

She turned toward him and shook her head and formed the word, "No!" with her lips.

"Figure it out. The penalty for killing one person is the same as the penalty for six," he said. "What difference does it make to them?"

Cassidy leaned over and said, "The one they call Davey came with two others in a car last night. The other two took the car and left Davey there, after they got us tied up. Davey made a phone call then. We were tied up all night. Mike kept crying in his sleep, and then he'd wake up and apologize."

Helen put her mouth close to Ben's ear. "We can't let it happen to them, Ben," she said.

"How do you mean?"

"There're three of us. Tell him what's going to happen. Tell John."

"He won't believe it."

"Make him believe it."

Ben turned and looked at John Cassidy. He sat with shoulders bowed, hands folded, chin on his chest. Ben moved close and began talking in a low earnest tone. Cassidy gave no sign of hearing him, made no movement. The ship droned steadily southeast through the early afternoon sunlight, and the air was bumpy as they crossed the low hills.

John Cassidy's hard brown hands

tightened. Finally he said, so softly that Ben could hardly hear him, "The big one, that Gorman, he got gas cans out of the barn and had Lemon filling them from my hand pump in the dooryard. For the airplane, he said. They put them near the house. I didn't know why it bothered me. Now I know. That's the way they'll do it, isn't it? A fire tonight. For all of us." He started to stand up, staring at the back of Brath's head.

Ben pulled him down. "Easy. Not now, John."

"What are you all yammering about back there?" Brath called out.

"When?" John whispered to Ben.

"Wait until he starts to let it down. Then he'll be busy."

"Then what?"

"I don't know. We've got to take over the controls first. Then we'll think of something."

"But they'll do something to—"

"They're going to anyway. Isn't that pretty clear? This will give us at least a small chance. I'll tell you when. Just try to yank him out of that seat and hold him."

He turned back to Helen and told her what they were planning to do, and told her to keep out of the way when it started. She nodded, and he noticed that though her mouth had a pinched, fear-stricken look, she seemed calm.

Brath began to lose altitude when they crossed the blue-and-silver ribbon of the Hudson. There were two large commercial liners off in the distance, and a small red plane was following the river north far to their right. . . .

Ben saw that Brath was checking his gauges. Ben took one long deep breath and got his feet under him and nodded at John Cassidy. They dived for Brath at the same moment. Something warned Brath, perhaps some flicker of movement half seen from the corner of his eye. He yanked the nose of the ship up steeply. Ben fell, scrabbling with his hands at the aluminum flooring, aware that John had staggered backward, aware that neither of them had touched the hard neck, the thickset shoulders, and his disappointment was more vivid than fear.

He caught at a brace and looked up and saw Brath's hand, the hairy wrist, the theatrical look of the aimed gun. The sound of the shot was lost in the engine sound. Ben let go of the brace and reached up and clasped both hands on the hard wrist and yanked it downward as hard as he could, levering the thick arm against the back of the pilot's seat. He felt the bone give and saw the gun fall to the floor and begin to slide toward the back of the cabin. Brath made no sound that Ben could hear. Ben snatched the gun, got up onto his knees and slammed the flat of the gun against the side of Brath's head.

THE man slumped sideways and Ben yanked him out of the seat, scrambled over him, slid behind the wheel. The plane teetered in a sickening instant of stall and then fell away, and in the instant before he could see the ground Ben had the quick fear that there would not be air room enough to come out of it. But the river was far below. He shoved the wheel forward and regained air speed quickly and brought the plane back around onto course in level flight. The small red plane had moved an astonishingly short distance. It seemed to Ben that a great deal of time had passed. Yet he knew that, at the most, it had taken not more than twenty seconds.

Ben turned. John Cassidy lay still, his head half under the seat where Ben had been before the attack on Brath had started. Helen was on her knees, sitting back on her heels, and he saw her turn John's head gently. She got up and came to him, bent close to him. "He's breathing, Ben, and there isn't much blood. It's all here," she said and touched him above the right ear with her finger tips. "We've got to get him to a doctor."

Ben cautiously released the controls. The plane maintained level flight. He handed her the gun. "Keep it pointed at Brath."

SHE took it gingerly. He slid out of the seat and went back to where John Cassidy lay. The slug had grooved his skull. The pulse felt slow and steady. He pressed firmly around the wound with his finger tips and he could feel no telltale shift or movement of the bone. The shift of Ben's weight had put the plane into a shallow climb. He went back and slid into the seat.

"I think he's okay, Helen. We can find a field and land. Or we can go to the farm."

Her smile was tremulous. "I know what John would say."

"Our luck is good so far. Shall we push it?"

"They won't expect it to be like this." She waved the gun. Brath surprised both of them by suddenly snatching at her wrist. He was quick, but her quickness was feline. As he started to sit up she reversed the automatic, held it by the barrel and hit him briskly and decisively on the crown of the head. As she did so she held her mouth in that prim expression of a woman threading a needle. After he fell back she began to shake.

Ben tilted the nose down. He had been flying the plane automatically, aware only that it was quick and responsive. Now he saw the insect lines of traffic on Route 9, and he picked out Rhinebeck far to the south. He angled south and finally found the farm. He thought of landing the ship, and with the thought his hands became clumsy. The little plane had been a sound and stable device, and now it felt frail and unsupported, trembling aloft as though it were one of those early craft of sticks and string and fabric. He felt the sweat on his hands. To him, after the planes he had flown, this one should have presented no more difficulties than a motor scooter. His sickness made him feel naked and afraid in the air; it turned familiar heights into dizzying voids, and it took all the cunning from his hands.

He forced himself to become familiar with the simple instruments and controls. As he lost altitude he looked for a wind-direction check and saw some sheets on a clothesline far below. The plane bounced hard in an updraft off a hill. In the grass on the flats just south of the farm, he found the wheel tracks from the plane's earlier landing. He went by the farmhouse, just to the east of it, at about three hundred feet. He banked to come back into the wind and caught a glimpse of a man who had run out of the farmhouse and stood, shading his eyes and staring up at them. At that distance it looked like Davey Lemon.

He throttled back and dropped the plane, fishtailing it a bit, and then felt that his depth perception had gone wrong and he was flying it into the ground. He pulled the wheel back and the plane waddled and dropped hard and bounced, and then it was down and

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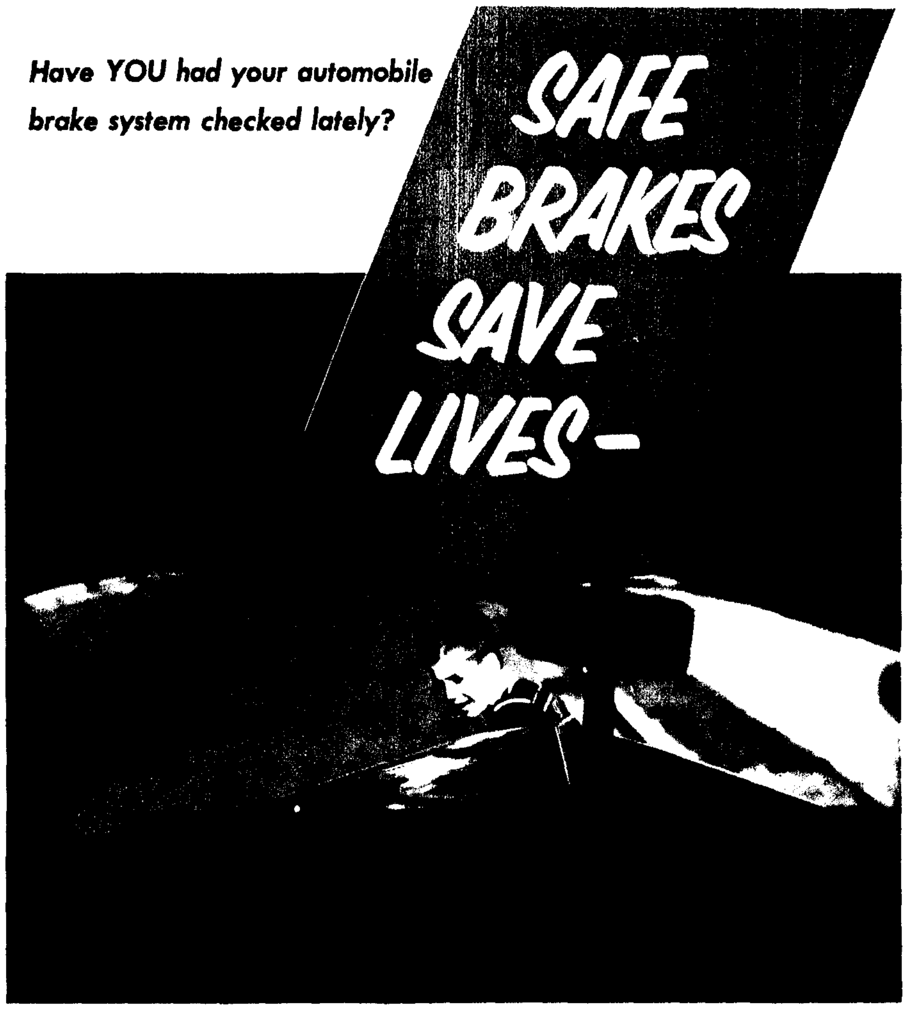

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he thought for a moment he would be sick to his stomach. He taxied it closer to the house and cut the motor and sat numbed in the silence.

"They're coming," Helen said.

He saw them, two of them, two heavy men trotting from the farmhouse, and one of them was Lemon.

"It's Gorman," Helen said. "Ben, what will we—"

He took the gun from her and pulled back the slide just far enough to see the brass gleam in the chamber, and then he eased it back. It wasn't going to be enough merely to wave it around and make large talk. There would be no time to try to convince Lemon that Gorman and Brath had special plans for him. He remembered what John had said—that he should have shot when he had the chance. The trick now was not to alert them, to get the door open fast when the range was just right and see how fast he could make a hole in each of them. Gorman would be anxious to see if Helen was there. If he got a look at her, that might divert his attention for the necessary portion of a second. Ben moved to the door and worked the latch; Helen was close beside him.

He heard Lemon yell, "Paul! Hey, Paulie!" The voice was close. Ben shoved the door open hard so that the two of them were visible, and he saw that Lemon was just in front of Gorman. He swung the gun up and fired at almost point-blank range. Lemon yelled and spun and fell against Gorman's legs. Ben caught a glimpse of the ludicrous expression of shock on Lemon's face and he fired again, knowing as Gorman pitched forward that he had missed. He tried to correct and fire again, but once Gorman fell he kept rolling. He rolled with frantic haste until he was under the plane and out of sight. There was a sudden stillness. Lemon lay still in the grass, on his side, his back to the plane.

FOR a moment Ben stood wondering if he should drop to the ground and risk firing the moment he saw Eric Gorman.

Gorman spoke and his voice was startlingly close. "Both of you get out and walk directly away from the plane." It was a command, an order given in strength and calmness.

Ben looked quickly at Helen and held his finger warningly to his lips. He knew the stalemate could be quickly and easily broken if he could reach the controls. He shifted his weight. The metal floor creaked. The sound of the shot was close, and it had a metallic sound. The slug punched a clean hole through the floor, and a ragged hole through the roof inches from Ben's head. Distorted by impact, it made a fading whine into the quiet air. Ben fired at the floor, guessing Gorman's location. There was silence. Ben could hear his own heart.

Gorman said, "I'll fire at the first sound I hear. And if I hear the starter, I'll put three shots up through the seat." He was moving as he spoke. Ben heard the rustle of the grass. He could not judge Gorman's location. He did not want to risk movement. The next shot might rip up into John Cassidy, or hit Helen.

She gasped suddenly and he looked out and saw, helplessly, that Lemon had rolled over. The man's face was distorted with pain but he held a gun pointed through the open doorway aimed at Ben's middle.

"Drop it, baby," Lemon said in a thin strained voice. There was a dark stain on the shabby sport jacket, high on the right side of his chest.

It was Helen who spoke. "If you're Davey Lemon, Brath told us they're going to kill you too." She spoke quickly and sharply, and then took a quick silent step to one side, nearer the doorway instead of away from it, and stood with her chin up, looking directly at Lemon.

"Hold him right there, Lemon," Gorman said. "I'm coming out."

Ben, watching Lemon closely, saw the man's eyes shift toward Gorman, saw the uneasy flick of tongue along the lower lip, saw the wavering of the muzzle. When Lemon looked back at Ben, Ben nodded agreement to what Helen had said.

"Lemon!" Gorman said sharply.

The muzzle direction changed with a painful slowness and was aimed under the plane. "Let's talk a little," Lemon said.

THE answering shot slammed Lemon back so that his gun pointed almost straight up. Lemon rolled back with painful slowness to aim again, and as he did so, Ben made a lunge for the controls. He hit the starter, punched the throttle. The prop turned with a slow whining and caught and blasted hard. He swung the plane hard to the left, hearing the door slam shut. Lemon lay still in the grass. Gorman leaped up and ran toward the farmhouse, looking back over his shoulder. Helen had fallen and she was getting up. He throttled down, left the prop turning, went back and shoved the door open against the wind from the prop.

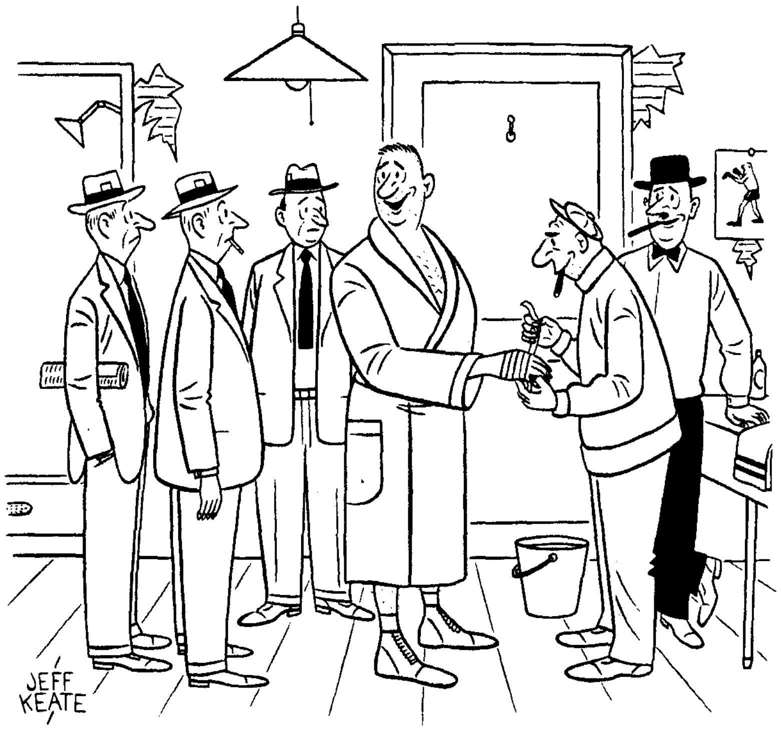
"Get out," he told her.

"No, I—"

"Quick!" He pushed at her and she jumped down. Then she saw what he was trying to do. She held the door. He slid John Cassidy over and eased him down onto the grass. There wasn't time to unload Brath too. He latched the door and got back into the seat.

Gorman was making good time. Ben got the tail up before he'd gone a hundred feet. The running man seemed to be running backward, growing larger and larger. He looked back, veered abruptly to the side and dived for the protection of the white fence. Now the farmhouse was growing large, too quickly. Ben wrenched the plane off the ground as Paul Brath had done. It settled for a moment and then began to climb too slowly. He saw he couldn't clear the house. He dropped the left wing tip and banked steeply and waited for the wing tip to hook the ground and pinwheel the ship, waited for the crash of the undercarriage against the corner of the building. The earth tilted and dropped away, and at a hundred feet he pulled the plane around like a stone on the end of a string. Gorman had turned and was racing back out across the field toward Helen and the two prone figures. Ben saw the glint of metal in the sun in Gorman's hand as he ran with the ponderous momentum of a big man.

He knew he had to keep them apart. He slanted over and dived at the open ground between Gorman and Helen. He pulled out, knowing that he had flubbed it and had dived too soon. Yet as he roared up again he turned and saw Gorman pick himself up, stand for a moment and then race back to the shelter of the fence. As Ben swept over him again he saw the gun come up. Ben thought he heard a faint metallic impact somewhere in the ship. He checked the gauges quickly. Gorman ran crouched along the fenceline.



"I'm an absolute cinch to win, now that I've learned to avoid overconfidence!"

COLLIER'S JEFF KEATE

Ben lost Gorman as he turned, and while trying to spot him again, he saw the station wagon begin to move. It was headed down the long drive toward the highway.

He saw then what he had to do and how it could be done. And he felt the skill, the assurance he needed in his hands. He held the wheel delicately. It was as though, in that instant, all his senses had become sharpened. And the plane felt the way the 86s had felt before he had been shot down, felt like an extension of himself.

He passed the station wagon a dozen feet above it and roared to the end of the driveway, banked high across the startled traffic on the highway and came hurtling back, streaking up the driveway with full throttle, not over a foot off the gravel, headed point-blank for the oncoming station wagon. He felt complete and absolute control. He held the plane steady, and at the last improbable fractional part of a second he yanked the wheel back hard, hurling the plane high.

He banked and saw the station wagon on its side in the ditch, one front wheel spinning. The door was pushed up and Gorman climbed out. Ben made another pass and the man dropped flat in the ditch; then he began to crawl back toward the farmhouse, using the ditch for protection. Ben laughed aloud. Gorman fired again as he made another pass. Ben turned and came back up the driveway, flying as low and slow as he dared, his left wing tip over the ditch. As he reached Gorman he tilted the left wing tip delicately into the wide shallow ditch. There was a slight thud, more felt than heard.

When Ben was able to look back he saw Gorman spread-eagled in the shallow ditch, perfectly still. He twisted the plane and put it into a flat glide. He landed it cross-wind and taxied it toward Helen. Her hair was bright in the sun. He cut the motor.

He looked at his hands. They felt numb and heavy. The brief life had gone out of them. . . .

After the formalities were over, Detective Lieutenant Davis took them across the empty New York street for coffee. It was midnight and a misty rain was falling. There were beads of it in Helen's hair. They got the coffee at the counter and took it back to a booth.

Davis put in four teaspoons of sugar and stirred it slowly. "Nobody," he said, "but nobody could ever call that one on purpose, so it has to be labeled accidental death. Nobody goes around rapping skulls with a wing tip except by accident. Once a long time ago I watched a guy at an air show. He had a hook on his wing tip, or a needle or something, and he broke balloons. Not skulls."

"I was trying to make him stop running," Ben said.

DAVIS' smile was mirthless. "You did that. Unless, of course, he was able to run with his head tucked under his arm, like that Sleepy Hollow character." Helen, beside Ben, shuddered visibly. "Forgive me, Mrs. MacLane," Davis said.

"Did they phone in about John Cassidy while we were in there?" Helen asked.

"I forgot about that. He's conscious now. They let his wife and the kid see him for a while. They had to or he would have torn up the place. A groove in his skull, and a concussion. Gorman I'm not sorry about. He might have found some angle and beat the rap. But that Brath I dearly regret. He got off too easy. The slug that killed him was out of Gorman's gun. Right in the back of the neck. A nice wing shot, but not what Gorman figured on. He meant to bust your oil line."

"But if it hadn't been for Lemon—" Ben said.

Davis held up his hand. "I know what you're going to say. Don't waste your breath, boy. He's been out of line a long time. And he's the one who hurt the kid. There's enough on him in this, adding up one charge and another, to give him a nice long vacation. So that's what he gets."

There was a silence. Helen said, "Why did you report me dead?"

"It was something to do. The case was dragging. I thought it might stir

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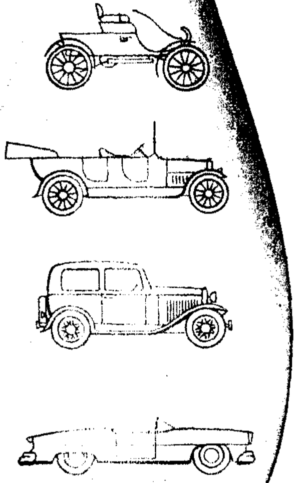

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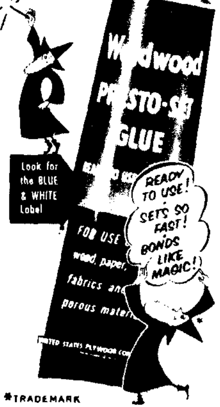
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something up. It didn't fool anybody but you, I guess."

"I thought my brother really believed it."

"No. I even let him phone your folks and tell them it was just a carom shot." Davis sighed. "Gorman could have gone on for years. But just once he had to do some of his own rough stuff. That tripped him."

"What were they looking for in the apartment?" Helen asked.

"I heard a slight rumble on that, Mrs. MacLane. Some photographs of Gorman having a happy time with some people who should never have let the picture be taken. Celebrities who will be seriously embarrassed if they ever come out. The pictures may turn up. I think that Young girl mailed them to a fake name, care of general delivery. That would be the smart move. Gorman kept them around because he was proud of his connections. Denny Young sensed he was cooling off on her. She figured, rightly, they'd have some resale value—this is all based on the assumption that the rumor I heard isn't wrong. Gorman lost his temper and now he's dead. And you, Morrow, deserve to be dead. After seeing Freimak you should have come to me, like I told you to do if you uncovered anything."

"Will you need us for anything else?"

"We're through. In fact, you'd better get out of town, both of you. That treatment you got from the reporters was just a starter. They'll make your life hell if you hang around town. Like the man says, this is one of those dramatic situations. They'll put arm locks on you and get you in front of television cameras."

Davis got up. He grinned wryly. "The old lady is on a tear. We heard from our kid today. He got himself tattooed in Tokyo. Now it's like I'm to blame. I'll see you around sometime." He gave them a mock salute and walked out into the rain.

"Nice guy," Ben said.

"They've all been nice. Oh, Ben, I can't believe that we can sit here and not have to be afraid."

He didn't answer. She was suddenly contrite. "I'm sorry, Ben, I forgot that you—"

"Let's drop it."

"Of course, Ben."

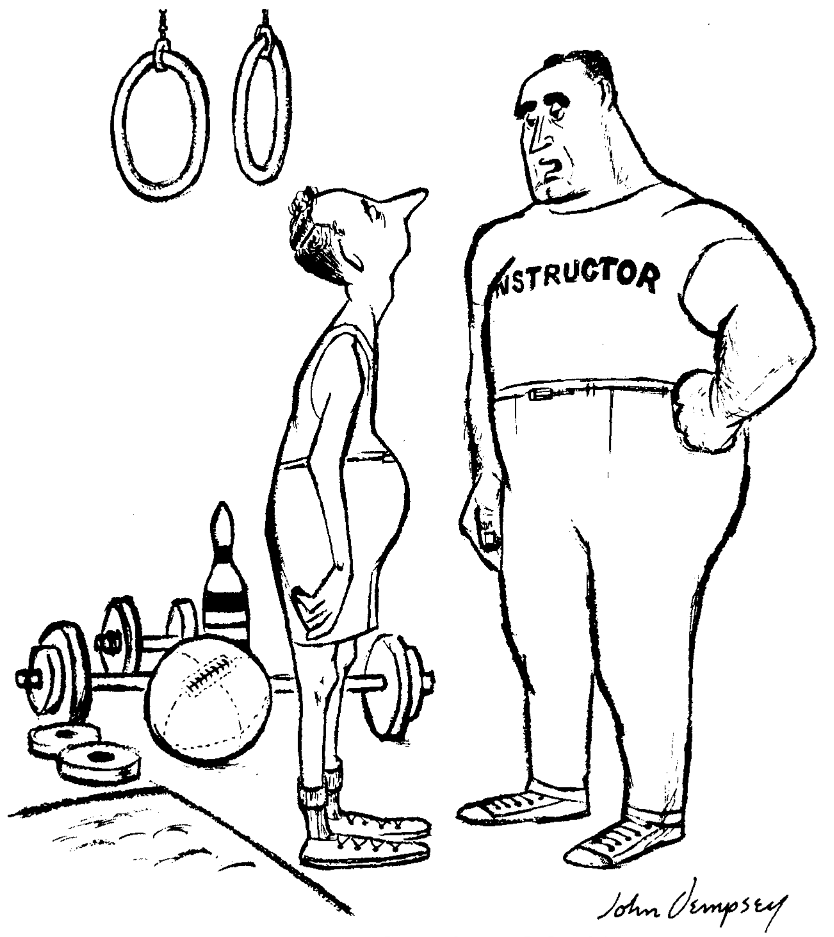
SHE had a friend she could stay with, and after a phone call he took her there in a cab and sat for a time in the small apartment, feeling beat and weary. He telephoned from there and located an available room on the third call, a room at a good hotel. He said good night to Helen in the hall by the elevator.

"I'll see you, Ben?"

"Sure. Sure."

He checked into the hotel without luggage and they gave him one of those overnight kits. He lay in darkness and thought of the small plane and the sunlight and the colors. He thought of the plane as a toy, like one of those on a string on the end of a stick that you buy for children at a carnival. It was a fluttering plane; it was not a bomb that rode at the hot end of streaks of fire. When the fire went out, those jets had the glide angle of an iron pump handle. It had felt good for a few minutes, handling the little kite, but it meant nothing. It had been like a man afraid of guns daring to face up to a cap pistol. The tiger's teeth had been pulled, his claws blunted. Helen knew that. It was no good pretending with her. It would never be any good hiding anything from her. . . .

The next morning he checked out and took a train north to Rhinecliff. After lunch he crossed the river and went to the hospital in Kingston and saw John Cassidy. Cassidy's eyes looked bright and young, and his handshake was firm. The bandages looked white against his face.



COLLIER'S "Promise that when I get through building you up, you won't take over my job?" JOHN DEMPSEY

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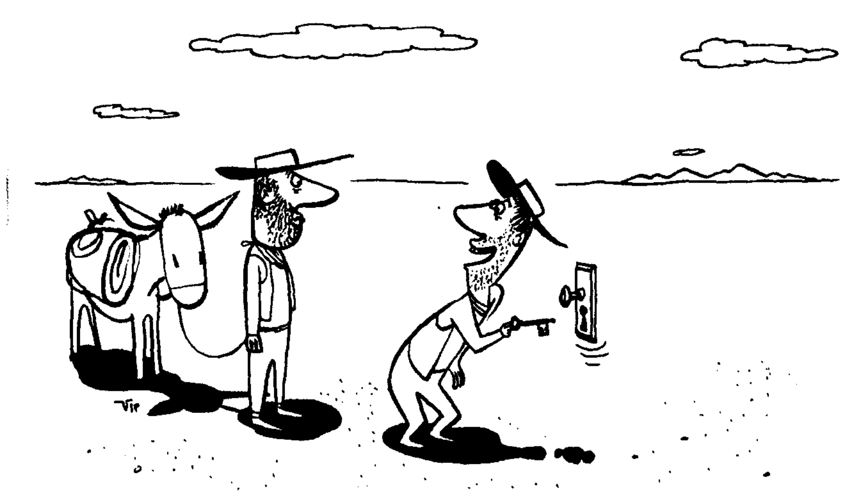


COLLIER'S "It isn't much, but it's home" VIRGIL PARTCH

"Ben, you ought to hear Mike's story of your exploit! I'm sorry I missed it. How's Helen? Where is she? How did they treat you?"

Ben told him the whole story. John said the farm had been overrun by the curious, and probably still was, and that damage to the station wagon had been slight. "Why don't you go over and move into the cabin, Ben?" he asked.

"I want to go down to Philadelphia and see my people."

"I'll be home tomorrow. Stay there tonight, why don't you? Then I tell you what, Ben. We can get along fine with one car for a while. You go on up and pick up the MG and keep it until your leave is up."

"I don't want to do that."

"I insist. That's a small enough favor. If it hadn't been for you—well, you know what I keep thinking of."

A day or two delay wouldn't make much difference, Ben decided. "All right, John. And thanks."

"I promise not to report it stolen."

A nurse bustled in officiously and Ben had to leave. Over at the farm there were cars parked on the shoulder of the highway, people wandering around and pointing, making airplane motions with their hands. Ben paid the cabdriver. Mike met him at the door, his eyes filled with an embarrassing amount of adulation. Katey thanked him all over again, calmly enough at first, but then she had to turn away quickly. Ben felt as if there should be some way to explain to all three of the Cassidys that this was like a case of mistaken identity, that he felt as though he were representing someone else, as if he were receiving an award given *in absentia*.

BEN took over the cabin and John came home the next day. It was decided that on the following morning John and Mike would take him to Poughkeepsie in the station wagon in time to catch the advance Empire State Express at five minutes of ten. That would get him to Utica by a little after one, and he could make a bus connection down to Route 20 to pick up the MG. He took a long walk in the afternoon, and when he joined them for dinner, their good spirits brought him out of his depression for a time.

In the morning John and Mike drove him down to Poughkeepsie. Over John's protests he bought his own ticket. He had John's note to Captain Walther in his pocket. He waved at them as the train pulled out, and wondered why they should both stand there with such conspiratorial grins.

Five minutes later he knew why they had grinned so widely, when Helen said demurely, "Is this seat taken?"

He stared at her. She sat beside him and said, "It's a lovely morning, Ben."

"What on earth are you—"

"I phoned John yesterday afternoon. Let me see, where were we when we were so rudely interrupted?"

"You can't—"

She leaned toward him. "Keep that up and I'll begin to think I'm not wanted, Lieutenant."

"You're wanted, but—"

SHE put her hand on his arm and was instantly serious. "Ben, if there's any possible way I can help, I want to. Not as a returned favor, but just because I want to. Do you understand?"

"I guess I do."

"And it's all right?"

"Of course, Helen."

She settled back in the seat. "Where are we going, then?"

He looked at her and saw the shyness in her eyes and saw her faint flush, and he knew that it had not been easy for her. He said slowly, "Philadelphia first, I guess. To see my people."

"I'd like that. And then?"

"I don't know."

"When will you know?"

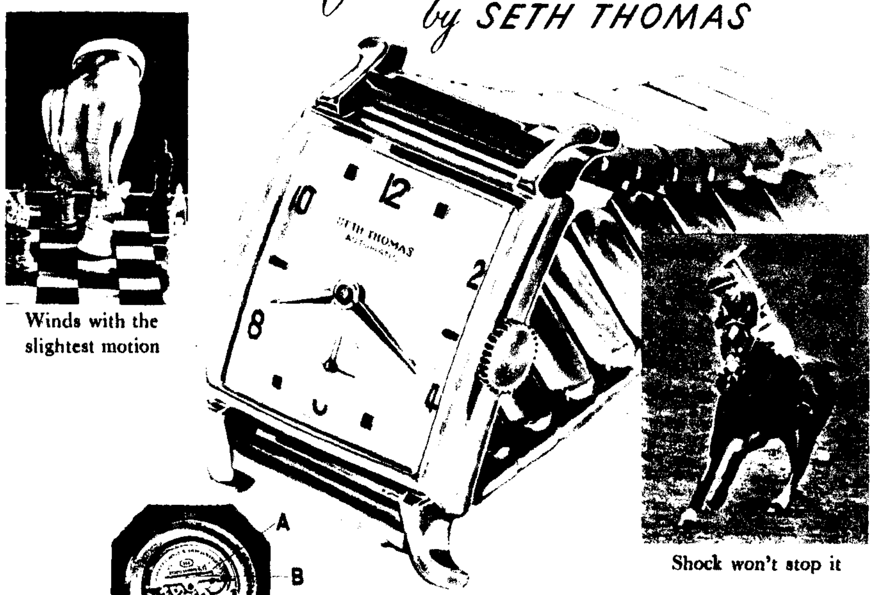
He turned in the seat and held her hands. "If you stay with me, there's an off-chance that I might know. I might be able to go—where I'm supposed to go. When my leave's up you could take the car back to John—though it would be a long trip. I mean, if you stay with me it seems as if, right now, I might be able to go back. I don't mean to stay with me in any sense except—just to have you close and somebody to talk it out with and try to help me understand it. Sisterly, or whatever the hell you want to call it. I can't be in love with you until I know about myself, and if it comes out right, I want to be."

"I'd like that," she said gravely.

The morning sun touched her hair. She was the golden girl. He released her hands. A feeling of strength had begun to grow inside him. If, together, they could keep that, it would be a better kind of courage than the kind he had lost. It would be the kind Dick had had, a courage that included a full awareness of mortality, not the kind that presupposed your own invulnerability.

It was then, in the high blue sky, that he saw a twin vapor trail, with a metal glint drawing it slowly forward. He sat with her hand in his, and watched that shining dot until he could no longer see it. The earth-bound train sped north, up the east bank of the Hudson.

—JOHN D. MACDONALD



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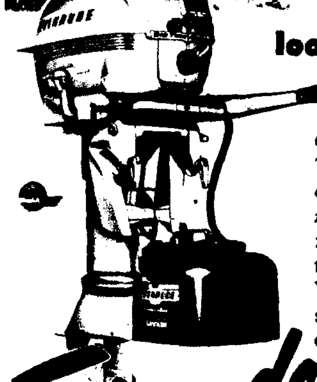

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RUSSIA UNCENSORED

What's in the Minds of the

The author spoke with 1,000 Russians on both sides of the Urals, in an unprecedented poll of Soviet sentiment on subjects ranging from foreign policy to literature. He traveled 10,000 miles, interviewing workers, farmers and professional people—and received many surprises

Sunday in Minsk. Department stores, lik

THE Iron Curtain sometimes is like a magical chemical filter. As visitors to the Soviet Union pass through it from West to East, they are changed from simple wide-eyed tourists into pundits and authorities on Russia. By the time they return through the filter, perhaps ten or twelve days later, they are all set to write thousands of words of expert analysis on Soviet policy.

I have made two extended trips to the Soviet Union, but I do not consider myself an expert. However, on my most recent visit not many weeks ago, I spent 65 days traveling 10,000 miles with unprecedented freedom of movement, and I spoke with a thousand Soviet citizens in all walks of life. I think that the voice of the Russian people themselves—telling of their thoughts, their attitudes, their intimate daily lives—can provide a clearer insight into the Soviet Union than all the self-styled experts put together.

What, for example, do the Russians think of political freedom?

In Alma-Ata, in Soviet Central Asia, I had a heated impromptu discussion with a group of college students on the subject of free speech. They kept repeating, stubbornly and insistently, that "Americans are afraid to criticize their government." Nothing I said in rebuttal made the slightest dent in their thinking. Finally I became fed up.

"All right," I said, "watch." I took a piece of paper and wrote on it: "I think Eisenhower is stupid!" Then I signed my name and flung the paper on the table. "I don't really think President Eisenhower is stupid," I said, "but I'm not afraid to criticize him or anybody else in America. You can send that note to the White House, to Senator McCarthy, or do whatever you please with it." That shook them; they looked at me as if I were crazy.

"Now," I continued, "let me see one of you write something equally critical about any one of your top rulers in the Presidium."

There was a long silence. The students looked at one another and squirmed. Not one of them took me up on my challenge. After a moment, one man at the table ostentatiously palmed the note and slipped it into his pocket, watching me closely. I ignored him.

What do the Russians think of trade with the Western world?

In Moscow, I spoke with V. A. Klentsov, a tough little foreign-trade official whom I first met in the U.S. in 1946, when he headed a Soviet purchasing commission and I was about to go to the Ukraine as chief of the UNRRA mission there. Klentsov knew that besides being an attorney I had close associations with American business, and at the start of our recent Moscow talk he rubbed his thumb and forefinger together as if he were counting money. "When you return to America," he urged, "don't think about writing articles and making speeches about Russia. Think about business first." He looked at me cannily. "Only fools can suggest fighting with weapons," he said. "Clever men prefer to compete with brains. It is a pleasure to work with or against a good capitalist."

MacDuffie was banqueted at collective farm in Georgia—a merry occasion that, he later discovered, could have had an unhappy ending. Man with medals is the director of farm. Pretty woman standing behind child is director's daughter

What is the Russians' attitude toward Communist red tape and bureaucracy?

In a music hall, I saw a skit in which the famous Soviet satirical comedian, Rykin, plays a lifeguard at a Russian beach. A bystander rushes up to him and informs him that a woman is drowning. The lifeguard ponders while the drowning woman yells, "Help!" The bystander asks, "Why don't you throw her a life preserver?"

"I can't," says the lifeguard. "I don't have any authority."

By this time a crowd has gathered and several people urge, "Go on, throw it anyway."

"I can't," insists the lifeguard. "It's government property and I'm held responsible for it."

"Then why don't you dive in and save her yourself?" demands one of the crowd.

"Impossible," replies Rykin. "I'm only a lifeguard by verbal authority. I haven't received my written authorization yet."

These are intimate glimpses of the Soviet Union

Soviet People?

By Marshall MacDuffie

e in background, are required to stay open on Sunday, so workers can shop on their day off (U.S.S.R. has a six-day work week)

—samples of what a visitor can learn through patient listening and careful observing over a long period of time. It is the only way I know to get an idea of what's going on in the minds of the Russian people. Whether we like what they say or not, it's vitally important to try to understand their thinking. Unless we do, we'll be at a perpetual disadvantage in all our dealings with them.

Almost without exception, the people I met in the U.S.S.R. were friendly and curious—rarely aggressive or antagonistic. Almost without exception, their first questions were about their opposite numbers in the United States: Soviet schoolteachers would ask how American schoolteachers were paid, how they lived and what opportunities they had for retirement; engineers would ask about engineers, mechanics about mechanics, and so on. Invariably, there would be a question about education, usually phrased like this: "In America can the son of a miner (or farmer, or laborer) like me get a college education?" And, very significantly, I was asked many questions on subjects thoroughly covered by Soviet propaganda, almost as though the people had grave doubts about the information they were getting from their own government. "What is your *personal* opinion . . . ?" they would ask, as if to say, "Let's skip the propaganda."

But even more revealing than their questions were their answers to my questions. Here, for example, is a fragment of a conversation I had with five editors of the Stalingrad Pravda, the city's leading newspaper (circulation: 100,000).

I asked the editor in chief, a forty-nine-year-old man named Saprikin, how he got his job as head of the paper.

"I was appointed by the regional committee of the Communist party," he said, "and I was approved by Moscow." Moscow is a pretty broad term, but he showed no inclination to elaborate further, so I said, "Well, suppose some higher authority didn't like you or disagreed with some editorial you wrote, who would call up to censure you—the secretary of the Communist party?"

"No," he said, "only the regional committee of the Communist party—and that happens only rarely."

Russians Doubt American Press Freedom

One of the other editors broke in: "Is it any different in the United States?"

Much different, I told them; American publications operate without any governmental or political control. The Russians looked at me with a sort of amused tolerance. The one big restriction on the press in the United States, I maintained, is the law of libel. Then I asked if they had libel laws.

"Yes," said editor Saprikin, "we can be sued for damages, or forced to print a retraction," and he added that his paper had been sued twice in the past year, and had been compelled to apologize in both cases. "One case involved an article we published attacking a man who was writing nasty letters about the manager of a trade board," Saprikin said. "The man we attacked didn't deny in court that he had written the letters—but he proved that what he had written about the manager was correct. It turned out that the manager was a bad organizer, and was letting too many consumer goods pile up on his shelves."

We discussed many subjects—peace, war, politics, Soviet-American relations in general. The editors said the U.S. was stirring up war fears; I retorted that it was the other way around. "Have you ever heard the Soviet people criticize Americans?" one editor asked me. "Many times," I said. They exploded; for a moment all five tried to talk at once. "The American *people?*" Saprikin asked, when he could be heard. "No," I said, "but I have seen much unfair criticism of American leaders; your own paper ran an inexcusable cartoon of General Marshall as a monkey after he won the Nobel peace prize . . ."

"Oh, that's different," Saprikin said. "Of course we attack Marshall. But he doesn't represent the American people."

Saprikin's deputy broke in. "We have nothing against the American people. I was an officer dur-

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

Village scene at Mejvriskhevi collective farm in the Caucasus Mountains of Georgia, about 12 miles from town of Gori, where Stalin was born

ing the war, and I met the Americans at the Elbe River in Germany. I drank cognac with them and there was nothing that could frighten them. What happened? Is it propaganda? Is it war hysteria? Why the change?"

"That's easy," I said. "At the end of the war you were our allies and it was our hope, our dream, that we could continue living together in peace . . ."

"We had the same dream," one of them said.

"But afterward," I said, "your government spoiled the dream—by breaking agreements, by using the Communist parties in other countries to stir up trouble and, most recently, by egging on the North Koreans to start a war."

We argued a while, and got nowhere.

Then we talked of other matters. I had noticed that the Russian press is full of nagging stories, complaining about various state enterprises and what they were doing, needling them to do better—stories that start, "In 1952 and 1953, the Kuibyshev Printing House did not publish a single book on potatoes and vegetables . . ."

"It seems to me," I said, "that your main function is criticism rather than printing the news."

"Criticism is one of our main functions," Saprikin agreed, "but we were also recently commended by Moscow Pravda for writing well about the life of our city and our region."

"And probably for creating conformity in the minds of your people," I cracked.

"Maybe you think it's conformity," said one of the editors, "because all our people are thinking about the same vital things." Then he added something which, to me, clearly shows the power of the Soviet press over the minds of the Russian people.

"Oh, we know exactly the questions our citizens have been asking you," he said. "They've been asking about American bases surrounding the Soviet Union, and why not abolish the atomic bomb, and why militarize Western Germany, and why didn't the United States allow our chess players to enter America without restriction to play in a tournament?"

He was almost precisely right. All over the U.S.S.R., I was pounded by the same three questions: bases, the chess team and one the editor omitted: "Why do the Americans persecute Paul Robeson?" To me, this uniformity of Soviet thinking—and the fact that prominent editors were aware of it—was as clear a demonstration of totalitarian thought control as a man could ask.

In speaking with the Stalingrad editors, I used an interpreter furnished by the Soviet official tourist agency. But the conversation became so vigorous and there were so many "yes" and "no" answers that we often understood one another before the interpreter began to translate. The same happened in many of the other conversations I had throughout the country.

A trip like mine always is open to the criticism that the observer is in the hands of the interpreter—that the interpreter can alter the translations to fit the Soviet line, that the people being interviewed are afraid to talk freely and truthfully in the presence of the government interpreter, and that the interpreter will steer the visitor only to "show" places—those the government wants him to see. I don't think that was true of my visit to Russia.

Interviews Were Frequently Impromptu

I was allowed to make two long trips alone, from Moscow to Minsk and from Minsk to Kiev, and I wandered alone through a number of cities. I often spoke to people in English, German and French. The answers they gave me checked satisfactorily against the answers I got from the people who spoke to me in Russian through the interpreter. Also, I began to pick up Russian phrases as I went along, and that often helped me to determine the gist of what people were saying. And most important, I frequently selected people and places at random, under conditions which would have prevented even the most determined of my escorts from doing any prearranging.

I was walking along a street in Baku with a local interpreter, for example, when we passed a row of apartment buildings. On impulse, I told the interpreter I'd like to see some people in their own homes, and we simply marched in and rang a few doorbells. The meetings that followed couldn't possibly have been staged.

One of the flats, the home of an oil-refinery technician named Mamadov, was fairly typical of workers' living quarters I saw throughout the country. I believe my inspection of his apartment marked one of the few times a Western observer has ever been permitted to see the dreariness in which most Russians exist (but which, they say, is a vast improvement over past conditions).

The apartment consisted of three tiny rooms—living room, bedroom and a nine-by-nine-foot kitchen—plus a small bathroom and toilet. Mamadov lived there with his wife and three children. There were cheap cotton rugs on the floor, a small rubber plant in the corner of the living room, and a couple of photographs of relatives on the wall. There also was a color portrait of Stalin, torn from a magazine, and a man's watch and a woman's handbag (relics of departed parents) hanging on the wall. I saw no books. The wiring and the plumbing were exposed—running down the inside of the room—and though there was steam heat in the apartment, Mamadov had to pay extra for hot water, which was provided by a gas-fired heater in the bathroom (but then, his rent was only $11 a month).

A dining-room table, four or five stiff-backed chairs, a corner table with a radio on it and a sleeping sofa took up most of the living room. The bedroom was crammed with a narrow cot-size iron bed, in which both the husband and wife slept, and two iron cribs. There were no closets—just one large clothes cabinet; Mamadov's suits hung from hooks on the wall.

I asked Mamadov how much money he made and he said, "Eighteen hundred rubles a month—and twenty-five days' vacation a year." I was surprised when I learned his salary. It was equivalent to $450 a month—nearly 2½ times as much as the average Russian worker makes. Yet his standard of living could be compared only with what you would find in a tenement flat in America. I would guess offhand that an American oil-refinery technician of the same skill would own his own home, live in three times the amount of space, and have an automobile, a television set and many other luxurious consumer items. The only luxury I noticed in Mamadov's apartment was a little bottle of perfume belonging to his wife.

But then we rang another doorbell at random—and got a look at the finest dwelling I saw in all the Soviet Union. When the door opened, there was a short, lively-faced man—an Azerbaijan citizen who looked slightly Oriental—wearing a well-made, dark-brown suit. He invited us in; the apartment—compared with Mamadov's, at least—was sumptuous. There were six rooms, richly furnished with Oriental rugs and tapestries, modern furniture, silver samovars, china closets filled with beautiful cut glass, an expensive Bechstein piano from Germany, and scores of books—including full sets of Balzac, De Maupassant, Tolstoi and Theodore Dreiser. From the big living-room window, there was a magnificent view of Baku harbor.

It turned out that our host was the rector of Azerbaijan State University and one of the highest-paid men in the Soviet Union. He and his wife make 12,000 rubles ($3,000) a month—16 times what the average Soviet citizen earns. He should have been living like a millionaire—and yet, on reflection, his apartment (for which he pays 200 rubles—or $50—a month rent) was no more luxurious than that of an American making, say, $7,000 or $8,000 a year.

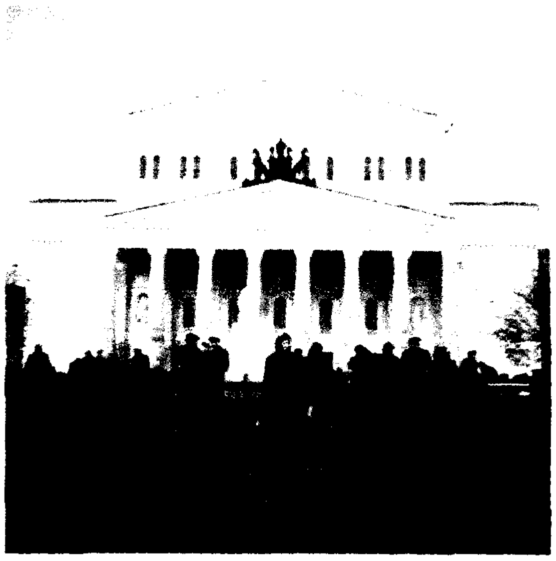
A Visit to a Georgia Collective Farm

Sometimes my encounters got me into unusual situations. In Georgia, after I visited Stalin's mother's grave (it is in a Christian cemetery) and looked at Stalin's teen-age school grades (they looked as if they might have been doctored to make them higher), I went to a collective farm in the village of Mejvriskhevi, deep in the Caucasus Mountains.

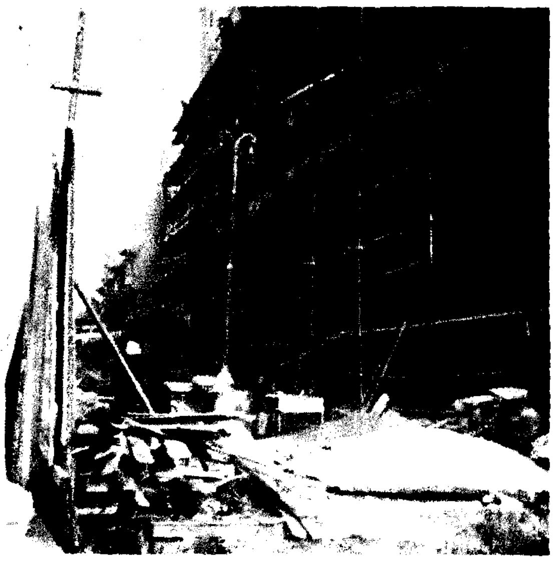
I was prevailed upon to sample the product of the farm's winery. Then, as I visited each home, I was offered other specimens of the local vintage; for courtesy's sake, I couldn't refuse at least one drink in each house. Finally there was a big dinner at the home of the Chief Brigade Leader of the collective farm, and I was appalled to find that I was expected to join the others in drinking bottoms-up toasts out of a huge oxhorn filled with wine. I don't think I've ever been pumped so full of wine in my life.

The brigade leader's pretty daughter was at the table, and when the Georgians urged me to make one last toast, I said I would do it on one condition: if I could kiss the hostess good-by. Everybody laughed and we drained the oxhorn—and then, to the merriment of the entire assemblage, they brought out an elderly woman and presented her to me. "This is the hostess," they roared. They thought it was a wonderful joke, and I did too. I kissed the old lady. Then the brigadier's pretty daughter stepped up and kissed me. So did all the other ladies in the room, and I departed in high spirits.

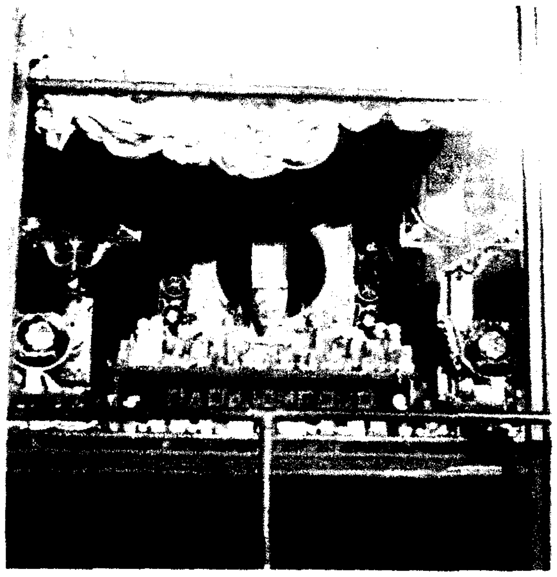
It wasn't until later that an American diplomatic official told me how only a few years ago men were found still wearing medieval coats of mail in that area, and how to this day they are reputed to kill strangers for even looking at their women. Later, too, I read about a married man who went up into these same Georgia hills to visit an old girl friend. The next day his body was delivered to his wife's doorstep—chopped up in little pieces. Since reading that, I go a bit weak-kneed



Moscow's famed Bolshoi Theater. Author saw Premier Malenkov, Presidium members here

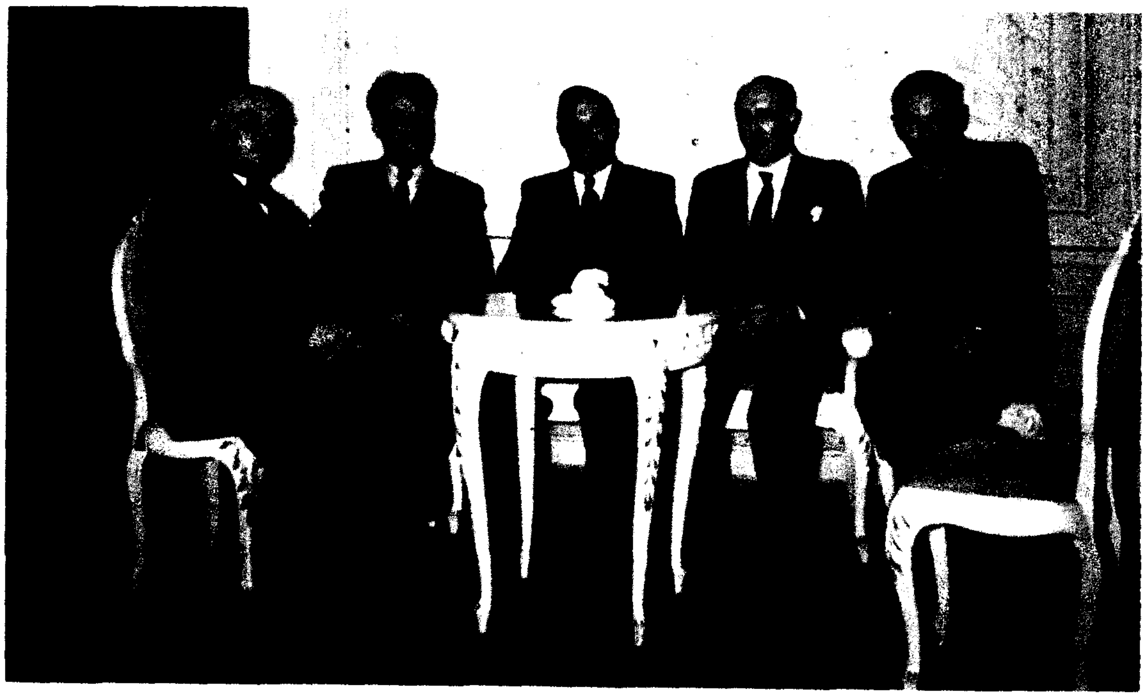


Construction in Minsk. City was 75 per cent wrecked by Nazis, is being rebuilt wholesale

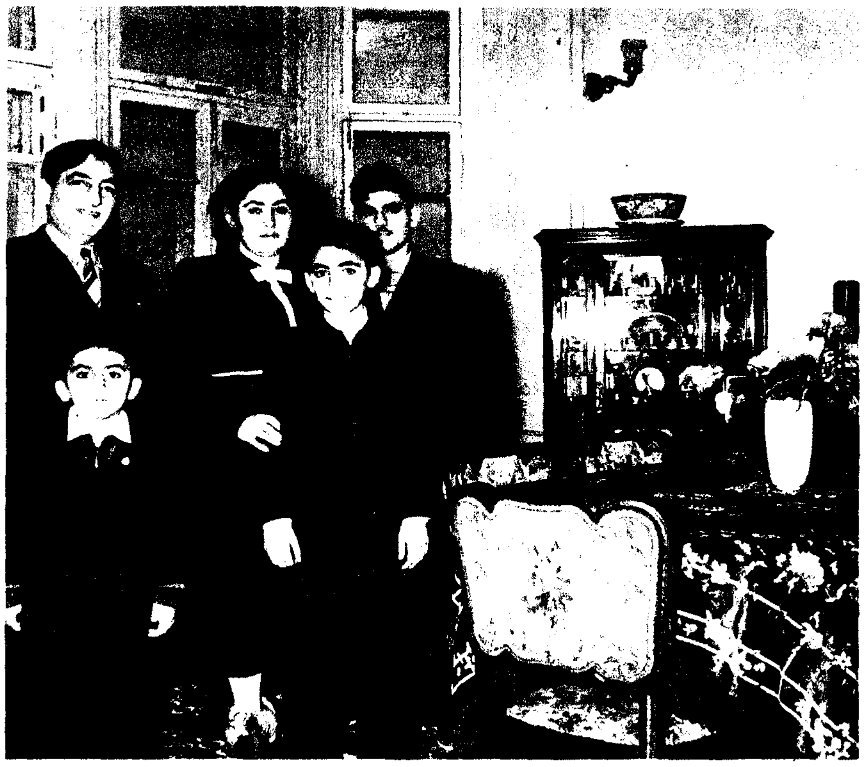


Perfume store in city of Kharkov is symbolic of new emphasis on consumer goods in Russia

MacDuffie (felt hat) in Tashkent, Uzbekistan, with (l. to r.) chauffeur, interpreter, guide



The author, second from right, with members of top governing body of Ukraine, Council of Ministers. He had a sharp exchange with deputy chairman I. S. Senin (center, behind table)



Azerbaijan educator named Gadjies, shown with family, had the most sumptuous apartment MacDuffie saw in Russia, with rich furnishings, books, piano. But Gadjies was among highest-paid men in the country

More typical flat belonged to oil worker named Mamadov. Although he earned more than twice the average Soviet wage, apartment was small, sparsely furnished. Mamadovs welcomed author, made him stay for tea

whenever I think of my own little episode at Mejvriskhevi.

Most of my other experiences in the U.S.S.R. were less exciting, but no less interesting.

I met an elderly lathe operator in the immense Kharkov Tractor Factory, and carried on a conversation with him that was both illuminating and comical. His name was Dekunin and he was an elected member of the Supreme Soviet—something like a U.S. congressman, though I don't suppose he had anything like the authority of an American legislator. Either Dekunin was an extremely conscientious worker or he didn't particularly want to talk to me, or maybe both. He kept his machine roaring all during our talk, with the result that all three of us—Dekunin, the interpreter and I—had to shout to make ourselves heard. The discussion went something like this (minus the translations, of course):

MacDuffie: "What's your pay?"

Dekunin: "Two thousand rubles a month."

M.: "What are your taxes?"

D.: "Don't know. Don't care about taxes."

M.: "How were you elected?"

D.: "Not by accident. The better man gets elected."

M.: "Do you think conditions are better now that Stalin is dead?"

D.: "From year to year we improve our life."

Lathe Operator Talks of Peace

He asked me some questions, shouting, his eyes on his work.

D.: "All the world wants peace. What is your opinion?"

M.: "I think your government is causing an unpeaceful world."

D.: "The Communist party is for peace."

M.: "The U.S. doesn't think so."

D.: "In your country, the government is run by capitalists."

M.: "Nobody controls our government. We can change it every four years if we want. You never change yours."

D.: "We are not fanatics. We see no reason for drastic change."

Dekunin switched his tack: "If your workers make as much as some people say, they're all small capitalists?"

M.: "That's right."

D.: "If they're all capitalists, how much money have you?"

I chose an arbitrary figure. "About 80,000 rubles."

Dekunin's back stiffened. *"No more questions!"* he shouted. We didn't shake hands. I don't know whether he was just tired of talking, or didn't believe that I owned $20,000—or suddenly decided that such assets made me a big capitalist, not a small one, and therefore an enemy of all right-thinking Communists.

The chief engineer at the Kharkov plant said he'd seen the Ford tractor plant in the United States. He said the Ford assembly line was much faster than his own (his produced 55 to 60 tractors a day), but he insisted that it was too fast for the good of the workers—that in Russia a man didn't have to pay unceasing attention to his work, but could relax. Maybe he hadn't met Dekunin.

Nearly all the top jobs at the Soviet tractor plant, as in every other establishment I visited in the country, were held by Communists. I'd say that 85 per cent of all the executives I met in the U.S.S.R.—leaders of industry, labor, agriculture, education and nearly every other form of endeavor—are members of the Communist party. Party members are extremely sensitive about the number of Communists in top jobs, and they always hastened to assure me that there are many people in executive positions who are *not* Communists. However, whenever I pressed them for illustrations, they could think of very few—and they always mentioned one man who seems to be the country's prize non-Communist exhibit: the rector of the Moscow State University, an elderly academician named I. G. Petrovsky.

Perhaps the most revealing example of how the Communists run everything was a case I witnessed in a Moscow courtroom. The judge was absent, and—apparently in keeping with Soviet legal custom—one of the jurors had to substitute. There were three jurors—a middle-aged man and woman of intellectual and technical backgrounds, and a girl clerk in her late twenties. Which of the jurors became the judge? The girl. She was the only one of the three who was a member of the Communist party.

Criticized U.S.S.R. Openly

In all of my conversations with the Russians, I voiced my criticisms openly, and got the same treatment in return. Some of the things I heard were astounding.

I had a fairly lengthy meeting with members of the top governing body of the Ukraine, the Council of Ministers. Suddenly the English-speaking deputy chairman, I. S. Senin, said, "I have seen advertisements in The New York Times asking for sixteen- and seventeen-year-old girls to work as secretaries. I don't think they wanted them for such purposes."

I was shocked. "That's the most fantastic statement I've ever heard," I snapped.

He laughed. "Maybe they weren't sixteen or seventeen," he said. "Maybe they were eighteen."

Later in the same conversation I said that I'd like to visit a corrective labor camp and a prison—and I added, "And get out again."

One of the officials guffawed. They let me file a formal request, but no action was ever taken, even though I renewed the request several times.

I had some of my most bristling verbal clashes with college professors and students. I'm convinced that their textbooks about America have not been brought up to date in 25 or 50 years; otherwise-learned men prated to me about sweatshops and widespread U.S. unemployment, about Morgan and Rockefeller telling the U.S. press what to write, and about "the abject economic and social slavery of the American Negro." I don't think we have achieved perfection in America, but the Russian criticism smacked of what reformers were saying in the United States back at the turn of the century.

The Negro question came up time and time again; Soviet propaganda pounds the theme that the Negro is held in utter subjugation in the United States, that numbers of them are lynched every year, and even that bloodthirsty U.S. capitalists use Negroes as human guinea pigs in germ-warfare experiments. I denied the allegations as fast as they were raised by the people I talked to, and tried to explain that many Americans, in the North and South alike, are deeply concerned about the problem of the Negro's status—and that great improvements have occurred in recent years.

There are many Soviet citizens of Oriental extraction and they, in particular, wanted to argue about American minority problems. I had one unusually vigorous debate on the subject with a group of deans at the Central Asia State University in Tashkent, near the borders of Afghanistan and China. I told them that we have had Negro generals and congressmen, that the borough president of Manhattan is a Negro, and that I'd heard that there are proportionately more college-educated Negroes in the United States than there are college-educated Englishmen in Great Britain. I don't think I made much headway; I was trying to undo the damage wrought by a lifetime of indoctrination.

Tipsy-windowed house in Poltava is like thatched-roof peasant homes seen all over the Ukraine Republic. Cottages apparently are erected free-style, with no attempt to keep lines straight or corners even

At the Kazakh State University in Alma-Ata, again only a short distance from China, two deans with distinctly Oriental features made a great fuss over the "separate but equal" dispute involving educational facilities for Negroes in our Southern States. I tried to explain that racial discrimination in the United States is partly the result of economic pressure, partly the result of complex historical factors; the passage of time and a general improvement in economic conditions, I said, had caused a marked change in the status of the American Negro. "Nevertheless," they insisted, "in some states of the United States there is not equal rights among races." I was getting impatient. "Your own treatment of racial minorities is far from exemplary," I said. "How about the anti-Semitism you display when you attack Jews as 'cosmopolitans'?" They replied evasively, "The American newspapers only mentioned Jews, but among the cosmopolitans there also were Uzbeks, Kazakhs, Ukrainians and other nationalities."

They raised another point. "Now," they said, "we see a growth of McCarthyism in the United States. Books have been put in the fire—Chaucer, Shakespeare, Byron."

For a moment I just gaped at them. There I sat, facing two earnest yellow men in the middle of Central Asia, which not many years ago was still one of the most primitive areas in the world—and they were accusing the West, with evident concern, of destroying its own classical literature!

The day I was scheduled to leave Alma-Ata, my plane was fogged in, and I wandered into a restaurant. The place was filled with students, and I sat down at a table—and promptly found myself involved in a heated discussion that lasted all afternoon. No one can possibly say that this interview was prearranged or rehearsed; I had picked the table myself. We argued with one another in English, French, German and (through my interpreter) in Kazakh and Russian. Among the questions they asked were: "Are your tall buildings like Moscow's skyscrapers?" "Why don't you admit China to the United Nations?" "Why did your troops use bacteriological warfare against the Chinese?" "Why does the Ku Klux Klan remain so strong in the United States?" "Why did England and the United States go into Korea, so far from their homes?" Naturally, I rebutted all charges emphatically. They talked about their desire for peace and registered utter astonishment when I said Americans are afraid the Soviet Union will attack us.

The Three Inevitable Queries

And, of course, they all asked the three questions pounded into them by the propagandists: "Why are you surrounding us with military bases?", "Why do you persecute Paul Robeson?" and "Why did you place obstacles in the path of the Soviet chess team?"

By the time I left the Soviet Union I was pretty tired of answering the three inevitable questions. Surely there must be somebody in this country, I thought, who has been struck, as I have, by the constant repetition: bases, Robeson, chess; bases, Robeson, chess . . .

At the airport in Moscow, just before I boarded the plane that carried me on the first leg of my trip back to the States, I stood talking to one of my Russian interpreters, Leonid Hodorkov, a bright young fellow whom I had come to like. Hodorkov, who had shared my experiences halfway around Russia, now said he wanted to ask me something. His face was serious.

"Sure," I said. "What is it?"

"I have three questions for you, Mr. MacDuffie," he said. Suddenly it seemed to me his eyes twinkled. "What about the bases? How about Paul Robeson? And when are you Americans going to let in those chess players . . . ?"

Marshall MacDuffie will relate more of his unusual experiences in Russia in the last installment of Russia Uncensored, which will appear in the April 16 Collier's

Moscow court. Girl sitting under Stalin's picture was one of three jurors, but served as acting judge in absence of regular magistrate

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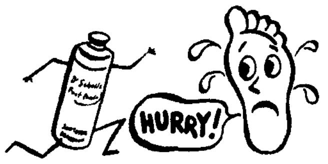

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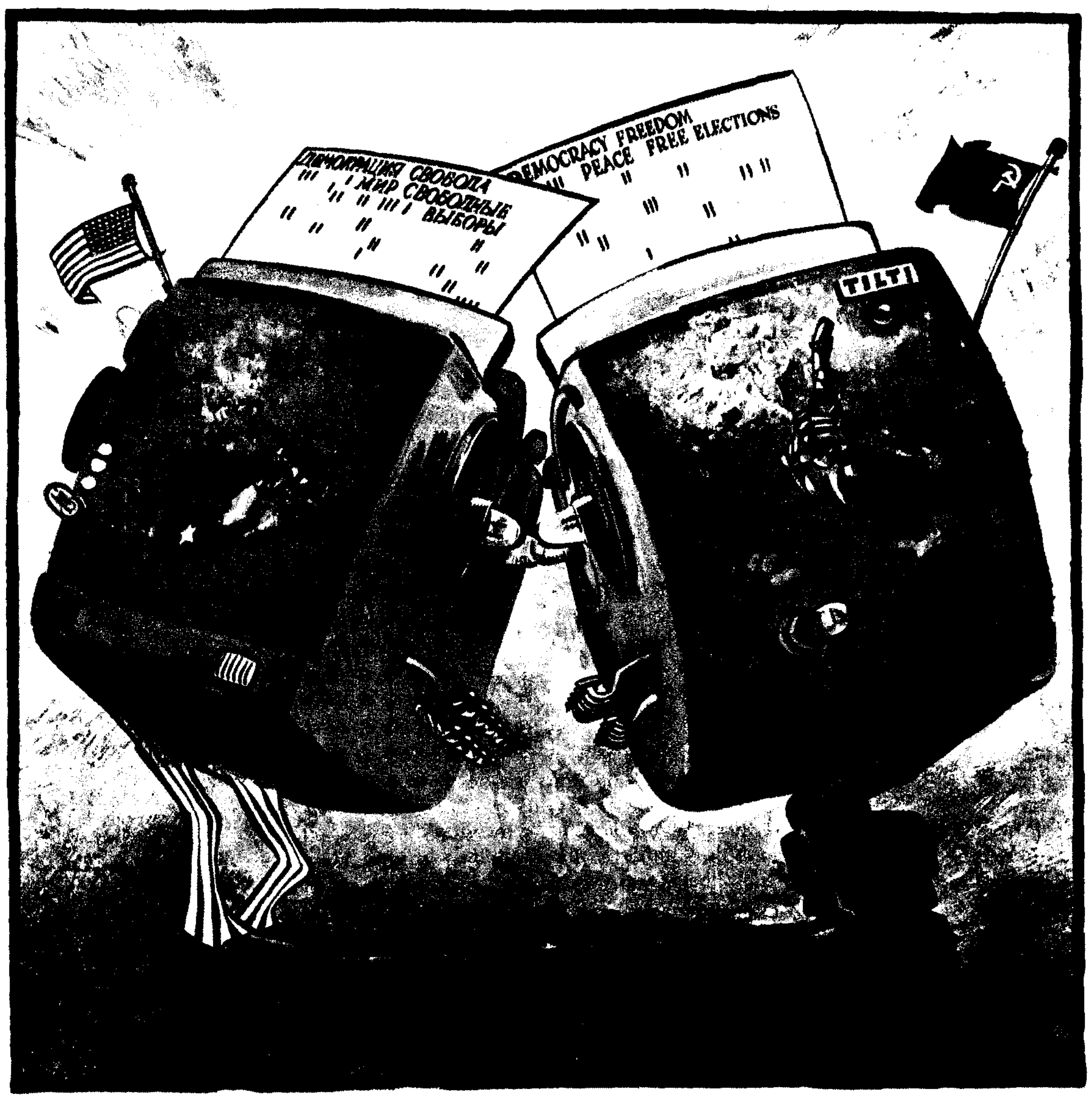

HARRY DEVLIN

Mind Over Machine

THE SCIENCE OF ELECTRONICS, as you may have read, has now come to the point where a machine can translate one language into another even though it is run by an operator who is totally ignorant of the foreign tongue which is the end product. Messages are typed onto punch cards and fed into the mechanical translator, where the appropriate words in the desired language are selected. If there are several possible meanings of a word in the original message, the almost incredible translator can even be "instructed" to pick the foreign equivalent which best fits the context of the original.

What struck us particularly about the machine's first public demonstration was that the languages chosen were English and Russian. If the mechanical translator had been invented 20 years ago, chances are that a "standard" language, such as French, German, Spanish or Italian, would have been used in the first demonstration. Whether it was practicality or a sort of Freudian compulsion that dictated the choice of Russian in 1954 we don't know, but the choice was undoubtedly appropriate. For certainly one of the widest of the many gulfs that separate the English-speaking and Russian-speaking worlds is the gulf of words and meanings.

Any fast and accurate means of bridging that gulf must be welcomed. Yet we somehow haven't a great deal of hope that it will make much difference in the end.

It was perhaps significant that among the sample sentences used in the first public showing of the Russian-into-English-and-vice-versa machine were such statements as "The quality of coal is determined by calory content" and "Magnitude of angle is determined by the relation of length of arc to radius." Now, there are two assertions on which the governments and peoples of the United States and Soviet Russia could undoubtedly agree. But what will happen when the mechanical translator is asked to go to work in the fields of diplomacy and propaganda, rather than in the thermal and mathematical world?

You could feed the words peace and freedom into the machine, of course, and they would come out *mir* and *svoboda.* You could feed it the words *demokrati͡ia* and *svobodnye vybory* and they would come out democracy and free elections.

But what then? The machine can translate, but it can't interpret. And the problem of interpretation is one of the prime causes of the confusion which beclouds and complicates the battle for men's minds.

Until a mechanical translator can flash a red light and ring a bell like a tilted pinball machine, and signal "phony catchword," "double talk," "malarkey" and similar warnings, it appears that the ultimate use of the electronic marvel is limited. For mortal man, though he has invented servants which can multiply billions by billions in a fraction of a second, though he has invented the instruments of his potential destruction, must still depend upon nothing better than mind and collective understanding to solve the problems of war and peace and of his very existence.

And thus far, unfortunately, the mind and the machine have one thing in common: neither of them knows the answers.

A Job of Weed Pulling

A POPULAR SONG of a few years back counseled us to accentuate the positive and eliminate the negative. But the author of the lyrics neglected to add that you can't eliminate the negative by ignoring it. Which thought brings us around, somewhat indirectly, to the series of articles on education which Howard Whitman is writing for us.

Collier's assigned Mr. Whitman to explore, rather than ignore, the negative. We were concerned with certain trends in our educational system which, from a distance at least, looked faulty. Judging from the flood of letters from readers which Mr. Whitman's first article inspired, the public shares our concern.

Most of these letters approved the author's report on educational theories and practices which he and our editors did in fact find to be rather unsound in various cities throughout the country. But there were also numerous responses, particularly from educators, which indicated considerable distress at Mr. Whitman's critical quotations and comments.

Without waiting for further articles in the series to appear, many of these latter readers hastily assumed that Mr. Whitman was firing a broadside at the entire American scholastic setup, and disparaging the profession of teaching in the process. A rereading of the first article, and an examination of the second which has since appeared, would reveal to any unbiased person, we believe, that this is not true.

It is simply our purpose to point out that education is not an exact and uniform science on which all its practitioners are in agreement, and that in isolated but frequent instances the teaching of children in primary and secondary schools has left them inadequately prepared for higher education and adult life.

We do not assume, from Mr. Whitman's findings, that all of this country's educational system is based on fads and whims. We believe that most teachers are conscientious and dedicated to their profession. We know that most of them are underpaid, and that they are not responsible for the poor buildings and equipment which are frequently bequeathed to them. These problems will be given detailed examination in further articles of the Whitman series.

But when we have paid our sincere respects to most teachers, the fact remains that the public-school system is far from perfect. A good gardener does not remark that the flowers are coming along pretty well, considering the number of weeds there are in the flower bed. He pulls the weeds.

There is obviously a weed-pulling job to be done in American education. Collier's can help to show where the weeds are growing. The pulling will have to be done by the people in the communities where they grow.

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IT'S ALL A MATTER OF TASTE

CORN SILK, CUBEBS and MY MOST CONSTANT COMPANION

by **H. ALLEN SMITH**

Author and Humorist

I have changed my brand of cigarettes twice in my life. I started with fine Illinois corn silk wrapped in the most delicate newsprint available. Before long I switched to cubebs. I went from cubebs straight to Lucky Strikes. That was my last switch. It was so long ago that I can't remember the year. I do know that my pack of Luckies has been my constant companion longer than my wife, and we've been married twenty-six years.

I can remember back to those ancient days when we Lucky smokers considered it the very ultimate in wit to walk into a store and say to the man, "Gimme a pack uh Fortunate Blows." Since then I have switched jobs, razors, dentists, publishers, automobiles, phone numbers, and my stance on the tee. My taste in books, ties, food, music and even friends has changed over the years, yet my taste for Luckies has remained constant. To me, they just taste better.

It is foolish to say that a man who is dedicated to one brand of cigarettes never gives the other brands a chance. There are occasions when a Lucky smoker, for reasons of war, financial embarrassment, pure hunger or the requirements of etiquette, must smoke other cigarettes. I have smoked them all. But not for long. What I like best is what tastes best. You know what.

Lucky Strike Sums Up

To smokers everywhere, Luckies taste better . . . and two facts explain why. In the first place, L.S./M.F.T.—Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. Then, too, Luckies are made better to taste better—to draw freely and smoke evenly.

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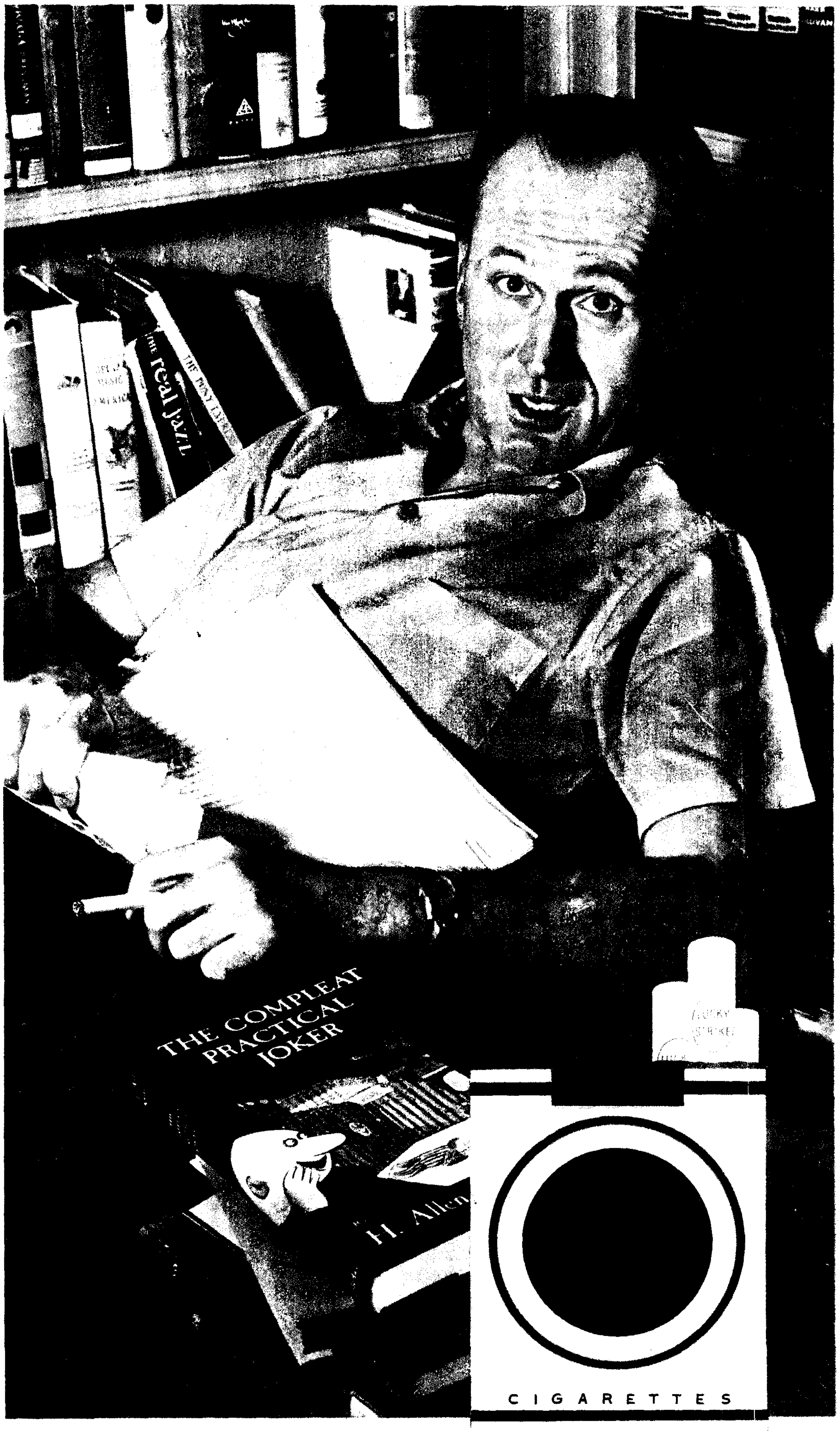

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